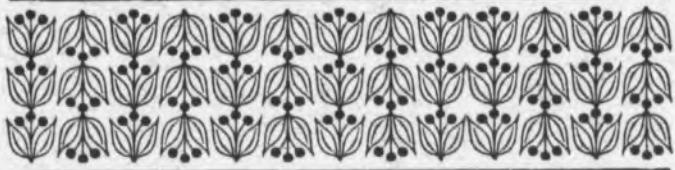


Vol. XVI.

No. 1.

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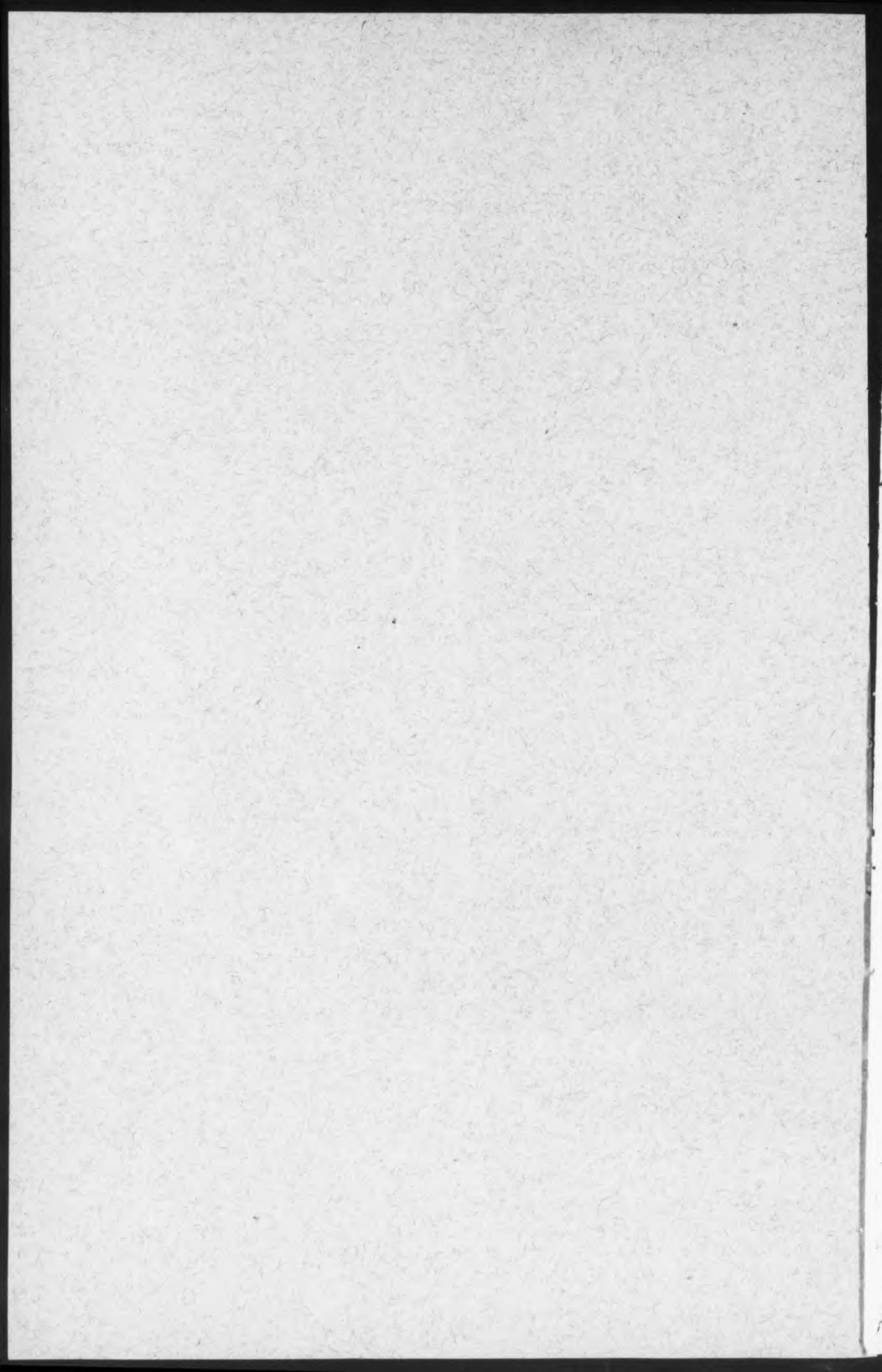
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September, 1898.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVI.

ALLEGTON, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.

Consecrated Culture.

An Address delivered at the opening of Muhlenberg, September 1, 1898,

BY REV. JOHN H. UMBHENHEN, '80.

Twenty years have passed since I entered these classic halls as a student. I remember it as though it were but yesterday, and the memory of it is very pleasant. I was kindly received, bounteously treated and honorably dismissed. My letter of dismissal, usually called a diploma, I still keep with the few valuables that I possess. I never had it framed because I was afraid the temptation might be too great for me to worship it, and to look upon it as in itself a passport which would safely conduct me through the many strange, difficult and often hazardous places of life. Let me assure you that I appreciate it none the less. I treasure it even as I treasure her who gave it me, and gave me with it many rich and valuable gifts.

Muhlenberg College has been good to her sons. She has provided for them abundantly while they were at home with her, and when she sent them forth, she gave them a goodly heritage. This is the almost unanimous testimony of her sons. Now and then you may hear one that murmurs and complains, but such complaints are rashly, thoughtlessly and unjustifiably made, or come from embittered, unappreciative and ungrateful hearts. The kindest and most indulgent mothers have had to suffer the most poignant darts of indifference, neglect and abuse from undutiful and ungrateful sons, and from almost every home go forth dissatisfied children. Is it anything unnatural, then, that ungrateful sons should go forth from their Alma Mater?

But when prominent educators and distinguished men describe her, as we but recently observed, as wealthy in the learning, ability and zeal of her professors, though poor in pecuniary resources, and say that there are institutions in Pennsylvania not possessed of one-tenth the learning and "talent of this modest College, that have twenty-fold as much wealth and educational appliances at

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their command," it comes with ill grace for any of her sons to speak disparagingly of her. There is a German adage which applies to such cases: "Es ist ein schlechter Vogel der sein eigenes Nest beschmutzt" But such birds go forth from some nests, and such "birds" have gone forth from most colleges. Would that that grand sentiment which is contained in the familiar hymn: "My church, my church, my dear old church," might become verified in every college student--

"And God forbid, a son of hers
Should ever do her shame."

But I am beginning to feel somewhat uneasy. I fear that you might think that I am uttering these loyal sentiments because I have been honored to make this address. If you should think so, I would feel very sorry for you and for myself, for that would be an unkind and unjust criticism, as all who know me well will testify. I utter these sentiments from a sincere and honest heart. I utter them here and to-day because I have never had the opportunity to give expression to my appreciation of the advantages which I here enjoyed, and I utter them because I think they may be the source of a great deal of satisfaction to you, who have come here to pursue your studies. I do not know whether you need such expressions. You may feel perfectly satisfied with your choice. You have no reason to feel any different. But then, men will sometimes grow a little restless, especially when they get into contact with others who are disposed to despise everything that does not sound big—and is not big—i. e.: big according to the standard of this age, materially big, financially big, socially big. This is a common malady in our day. It may have affected some here. Everything must be big. Churches must have high sounding names; rich, influential and fashionable members or they are not noticed. Colleges must have magnificent and costly buildings, large libraries, expensive apparatus or they are not considered sufficient. Above all they must have acquired note, because of their standing in the lists of international sports or they receive no recognition whatever from some of the smart people in this world. I venture to say—I know it is not by any means a very flattering tribute to the intelligence, judgment or even common sense of this very intelligent age and country—that there are many people, who, in choosing schools, are carried away by just such things and do not think of asking: What is the course of study there? What are the advantages for a good, sound culture? What are the moral influences there? and least of all, and yet greater and more impor-

tant than all, What are the religious influences and surroundings ? Now, my friends, these are deplorable facts. I know them to be so. The essential, all important conditions are ignored and lost sight of altogether ; the unimportant and indeed hurtful are magnified and exalted.

We should feel gratified that while such a condition largely prevails, there are still men of better sense and sounder judgment who deplore this baneful tendency. Chauncey Depew says: "I look with alarm on the growing proportions of the large colleges of the country, because of their being so conducted as to encourage the growth of luxury and the love of excitement, which are the bane of energy. The country is now and always will be indebted for the best opinions that govern men, the best powers that benefit the human race to the high thinking and free living of the country college." Thank God, there are still men that know that brick and mortar do not make colleges ; that apparatus, equipment, external facilities, base ball and foot ball grounds, contiguous lakes and rivers adapted for boating do not make colleges. The trite saying, that the teacher makes the school applies with added emphasis to the college. More important than its libraries and laboratories, more important than all its material equipment are the manhood, the character, the ability of the men who compose its corps of instructors. Some one has said, and it is a timely suggestion, that the strength of the early American colleges was in their poverty, in that they were compelled to make up by good teaching and personal helpfulness for what seemed to be lacking in material equipment. But this lack enabled them to recognize the value of man rather than of things and made them schools of character rather than of lower aims.

No one will question the value of ample endowments, and none of us would object to that sort of thing coming more largely and liberally to this deserving institution, but more than one institution is illustrating the fact that money alone does not determine the worth of a college. The personal element is the principal factor. I think it was the martyr President Garfield, who said that his idea of a university was a log, with Mark Hopkins on one end and the pupil on the other. And many of the greatest men have borne testimony to the fact that the greatest influence in their college life was the personal pressure of some of their teachers.

"The question of education is largely a question of teachers. As the mind is the man, so the teacher is the school, the material structure being comparatively unimportant. The greatest educator

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who has appeared on earth instructed his pupils while he walked along lonely roads or while he sat by the well, or on the hillside, or while he stood in the bow of a fisherman's boat. Give the right man a log cabin and divine work will be done."

Do not therefore, my young friends, feel as though your opportunities were limited, your education contracted and your future crippled because you have chosen a church college. "Many of the noblest and grandest as well as most influential men of our land are proud of the small college from which they were graduated. For they know the individual training, the painstaking and life-giving contact of professors and students, and the uninterrupted and meditative course of study, with all its benefits which they enjoyed."

More abundant will be your opportunities here than your ability or perhaps disposition to use them. The opportunities, at least, and encouragements for such education and culture as are most needed will not be lacking. For the world needs not only educated men. It has many such—never had more, but it needs educated men who have the right spirit. It needs consecrated, self-sacrificing educated men. Men whose education is leavened with faith and seasoned with charity. Men who have acquired knowledge not to be admired and worshipped, but to be useful; not as an ornament, but a blessing to the world. Men who have made as their ideal the Lord Jesus, and who, like Him, come not to be ministered unto, but to minister. I may err very much, but it seems to me that some schools and the atmosphere that surrounds them have a tendency to make men proud and overbearing. There have, at least, been launched out upon the world a host of empty headed, hollow-hearted men, very arrogant and conceited, who think that because they have passed through such and such a college the world owes them a debt rather than they the world. Who are too nice to take hold of the humble and more laborious yet honorable and important duties of life. Who are waiting for some large places to open to them, some lucrative position in which they may continue their habits of luxurious living, or who are aspiring to some place or office in which they can shift the responsibilities and cares upon inferiors and subordinates, so that they may devote their own time to the pleasures and past-times of a life of sport. Am I exaggerating? Is it not a fact that there are many men who have enjoyed the advantages of a good education and who might be a blessing to the world, who, however, dawdle away life at the club or in the fascinating engagements of

society, and leave the world stumble along on its blundering, tearful, weary course while they

“live and lie reclined

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind ;
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery
sands,
Clanging fights and flaming towns and sinking ships and playing
hands—

But they smile.”

Such men's culture is in vain. If there is any one that owes a debt to the world, it is the intelligent, the cultured man. He gets to give. His talents must be put to use. His light is to shine in this dark and ignorant world. Suppose you heap up knowledge. You know all the languages and all the philosophies, and all the sciences. What then? If that is all, if your knowledge and culture do not go out from you, are not worked at their highest power to form and stimulate society's thought, to lift its ignorance, to expose and fight its popular fallacies, to protest against its corruptions and abuses, you are not living out God's purpose. He is great who confers the most benefits ; not he who has received the most. The culture which says : “Turn in upon yourself and get and enjoy the best the world affords, rather than go out from yourself and help the world to better things,” has made many a life of elegance, luxury and ease, but it never yet made a character that lives in the world's esteem. It has made many brilliant periods in the life of nations, but never made one to which we look back without shame. Nations have adopted it as individuals. Greece, for example. It was the home of beauty. Its architecture was the model of elegance and taste. Its literature has come down to the present day, bearing the dignity of the name classical. It is read by all who would study the finest models of style. But as the moral element died out of this culture, the grossest forms of vice more and more prevailed. Greece became like a gorgeous palace, glittering with beautiful display, gilded and tapestryed with carpets of velvet and couches of ease, a palace whose tables were spread with dainty and luxurious viands, but a palace in which the devotees of pleasure lay, day after day, enfeebled with debauchery and indulgence. The proper epitaph of Greece is “Died of Self,” and that epitaph is very appropriate to many other nations and individuals.

An intellectual culture, then, an aesthetic culture only, must fail. It cannot accomplish the object for which it is sent unless it be wedded to religious faith. Then only will it become a mighty transforming power, to the individual first, to the world afterwards. "To take us out of ourselves and to urge us on to labor with God that we may leave the world better, because we have lived, religion alone has power. It gives new vigor to the cultivated mind; it enlarges sympathy; it teaches reverence; it nourishes faith; inspires hope; exalts the imagination; and keeps alive the fire of love."

Such an education the world needs, and needs very badly at this time. For with all our boasted pomp and show, what are we after all? We enjoy many advantages. We have made great progress. Wonderful developments have taken place in all lines of thought and activity. There is much upon which we can congratulate ourselves and feel justly proud. There is also much of which we may feel ashamed and afraid. There are many gratifying elements in our civilization; there are also some unfavorable and discouraging symptoms in it. And under the outer cover of our great prosperity, our grand achievements, our sweeping conquests and victories lie smouldering the embers which may be fanned by the selfishness that is swaying the hearts of many men, who occupy high positions in life, into a fierce and desperate flame of annihilation and destruction. And can we conceal it that such selfishness exists? Why then this grinding and oppression, of which we hear so much in this age?

Behold the great struggles that are going on continually. Why are they? Is not each one striving to get the most, heedless of the misery or want of others? What sufferings greed, sensuality, injustice, deceit are producing. These are all the fruits of selfishness. When we consider the murders, the suicides, the divorces, the adulteries, the prostitutions, the brawls, the drunkenness, the dishonesties, do we need any further evidence as to what the world needs? When we behold the political and official corruptions, the desperate intrigues and hellish devices which are resorted to, to acquire power and to keep men in power; when we look at the shams and shoddies of social life, yea, even the sins and iniquities which abound there, do we need any further evidence? When we remember that the church even is not altogether free from this blighting spirit of selfishness. And that men in pulpit and in pew resort to means by which to further their own personal advancement or that of their friends, which are, to say

the least, exceedingly dishonorable. That there is often a scheming and shaping in affairs spiritual that belong by Divine right to the individual conscience and Divine disposition, that earnest and honest men cannot help feeling a righteous disgust and exclaim where is God in these things. When we behold these things do we need any more evidence as to what is needed.

At such a time as this you will appear upon the stage of life. You will be tempted to make fellowship with it and its corruptions. Great inducements will be offered to you. Fame, honor, place, preferment, wealth—will be offered to you if you will fall down with the blind devotees of selfishness and worship at their golden shrine. The temptation will be great. The young man will be dazzled by such glittering gifts. Why should he make a martyr of himself. If his education and training have not been of the right kind, of the kind indicated above he may fall into this stream and go down to destruction with it.

Neglect not then, my young friends, this part of your education. You will not find it in your books, but you will find it in the Book of books. You will find it in the life and character of Him who should be the Guide and Inspiration of every life. You will find it in the influences that go out from believing devout Christian teachers. You will find it in the preservation of home memories, home affections, home anxieties, home prayers. Let me present to you two pictures.

A college student sat in his study. For some years he had labored for his degree. And now his work was almost done. Tomorrow he would appear before his examiners and the "yes" or "no" of his destiny would be answered. Visions of usefulness rose before him and he thought of the happiness with which he would crown the evening of his dear old mother's life. As he sat thus dreaming of the future, there was a loud knock at his door, and a messenger handed him a telegram. He opened it with trembling hands and read, "Your mother is very ill, come at once." For a moment the impossibility of appearing for his examination filled him with despair, but he banished this thought, feeling that success was shorn of its splendor, if she lived not to rejoice with him. With anxious forebodings he started upon his homeward journey. When the train drew into his native town, he at once recognized kind friends who brought joy to his heart by saying, "She still lives." He hastened to his home, but she was unconscious. Whilst he knelt by her bedside, her eyes opened, her face became radiant with a smile of unutterable love, and then

softly as the evening shadows fall, the angel Death beckoned her away and she was at rest. He wept bitterly, for she was all to him. She had cherished him in childhood and guided him to the noblest of manhood's ideals. In his despair and grief, he went forth from the house. Whither shall he go? As he hesitated in the way, he was aroused from his lethargy of woe by the rush of a pair of frightened panic stricken horses. In the carriage sat two helpless women. Without any reflection he sprang at the heads of the frantic horses, caught them, struggled for a time, then fell beneath their cruel hoofs, dead. His was a brief—but noble career.

A college student sat in his study gazing out upon the landscape decked in all the freshness of summer's green. To-morrow he will carry off in triumph his degree and enter the gleaming portals of ambition. That night in a distant city, his mother prayed for his success for she felt a vague uneasiness about him, which she could not explain. It was a year since she saw him, and she thought that his letters of late had breathed a less affectionate tone. At last she clasped her arms about him and scanned his face. It had changed and she felt that after all the dreams she had concerning him, might be true. For weeks she listened to his plans and watched his actions. He could not come to any definite resolution. In the company of the gay youth of his town he passed his time. Ambition fled beneath the sway of the wine cup. Shame perished under repeated transgression, and he sank deeper, until at last, without hope, without repentance, without purpose, like a prodigal he sat unsatisfied amid the husks of barren hopes. The temple of his manhood was a ruin, his soul a wreck. The fact was that during his absence from home, the young man had lost his faith. His home and its influences were forgotten. His soul grew proud, ambitious and selfish. His culture lacked the true element and he was ruined.

These pictures may be fancies but they have their originals in life. Which of them would we rather have ours be?



What Is Being Done For Boys.

ELMER D. S. BOYER, '00.

It is a principle often repeated in the Bible, as well as evident to all higher creatures, that man should aid and comfort his fellow-beings. Therefore we have the express injunction of God as taught us through the Bible, and the knowledge as learned through the unfolding of Nature's laws to the mind.

Because of a natural tendency in man to congregate, induced by love for society, or which is more probable, through fear of enemies, knowing that in unity there is strength, did the first inhabitants gather into villages and towns. This action made them reciprocal supporters of each other. If one man had difficulty with an individual of another clan, he immediately depended upon and received the support of his whole town. As that rugged truth was forced upon the earliest inhabitants, that close communication was essential to self-preservation, so has the other truth, that the best interests of society and government can only be subserved by man's close contact with man. By mind rasping against mind, men established governments and builded cities. They gathered for all conceivable purposes.

As the mind developed literature appeared and the arts were cultivated. Contemporaneous with this growth was the constantly growing Faith in a Supreme Ruler. Love was engendered between man and man and for the Creator. Churches for congregational meetings were constructed upon the site of the heathen's individual idol. The struggles of the Christian Church for recognition are patent to all. Her history is written in centuries of vanquished antagonists. She had a firm basis, though forced into conflict and revulsions; she came out of it all with the light and warmth surrounding her now in the nineteenth century. Co-equal with the building of the church came the feeling that those members of society who were incapacitated by age, accident or disease should be cared for by the able ones. The growth of these "aid societies" was rapid. Those indigent persons unable longer to supply sustenance for their families and themselves were provided for by the "authorities for the poor." The insane were properly housed that they might live out their lives freed from their tormentors. The oppressed were protected from the oppressor. The slave from the brutality of his master.

In time we find the separation of the church into different

denominations, productive of separate societies or organizations. Not the least of these has been the Young Men's Christian Association.

It was in the year 1844 that George Williams, walking up and down through the streams of humanity flooding the streets of England's great metropolis, saw the necessity of caring for a class of human beings hitherto uncared for. He did not wish to establish a colony for the relief of indigent, ignorant or imbecile men; nor yet a home for decrepit and aged females: these were already provided for; but he saw the future life and government of England pacing along the dirty streets of the city in the poor, ragged, half-starved, half-fed boys striving through poverty and crime for subsistence. He saw that the church had neglected one class of beings. While the attention had been devoted to alleviating actual suffering and distress after it had presented itself, no thought was given to those who needed help to restrain them from vice and subsequent pain. He realized that the Christian Associations had heretofore but partly accomplished their designed work. Williams called together his friends and they organized the first Young Men's Christian Association. Their object was to reclaim the lost ones of the streets. Their vitality was wanted in this world as well as their souls were needed in heaven. The humble beginning they made was quickly imitated in other large cities of Europe. In 1851 at Montreal, Canada, America formed her first Association. The growth in the United States from that time has been phenomenal. At this date, no city on the continent is destitute of its Young Men's Christian Association. Nearly all small towns have their halls, and the membership has reached proportions only equaled by the enthusiasm displayed. The Young Men's Christian Association movement has been successful in its every branch. In the larger towns they have their own rooms and buildings. These are fitted up magnificently and they represent investments of several million dollars. Every attraction is supplied in these rooms that the young could desire and morality sanction. Amusement and entertainment of the best kind are afforded. All have well provided reading rooms and libraries; gymnasiums and baths are found in some; classes for secular and religious instruction are present; here may be found the best lecturers and instructors of the day; everything is open and free; regularly, the religious teachings, which form the basis of the Association, are given to all who will listen.

Their mission is to make this world lighter and its cares

easier to bear. They accomplished much. Many an ambitious young man has no other source of instruction than that which is given by the Association in our larger cities. Many another young man, drawn into their rooms through the secular entertainments, has stayed and for the first time listened to the Gospel of Christ. Yea, their influence for good has been unbounded, and it amply illustrates what we may do for each other as members of societies. Besides our work which may be felt in this manner, each of us has another duty to perform; namely, our duty as individuals.

Men as members of organizations contribute to the support of the church. It is expected of them and it is their duty to perform this act, but it does not absolve them from all other contributions. The church has a particular work to achieve; and it cannot reach all objects where money is essential: subsidiary societies do some of the remaining work, but the great bulk of it all falls upon us as individuals. Deserving and irreproachable cases fall under our observation, where it is our duty to assist if possible. I say it is our duty. It is not elective. He who was kind enough to trust us with a fair share of the goods of this world did it for a purpose. Nothing is done by chance. If we have won by good health, it behooves us to remember that we are at the mercy of the Maker for that quality. Our portion of goods is not for hoarding. We have been made the banker for a while. We know it is ours but transiently, for we are unable to retain it after death. We are entrusted to handle it for the good of the Great Depositor, while we have life to do so. We are expected to use it judiciously, and be able to show a clean account at the end. Do not be mean with what has been so entrusted.

The man who pays ten or twenty dollars toward the salary of the minister and refuses to assist in a pecuniary way another worthy object or person, with the idea that he has squared his accounts with charitable concerns, has purchased a seat in the village chapel, but has not obtained right to standing room in Heaven.

There are cogent reasons why aid should not be held from young men at this time. Aid is not only needed financially but morally.

The young man in this country of which we are the proud citizens, a half century since, was not beset by the difficulties when about to start in life that he is to-day. Our population was smaller, and man's consequent opportunities were wider and greater. A large percentage of the inhabitants were farmers and

the young were content to pursue the home-life. But conditions have changed. Population has increased and at the same time narrowed the young's chances of a livelihood. Farms that supported families in the past will do so no longer. There is a feverish anxiety to escape to the cities. The cool sequestered vales of the country have to be exchanged for the turmoils of a metropolis. Here the young man is hindered on every hand. He is crippled by his inexperience ; he suffers for want of knowledge of men ; he finds that the slow, calculating methods which are sufficient in the country will not suffice in his new sphere ; he is bound to compete with sharp and shrewd men. The moral ideas instilled and fostered in his rural home are not respected in the city—he turns from one cold eye but to find reproach or ridicule in another. He may have the stamina to resist these influences, but the chances are against him. Now is the time when he needs sympathy and encouragement ; he is intended to receive it, or he would have no such yearnings ; your kind word and mine are in demand, and those of us who fail at this moment have violated our own conscience ; we are desecrating a command of the Creator. This call upon our feelings is frequent. Hearts are the same the world over. We meet everywhere in our home and school life those who yearn for sympathy. The apparently cool and haughty school fellow, who seems to resist all approaches to familiarity, may be but trying to hide some secret sorrow. There may be a sick sister or an aged mother who depends for support upon this boy. He, of all, should feel that he has friends. We are fitted to do good in this world. The Creator did not intend man to work through life preparing for another existence, segregated from his fellows. If He did, the communication going on between men, where they gather in towns and cities, is contrary to His wishes. But we do not believe this. As well as He knew that men would be the better in their worldly relations by contact with each other, so He knew they would be benefitted in a spiritual manner. He endowed every human being with power of consolation for others ; and he gave it to us in the same way that he gave us power of memory and computation with the intention that it should be used. It could not be used did men not meet. None of the inherent powers of man are superfluous. That would be admitting an imperfect Maker. And if the powers that God has given us of friendship, goodness, sympathy and love for our fellows are not superfluous, they must be intended for use. And he who neglects to conform to God's ideas is a transgressor.

He has said in express words: "Thou shalt not kill;" and He has said just as strongly through our conscience and reason: "Thou shalt extend the hand of brotherly kindness."

As the result of a mean act goes ringing down the centuries, one of goodness reflects and rebounds between the doer and the recipient until unrestrained by them both, it escapes and reverberates from them into space, and is felt to descend through the ages, never stopping, but sounds in eternity. The influence is felt by every succeeding generation of men, by the angels of heaven and God the Omnipotent. For the doer it acts like a balm to an unquiet soul, as he is finishing his sojourn here. He goes down to the grave quieted by the thought of having added something to the good of the world, which he is leaving behind him; he feels that the life he has lived has not been an empty one. He is thankful to have been of use and not have encumbered the earth thirty, forty, fifty or seventy years leaving it worse instead of better for his presence in it; he can with these emotions approach his death with a faithful trust and a confiding hope that he will receive a place in the kingdom of God.

" Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise
With lore ever precious and joys ever new;
Stand in the van,
Strive like a man!
This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God, while you do what you can,
Cherrily, cherrily then! cheer up!"



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

With this, the first number of the sixteenth volume of THE MUHLENBERG, the present staff makes its opening stroke and launches out upon the seemingly calm sea of College Journalism, as yet untried by us. To all our contemporaries in the College World of letters we extend our heartiest greetings and wish to you all a year of abundant success and increased prosperity. Our earnest hope is that no storms of unfriendly criticism may cross your paths, nor ours; but that all, in happy concord and friendly rivalry, may appear from time to time, having one common end in view, the improvement of our monthly and the furtherance of its interests.

* * *

To the Alumni we announce with sincere pleasure the successful and auspicious opening of another Collegiate year. The returning students were gratified—and we know you share this feeling with us—to see a very large Freshman class enrolled—a class composed of gentlemanly young men, who, although it is rather early to speak, have not yet made their presence felt by any obstreperous conduct on their part. Possibly it is due to the friendly reception given them by the present Sophomores. May the calm atmosphere, in which we have moved thus far, so free from bitter class feeling and the unpleasant occurrences resulting from it, continue, undisturbed throughout the year.

About the College.

Something new : Thirty-seven Freshmen ; fire-proof beds.

Elections : Franklin Literary Society—Pres., Kunkle H., '99; V. Pres., Erb, '00; Sec., Dr. Richards; Treas., Dr. Ettinger; Curators, Berg, '99, and Hartley, '99.

Class 1900: Pres., Lentz; V. Pres., Bousch; Rec. Sec., Fegely; Cor. Sec., Trump; Treas., Deisher; Monitor, Kuntz.

Class 1902: Pres., Fegely; V. Pres., Ink; Sec., Kuehner; Treas., Gable.

Wanted--By the Freshmen—A suggestion for a class-yell.

The members of '01 extended a hearty welcome to their new men, Landis, Nagle and Shimer.

Kunkle, A. A., '99 has been appointed to the proctorship vacated by W. Heist, '98.

Krutzky, '00 has accepted the position as teacher of the English Bible Class of the North Bethlehem Mission Sunday-school.

It seems as though the two lower classes must not behave as they should as the Sophomores are called "naughty ones", and the Freshmen are "naughty too".

At an oratorical contest held in Bethany Ev. Church by the W. C. T. U., Flexer, '00 won a fine silver medal.

The Freshmen elected Geiger as captain of the foot-ball and base-ball teams and Sykes as manager of the same.

The Seniors and Juniors have been assigned the following questions for debate: What shall we do with the Philippines? What has our own nation gained from the late war? What economic and revenue changes will follow from our new possessions? Is a peace policy probable among the European powers?

The Senior German Literary Society organized on Friday with Dr. Wackernagle as permanent Chairman. Willis Beck was elected Treasurer and Case, Secretary.

Wenrich seems to have removed his eyelashes and placed them on his upper lip. Never mind, Solomon, all good things take time.

Unusual quietness reigned in the halls on the night of September 6th, most of the boys having gone out to welcome home Co.'s B and D, 4th Regt. P. V., among whom were Lutz, '01, and Applegate, '02.

In the fourth annual intercollegiate contest of the Penn. Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna on August 2nd, our college was very favorable represented by Mr. F. Nathan Fritch. Among the other colleges that took part in the contest were: Lebanon Valley, Lafayette, Dickinson, Ursinus and Franklin and Marshall.

Dr. W. declares that if the Juniors will not sit straight on his new chairs the result will be an attack of spinal meningitis.

Lutz '01, presented to the Euterpean Society a gavel made from the wood of a tree which stood on the historical battle ground of Lookout Mountain.

Among the students who attended the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna were: Seiberling, '99; Henry, '99; Buchman, '99; and Woerth, '01.

Fred Gruhler, '99 has not returned to college, having enlisted in the regular army during the summer. We wonder what time Fred gets up in the morning now.

R. W. Lentz, '00, visited his class-mate C. K. Fegley, at his home in Mechanicsburg during the summer vacation.

Bousch, '00, spent several weeks in the vicinity of Trenton just before school opened.

Geo. Brode was a frequent visitor in Allentown during the summer months. We wonder why?

Our President, Dr. Seip, enjoyed the sea-breezes of Asbury Park several weeks of August and secured a much-needed rest.

Dr. Richards and Dr. Ettinger very considerably added to the success of the Mt. Gretna Chautauqua. After the close of the Chautauqua season, Dr. Richards went on his annual fishing trip and outing up the Delaware.

Prof. Dowell visited his former instructors at New Haven and friends in Brooklyn. He also became very familiar with the plants and minerals of Allentown and vicinity.

Steigerwalt's late return to college was due to his taking unto himself a life's partner. Much advice is being tendered him by his more unfortunate (?) classmates.

W. A. H., Jr. while driving in the country this summer was heard to say: "You look good enough to eat this morning, M." "Indeed" she answered, "Why do you not eat me then?" Billy said "Since I am about to study medicine, I must practice what I will preach and that is to tell all my patients to "avoid sweets".

Prof. D. has given Fritch, R. '00, the contract to furnish jokes during his recitations so as to attract the attention of the boys when he happens to get into the ways of Dr. B.

In our catalogue appears the name of Robert C. Horns. We would like to know since when Robert is doubled.

We are sorry that Buchman was required to associate with the colored people at Mt. Gretna this summer. We are told that he was amusing himself especially with colored babies. Buchman, beware.

Prof. Merkel, of the Academic Department reports, a very encouraging attendance.

Kuntz, '00 became so proficient in dancing that he won first prize (a fancy cake) in a dancing contest at a Fireman's picnic.

We wonder if Trump will make a cardinal or his chum Fegeley, '02. Fegeley stay out of that order, Trump reigns supreme since their high majesties Gruber and Sullenberger have decamped.

These lines are the outcome of a Freshman's evening consultation with the muses :

The Sophomores are a helpless set
Of lonely looking boys,
Who have not all their buttons yet
And even play with toys.

Criticism: Don't be discouraged ; try it again.

Our Alumni.

- '69. Rev. M. J. Kramlich, Allentown, Pa., has been renominated by the Democrats of Lehigh County as a candidate for the State Legislature.
- '69. Rev. Revere F. Weidner, D. D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, recently delivered a lecture at Elizabeth College, Charlotte, N. C., on "An Introduction to the Writings of John Ruskin". He also preached the Baccalaureate sermon at Roanoke College, on June 12th.
- '70. The Silver Jubilee of Rev. W. K. Frick's ministry was celebrated in the Church of the Redeemer on June 12. Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. Dr., preached the sermon.—*Luther League Review*.
- '71. Rev. J. H. Neiman has resigned as pastor of Grace Lutheran Parish, Royersford, Pa., to take effect September 1st.

'71. After serving as Rector of the Milwaukee Deaconess Home for about five years, Rev. Prof. J. F. Ohl, Mus. Dr., has resigned to take effect on or before January 1st, 1899.

'73. At the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of Wagner College, Rochester, N. Y., Rev. John Nicum, D. D., resigned as President of that institution. The Board, however, unanimously refused to accept the resignation and he will retain his former position.

'77. During the past summer, Rev M. Luther Zweizig, from Portland, Oregon, made an extended trip East. He does not seem to have grown any older since '77.

'78. Rev. Charles L. Fry and wife, Lancaster, Pa., made a summer trip across the continent.

'79. George D. Krause, Lebanon, Pa., has been elected a member of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua in place of Rev. James D. Woodring, '78, Reading, Pa., who has resigned.

'79. Rev. Wilson M. Rehrig, Ph. D., formerly pastor of Trinity Church, Greenville, Pa., is now located at Sayre, Pa. He is a frequent contributor to the *Lutheran* on "Oriental Research".

'80. In June Dr. George T. Ettinger was re-elected to the Board of Control of the Allentown Public Schools for a term of three years and in July he was re-elected President of that body. He again served as Dean of the Faculty of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna. An article on "Modern Education out of School" from his pen appeared in a recent number of the *Lutheran*.

'81. Rev. Joseph W. Mayne now is the editor of the *New Era*, published at Catasauqua, Pa.

'82. David R. Horne, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has been elected Captain of Company M of the new National Guard of Pennsylvania.

'82. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., of the West Chester Normal School, was one of the instructors at the city institutes of Harrisburg and Lancaster. He is also a lecturer in Mrs. Rorer's Cooking School in Philadelphia.

'83. Rev. J. H. Ritter, of Berrysburg, Pa., has received and accepted a call to St. John's Lutheran Church, at Bath, Pa.

'83. Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph. D., President of the Northern Conference, recently organized in Chicago, Ill., was married to

Miss Zelia May McCreary, of Leechburg, Pa., on the 7th of September. After October 4th they will be at home at 6027 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill. We wish them a long and happy life.

'84. Rev. S. G. Weiskotten is President of the recently organized English Lutheran Missionary Society of Brooklyn, which has already planted two new missions in that district of Greater New York.

'85. The *Educator* for April contained a cut and a short biographical sketch of Rev. Prof. Chas. C. Boyer, Ph. D., of the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, Pa. He will soon publish a new book.

'86. A telegram from Reading to the *Public Ledger*, says: Rev. Rev. Henry W. Warmkessel, this city, and Mrs. Emma J. Meyer, of Conshohocken, were married this afternoon at the bride's home, by Rev. Dr. Smith, of Pottstown. The couple left on a wedding trip. They will reside in Reading. The groom is pastor of several Lutheran Churches in the lower section of this county.

'85. We understand that Dr. Elmer E. Johnson, has located in Philadelphia.

'85. The Rev. William Hoppe has just completed five years' pastorate of Salem Lutheran Church, at Bethlehem, and has proved himself to be a very successful worker. The congregation to-day numbers 781. The number of new members received in the five years is 381; communed, 6453. Improvements to the church were made at a cost of \$1600, while gifts amounting to \$3040 are acknowledged. The pastor held 764 church services, preached 827 sermons baptized 111, confirmed 160, married 30 couples, and made 89 pastoral and 3212 sick calls.—*Allentown Item*.

'86. Samuel J. Kistler; Esq., Saegersville, Pa., was one of the committee of Five appointed by the Republican County Convention to notify Hon. Edwin Albright of his nomination for the office of Judge of Lehigh County.

'86. J. J. Snyder, Esq., Allentown, Pa., is "stumping" Pennsylvania for the Republican State Committee.

'87. Reuben J. Butz, Esq., has been re-elected solicitor for the Allentown Board of Control of Public Schools.

THE MUHLENBERG.

'87. From the *Allentown Chronicle and News* of July 5th, we clip the following: "Rev. Frank M. Seip, son of Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Seip, died at Muhlenberg College at a quarter past nine o'clock on Saturday night of consumption. His sufferings had been severe and prolonged, but his end was as peaceful as a child falling asleep on its mother's breast."

Franklin Muhlenberg Seip, son of Theodore Lorenzo and the late Emma Elizabeth Seip, *nee* Shimer, was born in Allentown, September 20, 1868. He received his collegiate training in Muhlenberg College and graduated in 1887, the youngest member of his class. He was a member of the Sophronian Literary Society and during his senior year was editor-in-chief of *The Muhlenberg*. After his graduation he entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, and graduated there May 1st, 1890. He was a private pupil of that eminent Assyriologist Dr. Herman V. Hilprecht and took a course in Hebrew and Assyriology.

May 3, 1890, he was ordained to the ministry of the Lutheran Church by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. Shortly afterwards he was called by Rev. Drs. B. M. and T. E. Schmauck, pastors of Salem's Lutheran congregation, Lebanon, as assistant pastor, his special charge being the mission at Cornwall and North Lebanon. He organized the former on September 28th, 1890, with fifty members, and the latter February 17, 1897, with eighty members. So enthusiastic was he in his work and so great was his zeal in his holy calling that on September 1st, 1891, the mission in North Lebanon numbered more than 150 and declared itself self-supporting and elected Mr. Seip as pastor, adopting the name of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church. September 1st, 1896, he was compelled owing to ill health to relinquish his work at Cornwall. He continued his labors in Holy Trinity until the latter part of November, 1897, when he resigned on account of continued ill health.

During his pastorate of Trinity Church he received 365 souls into membership, enlarged and improved the property of the congregation by erecting a Sunday school chapel of brick with brownstone steps and trimmings, and the purchase of a fine parsonage and lot adjoining the church. The chapel was completed and consecrated September 26, 1897. In addition to his church work he contributed to the Sunday school literature of the church and having charge of the proofs of *The Lutheran* as it passed through the press at Lebanon.

His illness practically dated from a severe attack of the grip in the Spring of 1890. He was then for some time under the treatment of eminent Philadelphia specialists. He apparently recovered, but his system had been weakened, and he was very susceptible to colds and it was seen that the seeds of consumption were developing. He, however, continued to labor unceasingly in the Lord's vineyard until last Thanksgiving Day, when a very severe cold settled on his lungs and his condition became critical. At the advice of his physician he resigned his charge at Lebanon, much against the will of his congregation, who wanted to give him a year's leave of absence, and he determined to go to Asheville, North Carolina. His condition was such that he could not undertake the journey and so he came with his family to his father's home at the college and remained until January 12th, of this year, when he and his family left for the above resort. The climate, however, did not agree with him and he became so much worse that on March 4th his father was telegraphed for. He left at once for Asheville, and on the 8th they left for this city. He had not been home long before he commenced to rally and several times was down stairs. The inroads of the disease were too great to be checked, however, and towards the last it was his constant prayer that he be spared until the commencement exercises of the college were ended so that his death might not cast a gloom over the affair. It was his earnest wish that his father and the entire family should attend and participate in all the various functions in connection with the above exercises, and greatly enjoyed hearing about them. When at last all of his father's official duties had come to an end he prayed that he now might be taken to his eternal home. During his illness he was cheered constantly by the many tokens of sympathy and love of which he was the recipient. His late congregation in Lebanon every week sent him flowers.

He was married to Elizabeth C., daughter of Rev. S. A. K. Francis, of Philadelphia, December 3rd, 1890, who, with a daughter, Margaret H., nearly four years old, survives him. A son, Samuel Francis, preceeded him to the grave August 4th, 1894. He is mourned by a large circle of loving friends and relatives. His father, step-mother, one sister, Miss Annie Seip, and one brother, Dr. Howard Seip, also survive. Funeral services in St. John's Lutheran Church, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, pastor, on Thursday, at 2:30 P. M. Interment private.

THE MUHLENBERG.

The members of his late congregation at Lebanon will charter a car and attend the funeral, thus showing respect for one whose labors of love among them have not been forgotten.

The deceased needs no other eulogy than the record of his own life and death. The summons came to him early, at a time when the sun was yet high in the meridian of life, and he passed away while it was yet day. He labored in pain and in sickness and faltered not until every vestige of his strength was spent. And now that the portals of eternity have swung open for him he will hear the words of the Master he served so faithfully saying "Well done, thou good and faithful servant".

'88. During the summer session of the Penna. Chautauqua, Rev. William F. Bond, of Tower City, and Rev. George Gebert, of Tamaqua, Pa., worked under Dr. Weidner at Mt. Gretna.

'89. Rev. John H. Raker, has been installed as pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lebanon, Pa.

'91. Rev. M. J. Bieber, of Binghamton, N. Y., and Miss Bertha L. Manning, daughter of A. K. Manning, of Mount Joy, were married this morning at 11 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. J. J. Cressman, of Kutztown, officiating. The bridesmaid was Miss May Manning, sister of the bride. The ushers were E. K. Steckel, M. D., of Orwigsburg, and Rev. J. H. Raker, of Lebanon. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the immediate relatives and near friends of the contracting parties, the ring service being used. The groom was pastor of the Lutheran church at Mount Joy for three years and now has charge of the Lutheran church at Binghamton. Immediately after the ceremony breakfast was served, Payne, of this city, being caterer, and at 12:24 Mr. and Mrs. Bieber took the train for Philadelphia, from where they will go directly to Binghamton. The bride is well-known in religious circles throughout the county and was president of the Lancaster County Conference Missionary Society of the Lutheran Church.
—*Lancaster Daily Examiner*.

'92. Rev. Isaac H. Stettler, supplied the pulpit of the Lutheran Church of Coudersport, Pa., during the illness of the regular pastor, Rev. W. F. Mosser, '93.

'92. The Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Nativity, Eighteenth street, above Ontario, Tioga, the Rev. U. S. G. Bertolet, pastor, has sold the small building in which it has worshipped since 1891, and purchased a new site, on the northeast corner

of Seventeenth and Tioga streets, opposite the Odd Fellows' Home, upon which a chapel building, 40 x 62½ feet, two-stories high, will be erected this summer. The entire lot, which has a frontage on Seventeenth street, of 62 feet 6 inches, and of 121 feet 6 inches on Tioga street, will ultimately be occupied by a handsome structure, of Gothic design, with entrances through a wide vestibule on the corner of the two streets, and through a tower 20 feet square and 108 feet high.

The chapel will be built of Holmesburg granite, with Indiana limestone trimmings. Work will be commenced during the present month, and it is expected that the chapel will be ready for occupancy by the first of October.

The Church of the Nativity was organized in 1889 under the pastorate of the Rev. E. H. Gerhart. Several years ago a number of the members withdrew, with the pastor, and subsequently formed the Church of the Reformation. The Church of the Nativity has prospered under the pastorate of the Rev. Bertolet, and has a large Sunday-school, of which Evan B. Lewis is Superintendent. The Church Council is composed of A. J. Pflueger, Dr. Geo. R. Ulrich, Chas. A. Blumhard, Andrew Schultz, J. D. Rentschler, Chas. M. Hatsher, John M. Snyder, Erwin H. Shive, Jacob Kiefer, Daniel J. Colgan, Winfield S. Reazor and Dr. W. S. Schantz.

The pastor is a Muhlenberg graduate, Class of '92, and so is Sunday-school Superintendent Lewis, Class of '90 and Dr. Ulrich, Class of '88. Rev. Bertolet is married to a daughter of Wm. F. Blank, of Allentown.—*Allentown Item*.

'94. The day of union churches is slowly passing. One by one Lutheran and Reformed congregations are sensibly concluding that two families under one and the same roof, with two tables under separate management, is not an ideal state of things. Out of the ashes of the union church at Hamburg, Pa., of whose burning *The Lutheran* made mention, is to arise a Lutheran church, pure and simple. The pastor, Rev. H. C. Kline, who has been doing faithful and successful work during the past year, has brought his people to see the wisdom of having a home of its own. They have not only bought a parsonage, but have also bought the old site and intend to erect a building costing from \$15.000 to \$18.000. We would remind the "Herold" that this congregation is now favored with more services than any church in Hamburg. Old things are passing away; behold, all things are becoming new.—*The Lutheran*.

'94. In contributing \$100.00 to the College Rev. George C. Loos, of Philadelphia, has set an example worthy of imitation by many of the older Alumni who have already been able to gather more of this world's goods.

'95. The Rev. Luther D. Gable, of Reading, graduate of Muhlenberg College, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the English Lutheran Church, which was recently organized in Vanderveer Park in the Flatbush district in Brooklyn. He is 23 years old, and this will be his first ministerial charge. Pending the erection of a church his congregation will meet in the old Vandeveer homestead.—*Allentown Item*.

'95. Rev. Luther D. Lazarus, is the assistant of Dr. Edward Horn, Reading, Pa. His engagement to Miss Carrie Weil of Allentown has been announced.

'95. The address of Rev. E. H. Kistler, is 71 Herman Street, Germantown, Pa.

'95. Among the recent graduates of the Lancaster Reformed Theological Seminary, we find Rev. Morris E. Schadt, of Schadt's, Pa.

'95. Rev. Elmer E. Snyder, is now pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Minsi, near the Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

'96. A recent number of *The Lutheran* contained a poem from the pen of Paul Z. Strodach, of the Mt. Airy Seminary.

'97. We understand that George E. Kramlich has been elected Principal, of the Kutztown, Pa., Public Schools.

'97. Bernheim, ('92,) Kuhl, ('97,) and Co., is the name of a new furniture firm that will shortly open an establishment at 610 Hamilton Street.

'97. We understand that John F. Stine, is very successful in the lumber trade, at Catasauqua, Pa.

Editor's Table.

The *Buff and Blue* is a highly valued exchange. It is especially admired among our readers for its orations and dissertations and the way in which the editorials and exchange departments are conducted. In this number we are treated to an excellent oration upon "The Measure of a Man," also to a very readable dis-

sertation upon "The Lost Atlantic found again." Among its editorials we would like to call special attention to the one which refers to the Alumni. We find that it is not only true of this institution, but of many others, where the Alumni are not treating the college papers as they should.

The June issue of the *Red and Blue*, together with its fine editorials, prints some interesting fiction. It does not present to its readers the usual number of excellent essays. We would like to call attention to some of its poems, "Cuba Libre" and "Vale."

The *College Day* prints a pleasing variety of matter which is greatly admired by our readers. It contains a number of well prepared essays. Its editorials rank among the best of our college exchanges both in quantity and quality.

The University of Chicago gives credit for attendance at Sunday School.—*Ex.*

It is said that one-third of the students in German Universities die from overwork.—*Ex.*

No smoker has graduated from Harvard with first honors of his class, for fifty-five years.—*Ex.*

President McKinley is the ninth chief executive of the United States, who never had a college education. The others were Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Johnson and Cleveland.—*Ex.*

The commencement number of the *Roanoke Collegian* contains a large variety of contents. "Professional Careers in Germany and America" is an excellent article.

A Pacific Coast College man of prominence says that there are only two things that should be compulsory in American Universities; they are that the student should always and everywhere behave like gentlemen, and that they should maintain a fair standard of scholarship.—*Ex.*

The *Smith College Monthly* for June is not passed by unnoticed. It contains some very nourishing articles for an active brain.



The World of Letters.

The object of this department shall be to furnish a review of the latest books published. As the number of excellent works produced monthly is very large, we must confine ourselves to those, which we consider the most suitable to fill the wants of our subscribers.—Ed.

Our recent war with Spain has had a great influence upon the book trade. There has been a great demand for books which treat of warfare. The writings of those who were with the soldiers at the various camps are eagerly sought for. Now that peace has been declared, we may expect another class of books coming in demand closely allied to the former. The Magazines, which are forerunners in such matters, are filled with descriptions and scenes from the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. How shall these newly acquired possessions be governed? This is an important theme, which will be discussed by our statesmen and political economists.

Some of the latest works of fiction, most widely read at the present time are, "Rupert of Hentzau," by Anthony Hope, "Penelope's Progress," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, "The King's Jackal," by Richard Harding Davis and Caleb West, "Master Diver," by F. Hopkinson Smith.

"Labor Co-partnership," is a work on the observations of Henry D. Lloyd, among the co-operative workshops and factories in England. This method has gained a firm foot-hold in that country, the societies doing a business of \$272,000,000 per year. There are few factories in this country conducted on the co-operative plan which may, in a way, account for the numerous strikes and difficulties between labor and capital.

An interesting story, for summer reading, is the novel, "A Romance of Summer Seas," by Miss Varina Davis. The plot is worked out with much skill and refinement.

Almost everyone is interested in the anecdotes and personal characteristics of great men. Mr. Geo. Russel has been in personal contact with many celebrities of the present generation. He has written of his experiences in a very entertaining work entitled, "Collections and Recollections by One Who Has Kept a Dairy".

W. D. Howells, the leading writer of the Realistic School in this country, has finished a new book, "The Story of a Play".

Mr. Howells is no stranger to the reading public, and no doubt, his latest creation will be received as favorably, as were his numerous works heretofore.

After reading that excellent romance, "The Prisoner of Zenda," many persons are not satisfied with the disposal of the leading characters, as they are still left upon the stage of action. The author, Mr. Anthony Hope, has therefore written a sequel to it entitled, "Rupert of Hentzau". The many admirers of the former work, will read the latter, with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure.

"China in Transformation" is a very timely book written by Archibald R. Colquhoun, as the attention of the whole civilized world, is now being directed to the Orient. The author, having spent several years in China, Siam and Burmah, in an official capacity, is especially qualified to write a work of this nature. It is interesting, both for the general reader and valuable to business men and travelers.

Just before his departure for Cuba and Porto Rico, Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, completed his elaborately illustrated work on "Military Europe".

More than a score of books are being published about the Philippine Islands. One of the most important among these is, "Yesterdays in the Philippines," by Joseph Earle Stephens. The book is a collection of newspaper articles, written from Manilla, in which city Mr. Stephens spent the last two years. The style is the jocose one of the American traveler, and the descriptions vivid and accurate.

S. R. Franklin, Rear-Admiral, U.S. Navy, (retired,) has produced a work of substantial value called "Memoirs of a Rear-Admiral". Fifty years service in the Navy has well fitted the author for this work. It is practically a history of our Navy, for the past half century; besides giving many personal sketches and reminiscences.

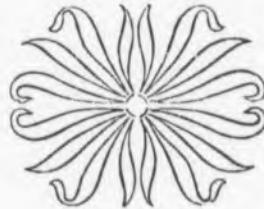
The lovers of humorous writings, will be delighted to learn that J. Kendricks Bangs has completed another, of his entertaining works called, "Ghosts I Have Met", Mr. Bangs has the happy combination of humor, pathos and occasional seriousness. The book can be highly recommended to those suffering from an attack of the "blues" and a positive cure assured.

"Meg of the Scarlet Foot" is a dramatic novel, by W. Edwards Tirebuck. The work is characterized by rapid movement and intense feeling. The fortunes and misfortunes of the heroine, command the attention of the reader from first to last.

The literary world is being flooded with various accounts of the life and personality of England's greatest statesmen, William E. Gladstone. Probably the most interesting of all, yet published, is the one by Mr. Ritchie on, "The Real Gladstone".

An interesting book which will be published soon is, "American Lands and Letters" by Donald G. Mitchell. He writes now concerning men who could in almost all cases be call contemporaries, although he has outlived them all. He furnishes some very interesting information concerning Bancroft, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe and Motley. Neither those dealing with English or American authors can approach the present volume in the personal claims it will bave to the attention of readers in this country.

During the past six months few books have had a wider reading than Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne." In many centers of the country it has led all others. Dr. Mitchell's latter work, "The adventures of Francois," which has been running its course in the *Century* magazine, will be completed in this month's number. It will soon be published in book-form. American interest, at this time, is not so actively centered on the French revolution as on our own; yet this book, dealing as it does with one of the greatest epochs in all history, should not lack thousands of new readers when in volume form.



Muhlenberg College, ♦

ALLEN TOWN, PA.



The 32rd Scholastic Year began September 1, 1898.

IN ADDITION TO THE CLASSICAL COURSE, leading to the Degree of A. B., the Board of Trustees has introduced a SCIENTIFIC COURSE leading to the Degree of B. S., and have elected Prof. Philip Dowell, Ph.B. (Yale), Professor of Natural Sciences and Biology.

THE COLLEGE is designed to meet the requirements of advanced Christian scholarship, as well as to furnish a mental training that shall best fit the recipients for success in the various vocations of life. The moderate size of the classes secures to each student the constant attention of the Professors, who are experienced in their several departments, and have charge of the instruction of the College.

THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT. This provides for a general business education, or for admission to a College course. Careful attention is given to the religious and moral training of the students.

For further information address

REV. THEO. L. SEIP, D. D., President.

J. RICHMOND MERKEL, A. M.,

Principal of the Academic Department.

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No. 2.

The
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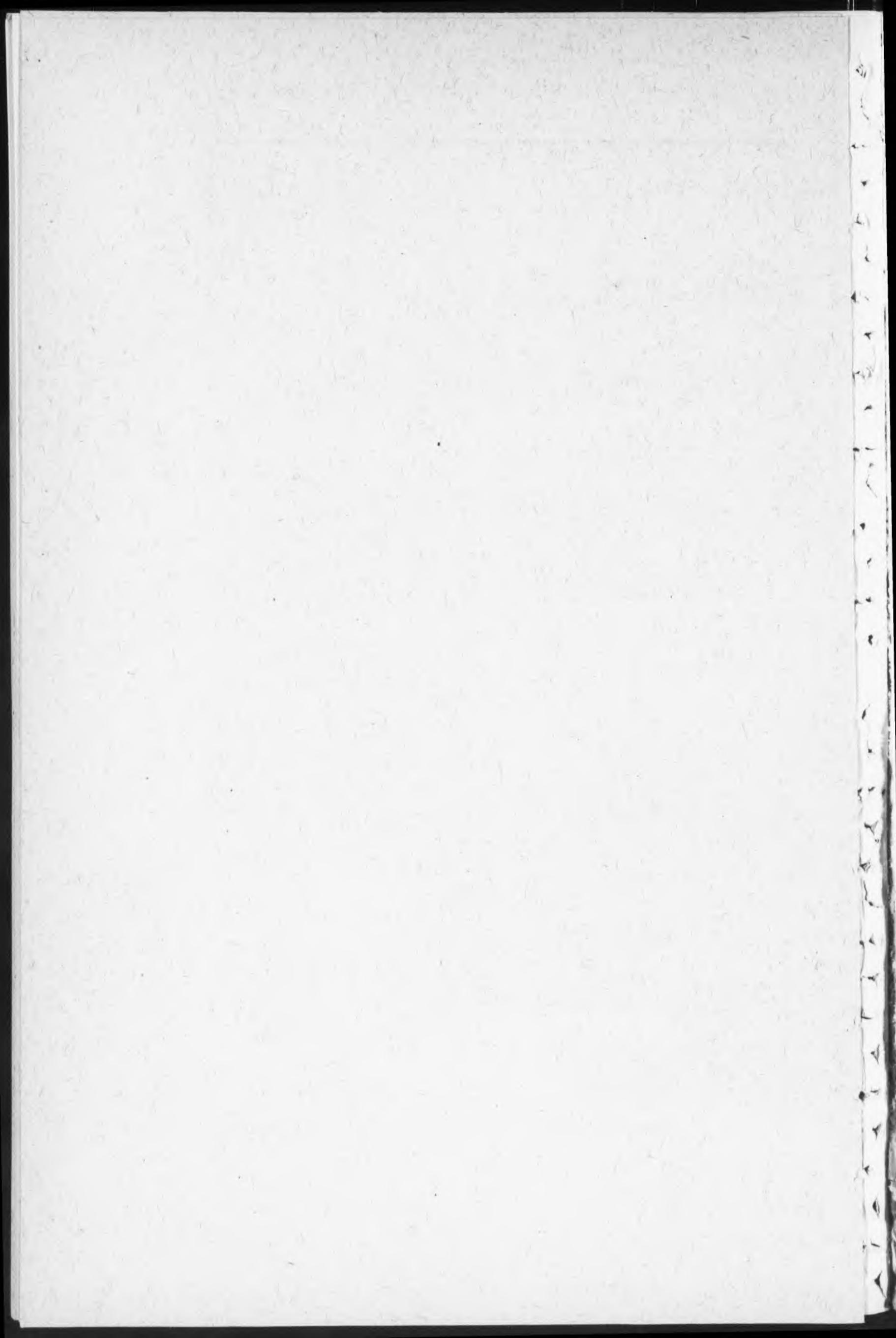


October, 1898.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVI.

ALLENtown, PA., OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 2.

Partisanship—a Sign of Inferiority.

EVAN B. LEWIS, '90.

An education, if nothing else, ought produce in its recipient a liberality in all things. By this assertion is not meant a tendency toward free thinking or infidelity in religion, but a mind that is tolerant alike in business, political and religious affairs.

In religious matters there are those who can not see a spark of truth, good, or chance of salvation in the denomination of their neighbor, because it happens to differ from the one to which they belong. Ask for their reason for holding membership in that particular denomination, and they cannot give a satisfactory one, but the most likely one is their parents were members of that denomination and they are satisfied. A rampant Roman Catholic will condemn to purgatory as a heretic his protestant neighbor and *vice versa*, but if either were to be asked to advance a good logical reason for his partisanship, he would tell you the church or the priest said so or the church or minister taught it. They are ignorantly blind and do nothing more than accept as absolutely unimpeachable that which they are taught regardless of its correctness and without exercising their God-given right to think for themselves. The bigoted Protestant denounces in the Catholic that which ails him—partisanship. Loyalty to an organization is commendable, but to do so without a well defined reason and under all circumstances is a sign of weakness and inferiority, and the person who lays claim to a liberal education ought not appear in the category of those who can truthfully be accused of this denominational partisanship. It is true that those who have the courage to assert themselves in an independent manner will be termed disloyal, rebels, dissenters, etc., by the fossilized partisans, but they are possessed of truer qualities of mind and heart than their partisan friend and are honestly living their convictions. The partisan may have misgivings as to certain sectarian regula-

tions and is too lacking in courage to give expression to them, while the other thinks so and has the courage to give expression to them, while the other thinks so and has the courage to act as his judgment dictates. The liberal man believes there is more virtue and religion in a life of honesty and morality than in his partisan friend who looks upon a priest, pope or minister as superior to other carnal beings, no matter what their private lives may be. If Luther and the other reformers of the sixteenth century had been such blind partisans as the others of their time, what reformation would they have wrought? They saw iniquities in the church and had the courage to oppose and expose them and as a result occupy to-day positions of great benefactors and heroes and rightfully so.

The mind of the partisan in religious matters remains stunted like the foot of a Chinaman who prevents its growth by his barbarian invention applied in infancy; it continues weak and undeveloped like the muscles of the man who fails to exercise his body as was intended.

The libraries contain many volumes that are devoted to a discussion of theological theories which are neither productive of real benefit to the apologists nor are a means of bettering the lives of fallen humanity. To the average person the authors of these books may appear great, but to the man of broad intellect and experience they are exceedingly narrow, men of one idea and properly termed dogmatic partisans. Instead of wasting their time and energy in discussing the many theological speculations and mysteries much more good would be accomplished by dealing with live issues and the evils of the present time, by so doing they would, in the estimation of liberal and fairminded men, be carrying out the directions of the Divine Leader.

Why there is not more liberality in religious matters among those who are at least called liberally educated is a mystery to me. The church instead of standing aloof from those of a slightly different belief ought to be found endeavoring to unite all on one common basis of faith thus eliminating the great contention about forms and ceremonies.

In political affairs the same condition exists. Men are blind followers of political leaders who are neither capable in statesmanship nor patriotic in the discharge of public duties. Like in the operations of the feudal system, they owe allegiance to their over-lord and implicitly obey his orders whether they mean weal or woe to the state which they promised to serve. Their reason for

belonging to a certain political party is as vague as is their knowledge of its principles, and they too like the religious partisan can only say "because my father was a member of this party", which is a sufficient reason for their stupid intellects. They will stand by the regular ticket of their party even though Satan himself were one of the nominees, and would consider it a great wrong to differ with a fellow partisan or vote a freeman's ticket independently, just as the sectarian partisan thinks it heresy to exercise the right of freedom of thought and speech if it happens to differ from the beaten path. They are too cowardly to break away from political slavery and act the part of true men, and the most that they can be persuaded to do is to fail to cast their ballots. If it were not for the men in the community who are courageous and patriotic enough to throw aside the political cloak and put on the garb of freedom, i. e., independence in voting, the government under which we live would be in a much worse state than it is. Though these independents may be mistaken occasionally, the public will never suffer seriously from their acts, as they are open to reason and will always correct a mistake when it is pointed out to them. More than once has the country been saved from disaster by reason of the independent voter bringing the party leaders to their senses and saving the public from a term of corrupt administration by one of the ring. These ills that afflict the body politic ought to enlist the attention of the better class of citizens and the clergy as well. He need and should not take sides in the discussion of political questions; as these can very properly be left to others, but the moral character of our public officials and those who aspire to public place should enlist the most earnest attention of the clergy.

I am not one of those who believe the duty of the minister of the gospel begins and ends with preaching the gospel divorced from a consideration of civic affairs, but that the office holder and aspirant thereto would be much more careful to merit position if their public acts and their private characters were more frequently and carefully examined by the various ministers. This would also afford them something in the concrete to speak about and carry more conviction than all the most learned sermons devoted to abstract questions of doctrine. Surely there is a crying need for reform in every direction as the standard of morality among our aspirants for honorable positions is entirely too low. Not long since we witnessed the humiliating spectacle of a libertine being elevated to the most exalted position in our nation, and many of

the so called best people winked at the offense of which he was guilty and as much as said "that is a matter of private concern", as much as to say, it makes no difference to us so long as the candidate and official does not openly commit some terrible felony, his private character is of no moment. If the clergy would do their whole duty and expose such characters to the infamy they deserve, persons of such foul private characters would not dare ask for popular support and the politicians would not trust to place them in line for political preferment. I do not mean they should become partisans in politics any more than they ought to be in religion, but they ought not stand aloof and lose to public affairs the benefit that might flow from their mingling more in public matters.

How can some of these defects be remedied? We think the college alumni can assist materially if they will. If they will make up their minds to treat matters of public nature the same as they would their own private affairs and act as independently as in them, a long step would have been taken toward such a reform. Their influence, scattered as they are in every hamlet, county and state, must be great, and soon there would not be so many persons voting for a municipal or county official simply because if he would cut the ticket the tariff or some financial question might suffer. We would gradually be rid of officials who are not, with few exceptions, able to earn a living in their professions or business, and unfit for cultured and upright men to associate with in their private lives. How few men are able to lay aside their political bias and how few inquire what is the moral character and private life of the man who aspires to be elected to a position that in itself is honorable if filled by an honorable man.

Again we say the college alumni ought to come to the assistance of the public and help rid the body politic of the political disease. If they have learned liberality at college they will be prominent in all independent movements and the time and money spent for their education will not have been spent in vain and the state will be the better for it.



Human Responsibility.

J. G. HARTLEY, '99.

The temptation set before our first parents was that of proving their freedom by using it without regard to the will of him who gave it. The excuse offered by them after sinning was that they were not really free but had acted under a constraining influence, the subtlety of the tempter. They committed sin that they might be independent of their Maker; they defended it on the ground that they were dependent upon Him. Such has been the course of pride and lust ever since; to lead us first to exult in our liberty of will and conduct, then when we have brought ruin upon ourselves to plead that we are the slaves of necessity.

It has always been and ever will be the office of Religion to preserve the memory of those truths which the unbelieving heart corrupts; the freedom and responsibility of man; the sovereignty of the creator; the supremacy of the law of conscience as His representative within us; and the inapplicability of external circumstances in the judgment which is finally to be made upon our conduct and character.

That we are accountable for what we do and what we are, that in spite of all aids or hindrances from without, each soul is the cause of its own happiness or misery, is a truth certified both by Nature and Revelation. Nature conveys it to us in the feeling of guilt or remorse which implies self condemnation. In the Scriptures, it is the prevailing principle through every dispensation. Praise to the obedient, punishment on the transgressor is the revealed rule of God's government from the beginning to the consummation of all things.

The limits of our external aids and hindrances are stated distinctly, so that in spite of our original sinful nature and of the existing influences around us, we have a surety of the freedom and accountability of our will. For are we not clearly told in Holy Writ, that God will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able, and that with the temptation there is always an avenue of escape that we may be able to bear it? Then again Scripture says, Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for temptation comes not from God; but every man when he is drawn away by his own lusts is tempted and enticed, and when lust has born its fruit it brings forth sin. Thus the sinner who, as a free agent chose the evil, suffers for it and is condemned. Then when the sense of guilt comes upon us, we feel like ridding

ourselves of our knowledge of our own responsibility, and instead of seeking our Maker and confessing our fault and asking for forgiveness, we try to shift the responsibility of our evil actions, as our first parents, as if the serpent beguiled us and we did eat.

To find fault with the circumstances in which we find ourselves, is our ready and familiar excuse when our conduct is arraigned in anyway. In truth, nothing is more easy to the imagination than duty in the abstract: it is when it assumes a definite and actual form, when it comes upon us under circumstances, that it is difficult and troublesome. Circumstances are the very trial of obedience. Yet it is very easy to fancy our particular condition peculiarly hard and that we should have been better and happier men in any other.

Thus opportunity, which is the means of temptation in the case of various sins, is converted into an excuse for them. Perhaps if it were not for some unusual combination of circumstances we should never have been tempted, yet when we do fall on such an occasion we are ever ready to excuse our weakness as if our trials were extraordinary. The want of education is very often an excuse for a careless and irreligious life. In fact it is scarcely possible to resist the imagination that we should have been altogether different men than we are if we had lived in an age of miracles or in the visible presence of our Lord. But we cannot persuade ourselves that whatever the force of things external to us in modifying our condition is, it is we and not our circumstances which are the causes of what we do and what we are.

The influence of the world consists in its hold upon our imagination. It seems impossible that anything which is said everywhere and always can be false, yet the duty of the Christian is to move against the World's declarations continually, and to be obedient to the divine command and protest against the majority of voices. But the irksomeness of this duty suggests to the wayward mind to seek a release from it, and looking off from what is within to what is without, gradually to become perplexed and unsettled; and then Society with its assumed consistent mien, spreads before him seemingly golden treasures which, when touched, become as gall and worm wood.

"Tis true we may for a time amuse ourselves with such excuses for sin, as a perverted imagination can furnish, but there is one who is justified in his sayings, and clear when he judgeth. Our well devised pleadings will profit us nothing on the day when the

heavens shall part as a scroll, and all who are not clothed in the garment of faith and love will suffer eternal death. Should we not awaken then and cast off the shadows of darkness and realize our responsibilities fully? For the night is far spent and the day is near at hand.

The Origin of "Old Glory."

W. H. GABLE, '02.

During the last few months our flag has been displayed from houses, stores, factories and all sorts of public buildings. Never before was there so much feeling of love and admiration shown for the Stars and Stripes throughout the country. Every newspaper, periodical and magazine had some of its pages devoted to her. It seems, therefore, appropriate that we should consider her origin.

We should naturally suppose that the flags used by the Colonies, prior to the Revolutionary War, were those used by the English Sovereign. Though such does not appear always to have been the case. From the very earliest they seem to have departed from the authorized English flag and assumed standards of their own. It was not their desire to separate themselves from the Mother Country. Their allegiance was shown by representing on the flags, either the colors of England or the arms of the King. Perhaps the wide extended ocean between them and England, and also their being in the so called "New World," induced them to proceed in this manner.

Before the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the newspapers mentioned "Liberty" and "Union" flags of various devices. Most of them were partly banners, rather than colonial ensigns. The word "Liberty" appeared on some of them.

Probably no colors at all were used by the few men who had gathered at Lexington. Tradition speaks of a Bunker Hill flag. Trumbull in his celebrated picture of the battle, now in the Capitol at Washington, has represented a red flag with a red cross and a green pine-tree on a white canton. However, at this time, the beginning of the Revolutionary War, each state had set up a banner of its own. The green pine-tree was a favorite emblem of Massachusetts.

The necessity of a common national flag may not have been thought of until October, 1775, when Dr. Franklin, Mr. Lynch

and Mr. Harrison, were appointed to consider the subject. They met at Cambridge soon after their appointment. The result of their conference was the retention of the king's colors, representing yet their recognition of the Sovereign of England, but coupled to thirteen alternate stripes of red and white. This signified the union of the Colonies against tyranny and oppression. It was first hoisted on January 2, 1776, over the camp of Cambridge, being saluted by thirteen guns and thirteen cheers.

The first suggestion of a star as an emblem of a state is found in a song written for the anniversary of the Boston massacre.

"The America ensign now sparkles a star,
Which shall shortly flame wide through the sky."

This may have been a poetic flight by the author and not intended as a prophecy.

On June 14, 1777, the American Congress passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Washington, Colonel Ross and Robert Morris constituted a committee to have a sample flag made. They called on Mrs. Elizabeth Ross at her home, Arch street, Philadelphia, to make the flag. Washington drew a rough design to serve her as a guide in making the flag.

Thus the striped union flag of the Continental colonies received added beauty and significance, by erasing the blended crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and putting in their place a canopy of stars.

It was on the battle ground of Brandywine where this new born flag received its baptism. Beyond doubt she witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and inspired the continentals at Germantown. The new constellation helped to cheer the patriots of the army amid the sufferings around the camp-fires at Valley Forge.

Brave Paul Jones, commanding the Ranger, was the first to fly the Stars on a fighting ship. It was he who bore the flag when it received its first salute in foreign waters. In a letter to the naval committee of Congress, dated February 22, 1778, he says: "I am happy to have it in my power to congratulate you on having seen the American flag, for the first time, recognized in the fullest and completest manner by the flag of France."

Jones also reports that in an action between the Ranger and the Drake, fought on April 24, 1778, when the latter hoisted the

English colors, "the American Stars were displayed on the Ranger." This is the first recorded naval action under the flag of the free.

But since the first experience, she has often been trampled under foot, pierced with bullets and stained with blood. Nevertheless the stars on this canton of blue steadily increased in number. And now, where "Old Glory" floats, there is social and political freedom and religious liberty.

Self-Education.

P. B. R., '01.

One of the most praise-worthy characteristics, that can be found in man, is a desire to make the most of what is in him. One of the most important helps which he can have is education, that is the teaching which he receives in a school or at home, or pursues under his own guidance and discretion. The first method we would call education, the second, self-education, since one becomes his own tutor. Education however is less important than self-education, for it could never be brought about except by self-education. If there is no desire a person can never be educated. He may imitate like parrots and magpies, or be trained like a horse, but education will never accomplish the desired end. Every one is self-educated to a certain extent whether he be a college graduate or a plain civilian, for the best teachers in the world cannot make a person amount to anything unless he takes the matter into his own hands and works faithfully. By education is generally meant the training of the mind, of every faculty, of every part of the body, and of every feeling so as "put the flesh in subjection to the spirit," and to give the mind control over the entire man.

A weakly plant cannot produce a well-developed flower. So it is with us. Our bodies must be developed simultaneously with the intellect, necessitating the development of the body harmoniously according to the laws of hygienic education. This education becomes a pleasure for us and is pursued during our leisure hours. The only danger to be avoided is extreme application, which weakens rather than strengthens the body. In the first place, each muscle should be developed by a proper exercise of the same; the muscles, whose power to withstand fatigue constitutes our power of endurance, should be trained for that purpose;

the muscles should be developed so as to give to the body a graceful bearing and a symmetrical shape. Last, but not least, cultivate the art of speaking correctly. Few have learned it. Pronunciation can be learned by imitating those whom you like to listen to for their correct speaking. The nasal twang should be avoided. One should also endeavor to be heard when speaking, for nothing can be more annoying than to catch but one word in a dozen, especially if the subject is an interesting one. Educate the body to express by its movements the feeling of the speaker. Let the flashing eye, the upraised hand, the trembling lip convey more thought than any amount of words.

Then again the senses should be educated for many purposes, principally for observation. One who has not cultivated in himself the power of observation walks along the street, and after having done so can tell you nothing that particularly attracted his attention. Another may have discovered such a small thing as the opening of a carpenter-bee's nest, a stone he had never seen before, the track of an animal, etc. Again, one should learn to judge a person's feelings by an observation of his manner, however cloaked it may be, his words and the appearance of his face. Does not a dog detect danger when the manner, countenance and words have changed? So much more ought we, to whom the gift of reasoning is given, be able to understand another's feelings and condition of mind. Accuracy should also be sought after. How valuable that kind of education is to a gunner on a man-of-war. Everything must be taken into consideration before discharging his piece so that it may accomplish its purpose; the speed of both ships, the distance of the ships from each other, the velocity of the charge, the recoil of the ship and the time of discharge. Lawyers are famous for their skill at hair splitting. They have cultivated the art of looking for and finding the smallest points upon which to base their arguments, and attain a great deal of quickness and sharpness in penetrating and thwarting their opponents' designs.

Man's most useful members are his hands but they are only useful when they have been properly educated. They procure his means of living, provide for his shelter and defense. The hand does all this when the mind wills it. The hands must be educated to do the slightest wish of the owner. Have you ever watched a stone cutter cleverly chisel marble? An angle here, roughness there, all disappear before his magical touch. In his mind he desired to have those parts disposed of, and the hands did it

without anymore ado. But let anyone else try it and the lack of his manual education will be plainly shown. How delicately the watchmaker deals with his patient, yet with how much skill and speed tiny springs and jewels quickly find their places under his guidance, the balance wheel and innumerable other wheels are detected in their detestable efforts to escape work, and summarily punished by a life imprisonment with hard labor, while the hands are so delicately adjusted that they ought never form a desire to run off and have a dispute with every other watch as to the time of day.

Finally, the feelings and the will must be educated. How much we love a person who has sympathy for another in distress and shows it not in words but in actions ; who soothes and cares for a friend without paying any regard to his own needs and carefully nurses him back to health or to a better view of his affairs. One who humors the peculiarities of children, the caprices of the old and who, though he may give only a cup of cold water to one of these, thanks his God for the privilege of doing so. Man has been placed by God over all the living creatures. Those, that are especially subject to him, should come in for a great share of kindness, for kindness works wonders with dumb brutes and it surely is God's desire that we should treat them in that manner. That their shyness disappears before kind words is sufficient proof.

One should also educate oneself to repress feelings which would express themselves in actions and words not creditable to oneself. That is to use self-control. Many a time statements are made and deeds are committed that greatly anger us, but if our will has been properly educated we shall scorn the idea of engaging in a contest which we should be very sorry for afterwards. In connection with the repression of anger, we should repress any feeling of resentment or spite instead of demanding an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Last of all these, educate the will. Educate it so that it does right and is able to say " nay ". Educate it for good and it will become the most powerful force known. The will easily becomes a habit in us. So then learn to will strongly and decisively ; anchor your life and be not tossed about like a light cork on the snow-capped waves. Be like a swimmer who has strength to breast the current ; banish the words " can't," "impossible " from your vocabulary. Let nothing that is reasonable and right be left undone. Above all, be true to yourself ; procure for the soul that knowledge and belief which shall have their reward in the life everlasting.

When a man has once mastered all these branches of self-education, then and only then is he an educated man ; but as we have seen, this education must of necessity be nearly all done under his own supervision and guidance. He is therefore entitled to be called a self-educated man. What a great honor that is for anyone. How we admire the character of Abraham Lincoln. A son of a poor farmer living in the West, his advantages were very, very limited. By his indomitable perseverance, courage and the will to make the most of himself, he gradually rose to the highest office, for which it is possible for the American people to elect a man. His life is an inspiration for every young American who is striving to make a name for himself, by making the most of his opportunities and securing an education.

Wisdom.

“ It is the way we go, the way of life ;
 A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,
 A grain of peace amid a load of strife,
 With toil and grief, and grief and toil again.
 Yea :— but for this ; the firm and faithful breast,
 Bolder than lions, confident and strong,
 That never doubts its birthright to be blest,
 And dreads no evil while it does no wrong :
 This, this is wisdom. manful and serene,
 Towards God all penitence and prayer and trust,
 But to the troubles of this shifting scene
 Simply courageous and sublimely just :
 Be then such wisdom thine, my heart within,—
 There is no foe nor woe nor grief but— Sin.”



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

In Memoriam.

The second anniversary of Dr. Garber's death, which occurred on Sunday, September 27th, 1896, was observed by appropriate exercises in the College Chapel. They were impressively conducted by Dr. Wackernagle, who had always been a close and dear friend of our departed instructor. The touching lessons read from Scripture with the beautiful hymns sung caused all to think of the good and kind professor who only a few short years ago was accustomed to go in and out among us, always leading a Christian life and setting for all a noble example. Only a few more years and all the present students who knew him as teacher and friend will have left their Alma Mater. Then to the student body he will be known as a former professor of Muhlenberg. But his memory will still continue fresh in the hearts and minds of the members of the faculty, of which he was such an esteemed and worthy member.

* * *

Biological Department.

The Biological Department of our College is steadily advancing under the efficient care of Prof. Dowell. It must be remembered that this department was organized only one year ago; and in a College where, up to that time, a classical course alone had been offered to its patrons. That now more than twelve young

men are pursuing the studies marked out in the Biological Course is a very encouraging fact. Those who agitated the establishment of this course in the editorial columns of THE MUHLENBERG several years ago will be pleased to hear that the object of which they thought and for which they wrote has become a reality. The Faculty and Trustees have every reason to believe that this new departure has proved successful and will continue so, but in a greater degree, in the future. The most pleasing feature is that it has not diminished the number of students in the Classical Department, as some feared, but has really proved an *addition* to our institution. May this be only a foretaste of other changes and advances in the future progress of "Muhlenberg."

* * *

Contributors.

The editor-in-chief has been receiving very little encouragement from the members of the higher classes in the way of contributions, many refusing to write articles for publication in the columns of THE MUHLENBERG. We admit that the MONTHLY is the journal of the student body, but at the same time it is to be representative of that body. Who, then, shall represent the College? The higher or the lower classmen? Without speaking disparagingly of those in the lower classes we contend that the members of the higher classes ought to lead in literary productions. It becomes their duty by virtue of their position and any refusal on their part is either an admission of incompetence or downright disloyalty to the best interests of the College.

We are grateful for past productions and have only words of thanks for those who contribute willingly and gladly, but these seem to be greatly in the minority. To them these remarks do not apply. To write an article worthy to be read is not the easiest thing to do; yet that is no reason why any one should shrink from the task. Any student, who has judiciously and properly employed his time for three years, in the fourth ought to be able to produce something of a literary merit.

Consumption alone, without production, is an unsound, economical principle. It cannot be applied in the housekeeping of a nation; neither is it applicable to student life. We are continually taking in: ought we not to give something out? We hope the Seniors and Juniors will thoughtfully consider these facts which are patent to all.

Purloining.

A number of new periodicals have been added to the Reading Room, among the most prominent of which are the "Literary Digest" and the "Educational Review." But frequently, when they are wanted, they are not to be found. Where are they? It is a good time for young men, while at College, to learn to respect the rights of others, and it is about time that some persons or beings learn, or are taught, that the Reading Room is the proper place for these papers and not private rooms. An occasional offence might be overlooked, but the recent flagrant violation of the Reading Room rules will not be permitted to pass without a strict investigation. Should the perpetrators be discovered they will be summarily dealt with.

* * *

Alumni Articles.

In our last month's edition we were favored with an address by one of our alumni, Rev. J. Umbenhoven, '80, of Pottsville. It is with great pleasure that we can refer our readers to a very able production on *Partisanship* in the columns of this issue from the pen of one of the rising young men of the Philadelphia Bar, Evan B. Lewis, '91.

College Happenings.

At last — optional attendance in the Literary Societies for the Ciarla Staff.

The Sophomores are busily engaged in scouring the mountains and woods in the vicinity of Allentown, in search of specimens for their leaf herbariums. They are taking unusual interest in their botanical work.

Howard A. Kunkle has been appointed from the Senior Class to take charge of St. Stephen's Lutheran Mission, of North Bethlehem. He conducts divine services every morning and evening, and also superintends the flourishing Sunday School of the same. The appointment was made by the officers of the Allentown Conference, Dr. Repass, President, and Rev. Keiter, Secretary.

Kuntz, '00, conducted St. Stephen's Sunday School in the afternoon for the last few Sundays, and also taught Dr. Wackernagel's Bible Class.

The Junior German Literary Society recently organized by unanimously electing Dr. Wackernagle as permanent chairman. Fritch, R., was elected secretary and Trump, treasurer, of the same organization.

Koch, '00, has taken up the biological course, having changed to it from the classical.

It has been said of the foot-ball players of the class of '00, that they had "naught" to fight for. Let us tell the class of '02, that if the '00's had naught to fight for and won, they "ought two" defeat the Sophs. in foot-ball this fall.

Overheard in the hall—Meyers, '02, speaking to class-mate, "I had my girl out driving this afternoon and we took supper at the "Lafayette". Other Freshman, "My! but you are swell, Meyers".

Dr. W., says while at College there is only one feminine gender for the student and that is in the Grammar.

Horn, W., '00: Where do the American Indians come from? Prof.: I don't know. They never told me.

Wenrich, '01, we have observed, has visited the college tonsorialist (Stribber Straub) and had his miss-placed eye-brow removed.

Wanted—A grindstone to sharpen the point of an argument. [Kuntz, '01].

"All men have souls, but some men are heelers",—Krutzky, '00.

Case, '99, and Hartley, '99, accompanied the excursion to the Lutheran Orphan's Home and Seminary, at Germantown.

The new system of cleaning the rooms, which was put in vogue, at the beginning of the session, works admirably and meets with the hearty approval of all the students. In the newly painted and calcimined rooms there was no delay in placing neat rugs and suitable furnishings. The cozy appearance of the rooms should be conducive to better and more faithful work on the part of all who are permitted to enjoy the privileges.

An enterprising "Isaac" displays the following attractive sign on Hamilton Street:

Ice cold!
Soda water—
3 cents a glass,
All colors.

The membership of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity has been increased by Miller, '02, Pascoe, '02 and Applegate, '02.

It is encouraging to see the great interest taken in foot ball on the campus by the lower classmen. We hope that every competent student will avail himself of the opportunity to make the scheduled games a success.

Professor to Krutzky, '00: "You have a good faculty to switch from the lesson to something else since you were in the employ of a railroad company." Nevertheless, Paul declares that he has a good round house.

Kunkleman, who was a former member of '99 and is now attending the Baltimore Medical College, did not forget to spend a few pleasant hours with his old collegemates, while attending the great Allentown Fair.

A crowd of musically (?) inclined members of Muhlenberg serenaded the Fem. Sem. girls the other evening. They answered the boys by putting all lights out.

Balliet, '02, who was reported to have left college, we are glad to see has returned and resumed his studies.

President Seip attended a meeting of the council of colleges and universities of Pennsylvania which convened at Harrisburg on Oct. 4.

Yerger and Fegley were talking about choirs. Fegley said: "I wonder why it is that Miss S's voice changed while she was away to school. She used to sing alto, but since she returned she sings soprano." Yerger replied: "I suppose it is because she went to a school for higher education."

Notice—Foot ball players receiving any injuries will hereafter please call on Dr. V. J. Koch, '00, room 26.

Fegley, '00, accompanied by his mother, spent a few days at Nazareth as a guest of his classmate, V. J. Koch.

John H. Miller, at one time a member of '97, now at Wittenberg Seminary, Ohio, stopped here a few hours on his way to school and met some of his former acquaintances.

Fegley, '00, royally entertained his classmates and friends at the home of his aunts, on North Ninth street, in honor of his mother and of his twenty-first birthday. The following students were present and report having had an enjoyable time, Kunkle, A. A., '99, Fegley, Kuntz, Bousch, Lentz, Beck, Erb, Flexer, Horn, R., Horn, W., and Krutzky, '00, Wenrich, '01, Rick and Telford, Prep.

A certain Junior, better known about the college as Muhlenberg's Mark Twain, seems on this account to have assumed quite a little dignity ; at least we were informed that he wore a high hat when out walking with his lady friend.

Some Junior nick-names are : Pope, Squirt, Daby, Cheese'em, Stribbers, Bully, Speil-kamerad and Scripsi.

Creitz, ex'00, has entered Franklin and Marshall College and has secured a position on the foot-ball team.

Berg, '99, delivered an address at the Sunday School anniversary at St. Peter's Church, in the First Ward.

Drs. Richards and Ettinger and Prof. Merkel are busily engaged in preparing to entertain the members of the Penna. German Society, which will meet in Allentown this month.

Kistler, '02, when asked by Telford, whether he knew when Niagara Falls was built, absently replied, " I really forgot the date".

Reagle, C., '99. Reagle, F., '01, and Applegate, '02, attended the St. Luke's excursion to Glen Onoko on October 1st.

Paul McKnight, of Reading, visited some of the students at college last week.

The Freshmen are sporting their new class caps. The caps are very neat, blue with orange lettering.

John Trach, a student at the Baltimore College of P. and S., called on his friend H. A. Kunkle, on October 3rd.

Bully needs "calling down" once in a while. The other day Dr. was telling the Juniors of the only animal that would not enter the ark with Noah. Bousch having disturbed him, the Dr. said, " I will lead you from my room, the same way Noah led the ass into the ark".

Gery, Prep's star foot-ball player, will help win laurels for the Ursinus College team this year.

Benze, ex'00, recently visited his former classmates. Having completed Sophomore year at Thiel, he has now been matriculated as a Junior at Lehigh.

Euterpea's Reception.

In view of the fact that it is more glorious to sever all social relations, abandon all industrial pursuits, endure the most grievous sufferings, and even sacrifice his own life on the altar of our coun-

try, than to have his nation insulted by letting a half-barbarous people simply ignore the teachings which the enlightenment of this nineteenth century affords us; George Wellington Lutz, '01, enlisted in Co. D., 4th Regt. of P. V. After passing through many of the ordeals of our late war, he returned to college. The Euterpean Literary Society, of which he is a member, was anticipating a joyful time for September 28th, when she might welcome back to her parental care one of her sons who was faithful to the principles which she inculcates; and at the same time knowing that her actions would be appreciated, because she herself had been remembered by him when absent. The memento was a gavel, which very forcibly suggested that to that degree in which this is effective in restoring order, so much will the principles for which he is fighting contribute to the conservation of the peace of our country.

At the appointed time for the reception, Euterpea learned with deep regret that, on account of sickness, Mr. Lutz could not be present; however she decided to show her appreciation and esteem for her " Soldier Boy " by rendering such parts of the elaborately prepared programme as were suitable for the occasion. President Dr. Seip was present and made a few appropriate remarks in which he referred to the patriotism of the American citizen in general in so nobly volunteering for a cause of justice and humanity, and said that Euterpea could certainly feel proud of her " Soldier Boy ". The following programme was rendered, after which refreshments were served, and the members of Euterpea and friends left the hall wishing Mr. Lutz a speedy recovery from his illness.

Editor's Table.

The Symphony of Autumn.

Alone I stood
And hearkened to Autumn sighing,
At the verge of a wood,
Through trees quite bare,
In the crispy air,
For old Summer was dying, dying.

How the nimble leaves fly
In the crystal sky,—
Way above a stray cloud is scurrying ;
Whither it goes,
Nobody knows,
But the beetle his treasure is burying, burying.

All was silent and still,
Save the splash of a rill,
Or the wind through the wild wood southing ;
Save the tap of a bird,
On the bark plainly heard ;
And still the old tree-tops were bowing, bowing.

As I stood, me thought
I a melody caught,
That out of the deep wood came ringing ;
Was it Autumn's self,
Or the flute of an elf ?
Or a bird on a bare twig swinging, singing ?

But it soon died away,
With the closing of day,
As the crow to his pine-top was flying.
The icy brook sped
Through its cold mossy bed,
And old Summer was dying, dead.—*Ex.*

The new arrangement for the publication of *The Knox Student*, will undoubtedly prove a very satisfactory change, for thereby each member of the staff is absolutely responsible for his department.

An exchange which we highly appreciate is the *Midland*, published by the Literary Societies of Midland College. The September number contains much excellent matter. "Liberty," a poem coming from the pen of our new Secretary of State, John Hay, is interesting and appropriate to the times. An article on "The Educational value of the German Language and Literature" tells us that the study of languages, if rightly pursued, yields large re-

turns from whatever side approached, especially the languages of those nations which, by their intellectual achievements, stand foremost, such as the Germans. We would commend, also, the excellence of its local department.

To the student who wishes to gain an insight into the real life of the German Universities, Professor Francke's work, "Glimpses of Modern German Culture," is invaluable. The papers are reprinted from various periodicals.—*Ex.*

We are pleased to read in one of the September numbers of *Lafayette's Weekly*, that the students have made arrangements to enlarge and add new features to their paper. This is a step which would be advisable to some other institutions.

"The First Citizen," "Thackery's Novels and some Others," contained in the June number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* give valuable information to all its readers. Indeed the magazine as a whole can be commended.

The *Gettysburgian Weekly* has come regularly to our exchange department this summer and so it was the first college paper to greet us at the beginning of school.

All nations of the world excepting the United States, spend more money in preparing for war than they do for educational purposes.—*Ex.*

An article entitled "Wheels and their Worth," in the last number of the *Amulet* is worth reading carefully.

The commencement number of *The Manitou Messenger* as usual contains fine editorials.

An article on William Ewart Gladstone, the great Englishman of the Century, should not be overlooked in the June number of the *Delaware College Review*. It tells us of the really great men born as he in 1809; such as Mendelsohn, Holmes, Poe, Darwin, Lincoln, who had all passed on before him. It also gives a brief sketch of his life.

The largest library in the world is the National Library of Paris. It contains forty miles of shelves, holding 1,400,000 books. The second largest is that at the British Museum. It has more books, 1,650,000, but less space than the Paris library.—*Ex.*

George Washington left \$20,000 to aid in establishing a national University,—but no one knows what has become of it.—*Ex.*

Miss Mary E. Wilkins' new serial, is the humorous story of an up-to-date city women, who attempts to reform a quiet village and educate the people up to the latest fads of the town. It is called "The Jamesons in the Country," and its serial publication will be commenced in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It will have Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens as its illustrator.

Our Alumni.

- '70. Rev. W. K. Frick continues his interesting "Milwaukee Notes" in *The Lutheran*.
- '71. On September 5th, about 2000 Lutherans gathered at Saratoga Park, near Pottstown, Pa., to a Luther League rally. Among the speakers were Revs. O. P. Smith, J. L. Becker, R. D. Roeder, J. H. Waidelich and D. H. Reiter, all sons of Muhlenberg.
- '75. We regret to learn that on account of failing health, Rev. J. P. German, Minersville, Pa., has resigned as pastor of Zion's Lutheran Church.
- '77. Prof. John Sander, St. Peter, Minn., contributes an interesting historical account of Gustavus Adolphus College at St. Peter, to *The Lutheran* of September 15th. He is the Professor of Latin and German.
- '78. Rev. Charles L. Fry offered the opening prayer at the magnificent demonstration with which the citizens of Lancaster, Pa., greeted the return of its soldiers.
- '82. Rev. E. L. Miller, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., has received a call to the pastorate of St. Mark's Church at Williamsport, to succeed Rev. W. H. Rick, late chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, who died of typhoid fever contracted while in the service. It is probable that Mr. Miller will accept. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1882.—*Allentown Chronicle*.
- '83. On September 18th, St. Peter's Lutheran Congregation, South Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. W. F. Schoener pastor, dedicated a fine new pipe organ. Among the organists that performed was Geo. S. Opp, '94, of Philadelphia.
- '83. In a recent number of *The Lutheran*, Rev. R. Morris Smith, Baden, Pa., writes on "A Liturgical Movement" in the Pittsburgh Synod.

'84. Zion Union Church at Siegfried, Pa., has been improved at a cost of \$2,000. Rev. J. H. Kuder is the Lutheran pastor.

'84. At a meeting held in Pittsburg, Pa., October 3rd, in the interest of "The Common Service" in the Pittsburg Synod, Rev. E. F. Krause, of Leechburg, Pa., read a paper on "The Advantages to a Local Congregation of a Liturgical Spirit, and the Best Means for Cultivating It."

'88. Among the pastors attending the last meeting of the Pastoral Association of the Upper Lehigh Valley, were the following Muhlenbergians, Revs. E. F. Ritter, D. G. Gerberich and M. B. Schmoyer.

'88. The fifth annual Sunday School convention of the Wilkes-Barre Conference will be held in Zion Church, Weatherly, Pa., September 20th and 21st. Rev. D. G. Gerberich is pastor.

'89. Rev. Frank C. Oberly, of Decatur, Ill., has accepted a call to the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Greenville, Pa., and will enter upon his duties October 23rd.

'90. On September 11th, Zion's Congregation, Zionsville, Lehigh County, Pa., Rev. I. B. Ritter pastor, celebrated its 140th anniversary. This is the congregation known in "The Halle Reports" as "Milford" and "Upper Milford," which was represented at the organization of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. Revs. M. O. Rath, M. J. Kuehner and N. E. Miller, all Muhlenberg men, assisted the pastor on this very interesting occasion.

'91. From the Binghamton *Republican*, we note the following: The members of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer last evening tendered a reception to their pastor and his wife, who were married on Tuesday last and returned to this city on Thursday.

The church was decorated with palms. Rev. and Mrs. Bieber were assisted in receiving by Mrs. O. S. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ingwall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stout, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Klee were ushers and Rev. and Mrs. Bieber received hearty congratulations and best wishes from all the congregation.

At the close of the reception, Charles Frazier came forward and on behalf of the members of the congregation presented Rev. and Mrs. Bieber with a handsome silver service consisting of a tea set, tray and cake basket. On the tray was engraved, "Presented to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Bieber, by the congregation of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer of Binghamton, N. Y., on the occasion of their marriage, September 7th, 1898,"

and on each piece was engraved the initial "B." Rev. Mr. Bieber responded feelingly to the speech of presentation, telling how that service would keep before them the faces of the friends and closing with the Aaronic benediction.

Later an adjournment was taken to the parlor of the church which had been daintily trimmed with smilax, flowers and palms. The tables were arranged in the form of a U. Rev. and Mrs. Bieber being seated at the center beneath an arch of smilax.

A large wedding cake formed part of the repast.

'93. St. John's Lutheran Congregation, East Mauch Chunk, Pa., Rev. M. B. Schmoyer, pastor, celebrated its twentieth anniversary on Sunday, September 18th. The church is now free from debt.

'94. The engagement of Mr. George S. Opp, of Philadelphia, to Miss Anna Sandt, of Bethlehem, Pa., is announced.

'95. On Sunday, September 18th, the Mission Sunday School at Oak Brook, a suburb of Reading, Pa., was reorganized. An address was delivered by Rev. Charles E. Kistler, who is expected to serve several missions in connection with Alsace Church.

'95. Rev. E. H. Kistler, pastor of an Evangelical congregation at Germantown, has entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy.

'96. Bridges Stopp, '97 of Princeton University, will pursue the study of Theology at Mt. Airy.

'96. During vacation, William Penn Barr of the Mt. Airy Seminary, did some excellent mission work in St. Peter's Lutheran Congregation of Pine Grove, Pa. Rev. A. P. Lentz, ('95) of Paxton, Pa., will from all indications, be called to supply this congregation.

'97. William Fehr, after teaching one term of school in Northampton County, Pa., has entered the Seminary at Mt. Airy.

'98. It may be of interest to know what our last year's men are doing. Messrs. Charles Beck, William Bilheimer, Levi Gruber, Harry Hehl, William Heist, Emile Keuhling, Edwin Kistler, George Kressley, George Lenker, Bernard Repass, John Sullenberger, John Walter and Wesley Wenner are at the Mt. Airy Seminary. John Eckert is reading medicine. George Erdman is a member of the *Morning Call* staff at Allentown. John Fegley is attending the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. David Kuafman is teaching at Oley, Pa. Marvin Kleppinger entered the

employ of E. A. Wright as travelling salesman. Edwin Laubach is in the mercantile business at Catasauqua, Pa. William Steckel entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton University.

The World of Letters.

The publishers of "Quo Vadis" by Henry Sienkiewicz, state that the total sale of the book, in all languages, reaches 600,000 copies.

"Aftermath" and "A Kentucky Cardinal" are to be translated into Japanese. It is thought that in his feeling for nature, the author James Lane Allen will make a strong appeal to Japanese writers.

Mark Twain expects to publish a political novel, basing it on the recent Parliamentary trouble in Austria between the Germans and Czechs.

Emile Zola is not writing a romance of the Dreyfus case, as was expected; but is engaged on a work about the depopulation of France, which is becoming a serious question in that country.

Marion Crawford has written another of his interesting historical novels entitled, "Via Crucis, A Romance of the Second Crusade". It will first appear in the *Century Magazine*.

"The Puritans," by Arlo Bates, treats of the effect of Puritanism upon the characters of those who have outlived its influence. It is a book with quite a little comedy and satire intermingled, and will no doubt attract considerable attention.

"The War of 1898," by Richard Harding Davis is now in press. It is a history of our war with Spain from beginning to end. The paper and magazine articles Mr. Davis wrote from the battle fields attracted a great deal of attention. These he has supplemented and rounded out by the addition of other later facts which make this book a continuous history of the conflict.

"The Workers—The West" is the second volume of Walter A. Wyckoff, Prof. of Sociology at Princeton University, in which he describes his unique experiences in earning a livelihood as an unskilled laborer. These western scenes are full of life and action, dealing as they do, with a description of the slums, Anarchists and

labor-unions of Chicago ; as well as the great wheat fields and cattle ranches of the West.

A very timely book is, "Our Navy in the Spanish War", by John R. Spears. It reviews the achievements during the past year and also gives the outlook for the future of the navy.

Mr. Wm. J. Clark, has published a book on "Commercial Cuba", which gives the conditions and possibilities of every industry in this island. There is no doubt that soon American energy and money will transform this devastated and war-ridden country into a paradise of prosperity and activity.

"War Memories of an Army Chaplain," by H. C. Trumbull, D. D., deals with the thoughts and feelings of private soldiers during the civil war. This should prove an interesting work. As a general rule, too much attention is paid to the officers in armies and not enough to the common soldier who bears the brunt of the hardships. This was a noticeable feature in the Santiago campaign in our late war, when we can truly say it was a success through the indomitable pluck and perseverance of the private soldiers in spite of the mismanagement and inefficiency of the commanding officers.

Rudyard Kipling has been cruising around the coast of Ireland lately. He intends to use the observations gathered in his voyage in forming verses on "The Crusaders."

"The Successor of Homer," by Prof. W. C. Lawton, is an account of the Greek Poets, who followed Homer, down to Aeschylus.

"History of Yellow Fever," by W. L. Coleman, M. D., is a treatise upon this dread disease. He explains the inducing causes and also the necessary sanitary means of preventing it.

"Worldly Ways and By-Ways," by Eliot Gregory, (an Idler,) treats of the fashions and foibles of the American people at home and abroad. While written in a somewhat humorous vein, there is a fundamental seriousness underneath.

"Ground Arms!" is an eloquent appeal for European peace by Baroness Bertha Von Suttner. When we consider that Europe spends annually \$1,000,000,000 in maintaining her army and navy such works seem highly necessary. If this money were put into the industrial and mercantile pursuits it would do a great deal to rid Europe of her large number of paupers.

"Anglo-Saxon Superiority, To What is it Due?" by Edmond Demolins, is a translation from the tenth French edition. The author contends that the Anglo-Saxon race has showed its superiority in commercial, financial and political affairs.

The section of our country known as the Middle West is pictured to us in a novel by Miss French called, "The Hearts of Toil". The book is thoroughly American in spirit.

"Causes and Consequences," by John J. Chapman, consists of instructive essays on politics, society, education, democracy and government, the fundamental idea of these being that man is unselfish. The deductions are very practical.

A small book of poems having the title, "Some Verses," will soon appear. Miss Helen Hay, the daughter of our Secretary of State, is the author.

"Tattle Tales of Cupid" is a new book which Paul Leicester Ford has just finished.

Hall Caine on his prospective visit to this country will speak upon, "The Necessity of an Anglo-American Alliance".

"America's Foreign Policy" by Theodore S. Woolsey, Prof. of International Law, at Yale University, is a timely work and will be eagerly welcomed by the thinking population of our country. Our policy of isolation can no longer be maintained. The time is now here when America must assume her place among the great nations of the world, and be a factor in shaping international policy. The new problems which the Spanish war has forced upon us are ably discussed.

Pres. Eliot, of Harvard University, has published a book on "Educational Reform." As Pres. Eliot is one of the most eminent teachers of the present time, his work may be considered as a standard in Pedagogics.

"Good Americans," is an interesting work of fiction by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The scene is laid in New York but shifts to the Orient. The interest is sustained throughout and the dialogue is bright and entertaining.

Miss Burnham adds another to her popular novels in "A Great Love". The plot is ingeniously worked out and the characters are interesting. It makes an entertaining story and is well worth reading.

"Through Asia," is an account of the extraordinary journey Dr. Sven Heden made across the continent of Asia in the face of well-nigh overwhelming difficulties. Dr. Heden left Stockholm, in 1893, and in 1897 entered Peking. He had many thrilling experiences on his way. All together it presents an unparalleled story of human daring and endurance.

The Life of Man.

"Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or as the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid tonight :
The wind blows out, the bubble dies :
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot."



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No.
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THE MUELENBERG

November, 1898



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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVI.

ALLEGTON, PA., NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

Luther in History.

L. F. H. GRUBER, '98.

"Men have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well."

Indeed so much are men accustomed to eulogize the deeds of dead heroes that the living are almost forgotten. The saying, "There were giants in those days," is a characteristic one, and when one takes as his subject some biographical character, he is generally suspected to be a hero-worshipper.

Nevertheless, there is in every age some one person who seems to be the incarnation of the highest culture and the grandest truth that age is permitted to attain. There is in the constitutionality of man a susceptibility of truth which varies with the age of his advent, and from that of the simpleton to that of the philosopher, until it brings man into the realm of truth bordering on the prophetic. This is what is meant by being in advance of the age.

Such a man was Luther. It seems that in him all the forces of Nature met to fit him for a great mission. As a scholar, and especially as a philosopher, he had European reputation even before he became a reformer. As a friend he was truly great-souled, his soul always overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." As a leader of men he was without a parallel in history: his indomitable will was as unconquerable as the billows of the deep.

It is not my aim to give a biography of this great and good man, but to point out his location in the genealogy of events. The world had become stagnant and crystallized for a thousand years, but as the fifteenth century was ebbing away there was born he who was to resurrect and rejuvenate the world and change its whole channel of events. The printing-press had lately been invented, and this had already greatly increased the stimulus of independent thought. The work of Marco Polo, describing China and the riches of the East two hundred years before, had for the first time been printed and given to the world. But a few years

before, that immortal Genoese, by reading Polo's work and comparing the charts of navigators, especially those of his father-in-law, conceived his westward passage and began to mature plans for its execution. It was when Luther was nine years of age that this conception was finally consummated, thus vastly widening the horizon of the world. It was in the beginning of the sixteenth century that Copernicus and others revolutionized science and republished the long forgotten Pythagorean conception of the planetary system. The fifteenth century had already given birth to the renaissance, the great transitional movement from the middle ages to the modern world, which, as Symonds expressed it, "marks the attainment of self-conscious freedom by the human spirit." The writings of Wycliffe and Huss were also printed and began to be read, thus setting aglow again the spark of religious freedom.

Such was the state of the world when Luther entered upon his labors as a student, and you can well see what might be the consequent natural impression upon him. He himself had to pass through many ordeals of mind and body, all together preparing him for a life of controversy and struggle with the world.

The fullness of time had come at last when the shackles of superstition and perversion were to be broken forever. The progress of the world not only demanded it, but the political situation of Europe made it possible. Thus, when in 1517, with those ninety-five theses against indulgences, he blew the first trumpet blast of the Reformation, the whole civilized world sprang to their feet and took sides for or against him. The controversy raged fiercer and fiercer, the reformatory movement grew stronger and stronger, and Luther, like a rock towering above the billows, stood with a semi-divine majesty, only strengthened and more highly polished by every surging wave.

He preached, he wrote, he directed, he prayed. Christ's kingdom was through him to receive a final reconstruction, but it had to pass through the fire for purification. While his counsel during life had at least restrained civil strife, yet after his death the civilized world was converted into one field of fire and blood. Persecution and martyrdom in every land raged supreme because the spirit of human freedom had so infected the world that death with freedom of conscience was valued more than life in religious servitude. Like the confusion of tongues at Babel, religious persecution made possible, yet even necessary, another dispersion and another westward migration of the nations. Who at that

time would have gone into voluntary exile and braved the perils, the privations, and the Indian butcheries in this bleak wilderness of the Occident, had not all Europe been ablaze with the fire that was ultimately to restore to the world a purified church. It was protestantism and the consequent reactionary movement that, like two repelling electricities, forced the current of progress westward along the line of easiest resistance, and peopled these western colonies.

If Columbus discovered a new world, Martin Luther "discovered the world within us" and through it purified the old and made possible the colonization of the new. Galileo said that the world moves, but Luther a century before had already given the initial momentum to the world within man, which henceforward forever will continue to gravitate toward Christ, its centre in God.

Truly Luther's life forms an epoch in history. Not only did he effect a religious reformation, but he gave to Germany a better pedagogy and a matchless literary language, to the renaissance its most important impulse and to the church a diviner faith and a better system of homileties. He dethroned Socrates and Plato and reenthroned Jesus of Nazareth. He supplanted scholasticism by a Christian philosophy and revealed the divine sanction and the philosophy of human freedom in such a light as the world had never seen before.

Thus Europe was the cradle of liberty; and if it is true that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, then Luther, more than any other man that ever figured in history, did move the world to continue moving forever. This country as the nursing, therefore, should not surprise us to have become the land of liberty. It was colonized by the liberty-loving persecuted of all types and from all nations, so that it is a grand total of all the principles of human freedom that had silently been accumulating all over Europe for many centuries. The typical American is truly a composite being. This truly is the land of races, and the problem of the races it is destined to solve.

Of such a genealogy no other nation can boast, born, as it was of human freedom, whose father was the religious liberty of Luther, and the printing-press its mother.

Luther stands solitary and alone above the rest of his race as the great vanishing point of the ancient into the modern, the great pivot upon which revolve the events of the succeeding ages. In him, probably better than in any other of the sons of men,

were combined the highest ideals of the *what* and the *how* of that boundless ocean, in which we are all in a measure pearl divers, with only different capacities to bring to the surface and forever into the light nuggets of eternal truth ; and we can not help but idealize him as having been a person of a higher order, demanding his exaltation into the halls of the Titans.

Peculiarities of Progress.

C. H. REAGLE, '99.

As we look at one individual age and notice its progress we might wonder why we are not farther ahead than we are. If progress had been steady through all the years from creation to the present time, we should enjoy things in perfection by this time ; but progress does not seem to work in that way. Our eras of advance have been short and fitful. They have been wonderful while they lasted and no one seems to know why they have not continued. History tells us that the Athenians raised themselves in about two hundred years from a rude and uncivilized people to the highest summit of human intelligence. The Incas of Peru, the Astecs of Mexico, and the Cliff Dwellers of the southwest, each achieved a perfection in decoration which suddenly came to a standstill. What wonderful things have been crowded in this present century ! It is a fact that richer and more important discoveries have been made, and grander achievements have been realized in the past fifty years than in the whole lifetime of the race. Especially is this true of the great applications of light, locomotion and means of communication.

Nearly all the great inventions in these departments have been made during the past fifty or seventy-five years. People, who lived fifty years ago, knew very little more about these things than those who lived four hundred years ago. The lamps and torches which illuminated Belshazzar's feast were just as brilliant, and probably made out of the same material as those that blazed forth in Philadelphia to celebrate the victory of Cornwallis. Eight hundred years before Christ and eighteen hundred years after Christ, the wealthiest nobles used pine knots, oil and wax to illuminate their banquet halls. There was very little advance in the illuminating power between the lamps of the Coliseum of Rome and the Crystal Palace of New York. Fifty years ago we burnt the same material and got about the same amount of light out of them

as they did four thousand years ago. The great progress has been made in the past fifty years. We stepped from the old candle dip, to the gas burner of fifteen or twenty candle power, and from this to the remarkable brilliancy of five thousand candle power in the electric light. The streets of the cities which, from the days of the Pharaohs down to the present time, were dim and gloomy, now blaze forth everywhere with something of the brilliancy of moonlight. All the advance that has ever been made in this respect has been made in the past half century. Our grandfathers saw the light as Moses saw it. We see it at the present time as Farady and Edison made it.

The same thing is true of locomotion. Noah and Nimrod travelled at the same rate and in the same way as Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Boone. The chariots of the Olympic games went just as fast as the chariots that carried the nobles to the Derby races in the time of George III. If Abraham wanted to send a message to Lot, he despatched a servant on horseback at twelve miles an hour. When Paul Revere carried that memorable message to his oppressed countrymen, he could go no faster. The Flying Machine, that covered the distance between New York and Philadelphia in three days, achieved no more than the Israelites did, in pursuit of their foes in the time of David. There was nothing to surpass the fleetness and endurance of the horse. Now we are impatient when we do not average forty miles an hour. All the advance that has ever been made in the way of speed, and perhaps all that can be made, has been made in the past century. On the sea this is equally true. Probably when the wind was favorable, Ulysses, who was a bold and skillful navigator thousands of years ago, could sail as fast as the Chesapeake or Old Ironsides. Now we steam from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, whether the wind or tide is favorable or not.

But the progress in the means of communication is the most wonderful of all. In this respect Washington fared no better than Hezekiah or Nebuchadnezzar. If Ruth wished to send her love to Naomi, or David his to Jonathan a hundred miles away, they could not possibly have done it under twelve hours. Neither could our own friends fifty years ago. To-day we can send a message thousands of miles away in less time than it takes to tell it. This must be the limit in the means of communication, for anything more would destroy time altogether.

The peculiarities of progress are shown in this respect, that the last century has not achieved all of the world's greatness. The

wheels of progress have run forward and backward. History tells us that in philosophy, in sculpture, in painting, in poetry and in the perfection of language, we have not made any advance for more than two thousand years. The Greek language is said to be the most perfect means of thought and expression. If we have no poet greater than Homer, no thinker deeper than Plato, no sculptor equal to Phideas, then the wheels of progress struck a snag more than twenty centuries ago. If perfection was the snag that blocked the wheels of progress in the fine arts two thousand years ago, then it may be that progress in light, locomotion and means of communication, in this latter part of the nineteenth century must come to a standstill, because it has reached its limit. If so, who can predict the avenues, in which progress shall next travel. What will be the next peculiarity of progress? It may be traveling through the air, summering in Neptune or wintering in Mercury. It may be reading each others faces like an open book; when we can look in our neighbor's face and see for whom he voted at the last election. People of all ages thought they lived in the greatest era of the world's history. We think we do now, and those who are to follow us will declare the same, no matter what peculiarity progress may take.

A Distinction.

F. N. FRITCH, '99.

It might be supposed that in a democracy like our own there would be no social distinctions of an artificial kind. We have no gradations of rank, with accompanying titles to distinguish them. No dukes nor earls, marquises nor barons, here fall into line, deciding without a question which is to take precedence. If a few claims are sometimes put forth in favor of ancestry, they are too vague and uncertain in our swiftly changing society to obtain recognition, and we prefer to esteem individuals on their own merits, rather than on the past records of their ancestors. Neither have we that wide distinction, so often drawn in other countries, between those who earn money by their labor and those who do not. If, indeed, we compare man at all in this respect, it is to award honor and dishonor in directions diametrically opposite to those of many other nations. While in certain circles in the Old World it is held to be a disgrace to earn a livelihood by honest work, we esteem the disgrace to lie with those who are

content to eat the bread of idleness and dependence. Nor are we apt to class men according to their occupations, at least in any such rigid way as prevails in other lands to the detriment of all concerned.

Although we have happily thrown down many such barriers to general good fellowship, we still retain some which are fully as much opposed to common sense and as injurious in their effects. The most wide spread of these artificial distinctions is that which is so often made in regard to wealth and its accompanying signs of lavish expenditure. It is true we have no well recognized lines by which to classify men according to their worldly possessions. Ours is a vague and varying estimate, an ever changing standard, according to the habits and style of living of the one who applies it. As there is every gradation between abject poverty and fabulous riches, so the lines which are drawn are multitudinous and wavering. In the aristocracy of wealth no one is quite sure where he belongs, but each is secretly looking *up* with a certain degree of reverence to those who are richer, and *down* with a certain degree of contempt upon those who are poorer than himself. A certain authority, in ridiculing this standard of estimation says, "If precedence is to be regulated by so material a consideration as wealth, let it be done fairly and plainly. The best and simplest plan would be to embroider the amount of each gentleman's capital in gold thread on the breast of his coat. The metal would be appropriate, the embroidery decorative and the practice would offer unequalled encouragement to thrift." That this is an unreal and unworthy distinction, is proved by the fact that no one can be found to uphold it openly. On the contrary, most people are ashamed of it, and while confessing its influence on others, anxiously repudiate it for themselves. Some, indeed, are so desirous of freeing themselves from the stigma, that they profess to scorn wealth itself and all that it can procure. This is simply unreasonable. Wealth obtained honorably and used aright deserves respect. It speaks of industry, energy and power put forth in acquiring it; it offers opportunities for untold good to those who will grasp them; it opens the way for education and development of every kind; it promotes comfort, aids benevolence and makes philanthropy possible. That is, it *can* do all this and more, but only in the same way as the tools in the hands of a skilled carpenter can build a house. The same implements, used by incompetent hands or with malicious intent, can deface the house or shiver the statue. So wealth may be a curse instead of

a blessing. It may have been gained by violence, or dishonesty, or accident, and it may be used to create hypocrisy. In *itself* it is nothing; without man it would be utterly valueless, and harmless, but in his hands it is a weapon to work out good or evil, according to his character. We do not gauge our respect for the surgeon by the number of his instruments, but according to the skill and fidelity with which he uses them.

There are real distinctions in humanity which society does well to recognize. They reside not in what a man has, but in what he is and does. It would be folly to try to abolish these. We should not and dare not regard alike the strong and the weak; the industrious and the idle. We may revere some and pity others and have sympathy for all, but we cannot put them on the same level or award them equal esteem.

If we are to have distinction in our society, let it be of character, not of acquisition; if we are to have classes, let them be formed not of those who spend the most money, but of such as lead noble lives. This is the only aristocracy that we can afford to have—one that all may hope to join, one to which all will be welcome, one that truly shall be worthy of our honor and of our devotion.

Non Sibi Soli.

A. B. YERGER, '00.

The old town of Orden was in a mild state of excitement, for it was the opening day of the fall term of Orden College. During the summer the town was very quiet and seemed to doze through the long, warm days. But now the town was wide awake, and greeted the returning students with smiles of welcome. The sun also shone forth in greeting from an unclouded sky, and fair Summer and brisk Autumn exchanged whispers of love among the tree-tops on the college campus. But warm and pleasant as was the welcome given to the students by the weather-man and Ordenites, the greetings between the boys themselves were warmer and more boisterous. For although young men in college come from all walks of life, yet the fact that they are brought into such close contact and are striving for the same end lead to some of the closest friendships which are formed anywhere, and which are sundered only by death.

The students who had already arrived were gathered around the entrance of the main building, eagerly chatting about their

summer vacation. Others continued to arrive from time to time, and, as they came across the campus, there was a rush by their waiting friends, a seizure of baggage, a volley of salutations and handshakings; then they were escorted in an almost breathless condition to their rooms, where they disposed of their baggage, and soon went to greet other arrivals. As the college bell summoned them to chapel, at ten o'clock, Norman Orton came leisurely across the campus and was met by his chum, James Mac Hugh, who was waiting for him, and although their greetings were less boisterous than the others, they were none the less sincere. During chapel service Mac Hugh glanced at his chum's face several times and was much puzzled by the change which had taken place in it since school closed, three months before. Orton was considered the most peculiar fellow in college. He had ideas of his own, but did not try to intrude them on others. On the other hand he did not like anyone to advise him too freely or intrude upon him. Some of the would-be wise men had undertaken to put him through a course of instruction, but he met them in such a quiet yet chilling manner that they never approached him in such a way again, and reported that he was a crank and could kill a man with a look. This, however, was not true, as he treated every one respectfully, and was agreeable and entertaining whenever he mingled with the boys, which, however, was rarely. To his chum, Orton was quite another being from what he was to the others. They talked over their lessons, the people whom they met, and many other topics, so that between them the warmest ties of friendship existed. On the subject of religion, however, Orton was silent. He had attended the First Church once since he entered college, but that was only to hear the oratory of the pastor, Rev. Miller. His Sundays were spent in reading. To MacHugh, who was an earnest Christian, this attitude had been a source of constant anxiety, as Orton was prone to pride himself on his excellent moral character in defense of this action. MacHugh knew his chum's face so well that the changes which had taken place were very noticeable. The lines which had given him an almost haughty appearance were smoothed out, and there was a soft light in the large, dark eyes never seen there before. He gave attention to all the chapel exercises, and joined in the hymns with a rich but evidently repressed voice, which MacHugh knew he possessed, but had never heard raised in praise to God.

When the chums reached their own room, Orton grasped his

friend's hand and said: "Mac, old fellow, shake again. I have been longing to see you for a month past, to tell you of the great change which has come into my life, the evidences of which you have already seen in my face, as your puzzled looks testify. While on a visit to a favorite aunt this summer, I went with her to a prayer meeting. Through the preaching of the Word, I was convicted of sin. I saw that my morality could not save me, and accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. This has made a great change in me. It seems as though I might have died and awakened in another world. There is such joy and peace in my heart that life is brighter and the world more beautiful than ever before. Formerly sunshine was external, but now it is internal. I have looked forward to a very happy school year with you, as the barrier which separated us has been removed." Again they shook hands heartily, and then went out to dinner.

The next week the students settled down to their work. It was difficult to some after spending the summer days in roaming through the woods, lounging on a shady porch or under spreading apple trees, spinning along some country road on a wheel, or in being lulled to rest by the murmur of the restless ocean. But perseverance wins, and soon they were plodding along as if books were the only things they had seen for a year. MacHugh was a member of the choir of the First Church, and when he returned from rehearsal one Friday evening, he brought a piece of music to Orton and asked him to sing a solo on Sunday morning. The choir under the direction of an accomplished organist did very well for amateur singers, but as none of them had any special training, it was very seldom that the congregation had the pleasure of hearing any solo singing. On this evening MacHugh had offered to secure his chum to sing on Sundays, although he doubted very much whether he would be able to do so or not, knowing his aversion to doing anything which would draw attention to himself. When Orton heard the request, he at once refused to sing, but after much persuasion he gave a reluctant consent. On Saturday afternoon he went to the college chapel to practice. Before coming to college his greatest friend had been an old German musician, who had used all his ability and knowledge in cultivating the promising voice of his young friend. His efforts were crowned with abundant success, and it became one of his greatest joys to hear the young man sing. The only other person who knew the power of Orton's voice was his mother, and when he was eighteen years of age, she joined the hosts above, and

heard sweeter voices singing " Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." When Orton came to college shortly after, he obtained permission to use the chapel organ, and there he came often to practice, thus keeping his voice in good condition ; but no one except his chum knew that he could sing. When he returned to his room that Saturday, he was very quiet and thoughtful. His chum, seeing that he had the music with him, supposed that he had been practicing, and did not say anything to him, fearing that he might yet refuse to sing. But Orton never broke a promise unless compelled to do so.

Sunday morning came, bright, calm, glorious. The trees, their coats of deep green turning to russet and gold, proclaimed the reign of Autumn. Orton and MacHugh walked to church in silence ; the former meditating on the words which he would soon sing ; the latter wondering whether his chum had courage enough to carry him through his solo. As they took their seats in the choir, the organist began the prelude. Softly as the gentle breeze of spring through the forest came the opening notes of a spring song of one of the old masters. Orton was touched as by a magic spell. He seemed to be a boy again, wandering through the woods by a murmuring brook. The air was fragrant with the breath of the timid violet, and clusters of starry arbutus peeped from their covering of leaves. Everywhere returning spring seemed to breathe forth a song of new life and beauty. Higher and higher rose the strain, and the trees seemed to break forth into song, until, finally, with one triumphant burst of melody, heaven and earth combined in a mighty anthem of praise to the Creator. The music echoed and re-echoed through the church, then died away softly like departing day.

Orton was brought to the present by the prelude of his solo, and rose in his place.

" I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which
made heaven and earth."

The words came in a pure, rich baritone voice, inexpressibly sweet, and with great depth of feeling. To the church members it was a surprise, but a very agreeable one. The gallery was occupied usually only by the choir, but this morning a young girl had wandered in. She had the appearance of a working girl, and seemed to be lonely and dejected. She did not appear to notice

the organ prelude, but when Orton began to sing, she fixed her eyes upon him, and eagerly drank in his words.

“ He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither
slumber nor sleep.”

She looked on the handsome singer with the dark, wavy hair falling over his broad forehead, the rich melody pouring from his lips, and she did not think it strange that the Lord should help him. But as for helping her! She had a vague idea that the Lord was some great personage, who cared only for the great and good and beautiful. Surely he would not notice a poor, working girl ! When she heard the words, “ He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; he that keepeth thee will not slumber,” a ray of hope entered her breast. Perhaps there was some one who cared for such as she. Who could it be ?

“ The Lord is thy keeper : the Lord is thy
shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor
the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil : he shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in from this time
forth, and even for evermore.”

Gently and sweetly came the comforting words to the troubled heart. Although she did not realize their full meaning, yet they touched her hungry soul, and tears filled her eyes. As the voice of the singer rose and fell in rich cadences, the congregation forgetting the artistic ability displayed, were deeply moved by the great love and sympathy which came from his heart. As the last note died away, the singer stood motionless, and the rich glow reflected from the sun through the stained-glass windows glorified his upturned face. Every head was involuntarily bowed, and the minister, his voice trembling with emotion, offered an earnest prayer. At the close of the prayer, Orton became conscious that he was not alone, and took his seat amidst confusion. The text was from Matt. 11 ; 28. “ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden ; and I will give you rest.” In words which any child could understand the minister told of God, His hatred of sin, but love of the sinner, how He gave His only Son to die for all men, and then of the life and example of Jesus Christ. Like

the rising sun to the sailor, after a stormy night, came this blessed news to the sin-sick soul of the young girl, and as the speaker in an earnest appeal stretched forth his hand and asked each one to accept Him, she started from her seat, her face beaming with hope and joy.

* * * * *

Thanksgiving Day came, clear, crisp and wintry. Since the day when he sang his first solo, Orton had refused all his chum's persuasions to sing again. It was such a trial thus to draw public attention to himself; that he was not willing to bear it, even for the pleasure it might afford others. The question of helpfulness had not entered his mind. This was the first real Thanksgiving Day that Orton had known, and as the choir chanted, "Te deum ladamus," he felt that he had never been truly happy before this year. As he left the church after service, he felt some one tugging at his coat sleeve, and looking down he saw a small boy, who timidly said, "Be you the singer man?" Orton looked at him in a puzzled manner. "Be you the man what sings "help?" he urged. Slowly it dawned upon the young man's mind that the boy might have reference to his singing in church, and he said yes. "Won't you come and see my sister? She is sick and wants you to come." "Imagine such a request to Orton a year ago. His cold face would have kept almost any child from venturing to make such a plea. But now without any hesitation he took the child by the hand and went with him. The boy led him to a row of houses in the humbler part of the town, one of which they entered, and went up stairs. There lay a young girl in bed, and her father and mother, brothers and sisters, and a few relatives were in the room with her. When she saw Orton, a bright smile lighted up her wan face, and she reached out her hand toward him. Although puzzled by this welcome, he stepped forward and took her hand in his. She was too weak to talk much, but her parents soon told the story. They were poor people, and were compelled to work hard to support their family. The girl was the oldest child, and she had worked in the mill, but was dissatisfied with her life. One Sunday morning she wandered into the First Church, and was aroused from her discontent by Orton's singing. The words found place in her heart, and through the preaching of the Word she was enlightened and gave herself to God. She came home full of her new found joy, and her life showed to her

loved ones that it was not an empty joy. The next Sunday she went to church again, and when the minister spoke to her after service, she told him of her change of heart. The next week she was stricken down by disease, which had now run its course. Rev. Miller was a frequent visitor, and the sick girl was never tired of hearing about her new home and her blessed Master. That day she wished to see and hear once more the singer who had opened her heart to the Lord, so Johnny went out to find him, confident of success, although he knew nothing about him except that he had sung at the First Church. When the story was finished, the great, rich voice breathed forth that wonderful prayer hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." When he came to the words,

" Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,"

a joyous smile covered the girl's face, and her eyes closed forever. She was resting under the shadow of His wing.

There was no violent outburst of grief from the bereaved family. The short but earnest Christian life of the daughter had led them to become subjects of her King, and they were glad to have her go to a better home, knowing that they would soon join her. The minister came into the room while Orton was singing. They soon left the house and went down the street silently, each one thinking of the child-like faith and confidence of the parents. When they separated, Mr. Miller said: "My young friend, these are the first fruits of your recent sowing. Will you sow again next Sunday?" Orton replied that he would sow until the final harvest. When MacHugh entered his room that evening, he found his chum tracing on his various songs and music books these words: *Non sibi soli.*



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Editorials.

Our New Cut.

For the past two months THE MUHLENBERG has appeared in only a temporal garb. It comes forward this month in full dress and greets anew its contemporaries and faithful supporters.

* * *

The Chapel Choir.

What is wrong occasionally with the singing in our Chapel exercises? The answer is obvious to all,—the lack of a well-attended Chapel Choir. If there are enough good voices among us, to form a respectable Glee Club, surely there ought to be enough found who are willing to sing in the choir, and by their regular attendance render the chanting and singing both better and more spirited. Let those of us who are endowed with good voices cheerfully use them in His praise Whose gifts they are.

* * *

The Societies.

Now that the new men have been initiated into the Literary Societies and the attendant high tension has subsided, the time is at hand for good solid work in the two Societies. Let us have it. By no means slight your work in your Literary Society. No estimate is too high of the benefits accruing from taking an intelligent interest in its proceedings and an active part in its exercises.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day of 1898, following as it does, soon after the close of a short but significant war, throughout which, victory so prominently perched upon our banner, should be a day of unusual prayer and praise. We are inclined under the excitement of the hour to give ourselves the credit and almost to worship the heroes of the battle, so fresh in our memories. But on this national day of thanksgiving and prayer let us accord all praise and glory to the Lord of battle and the God of nations.

* * *

An Application of the Golden Rule.

We were sorry to see no accounts of the Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game in any of the daily papers, at least on the following day. Much dissatisfaction was expressed about the conduct of the Press Club members for not having reported it, but right seems to be on their side. If the managers of such enterprises are not willing to be influenced by precedents, they deserve no better treatment. A paltry admission certainly was not sufficient means to cause this trouble. But when the Press is not admitted gratis, and is expected to perform its duties; and then on entering the grounds, is compelled to see some of the officials sorrowfully ignorant of their duties, how can it be expected to lower its dignity by serving such management? As it is not a very pleasant task to report a foot-ball game correctly, we might do well to remember that, if favors are expected, they must also be granted.

* * *

The Common-place.

When those of us who are nearing the end of our College course look back over the years so pleasantly and (they ought to have been) profitably spent, what are we most apt to remember? Is it not the play given at the end of Freshman year, which took so much of our time? Or we may, even before this, recall the foot-ball game with the Sophs and that cold sleighride. The Sophomore banquet we think of and smile. The Junior Reception and the publication of the College annual are the chief events of Junior year. Graduation is now the goal. Is it to our credit or not that not one save the letter is an essential? All are events out of the ordinary routine. Yet is it not true that these first come to the front in our memories? Nor are these all the happenings of our youthful College years but only a few of those which,

we are told, in later years we will recall with an emotion of pleasure mingled with a sense of regret for our early follies.

Let us ask the question, "Are we not in danger of making entirely too much of these non-essentials of our College course?" Their anticipation is a constant menace to solid study and good student work. Many are accustomed to look forward to these events and to plan for them as though they were the most important and beneficial part of a College course—which they are far from being. At College as everywhere else, what we may term the common-place plays a very important part. The quiet hours spent over difficult lessons, careful and strict attention in the classroom, close application to our work as students are things seldom spoken of and seemingly insignificant. We are so apt to magnify single incidents of rare occurrence that we often overlook the common every day events of life. Yet upon these latter circumstances after all depends the final success of our Collegiate training. We dare not despise the little things. We dare not refuse to do this nor neglect to do that because it will not be heralded abroad in the world nor brought to the notice of others. From small things we go to greater ones, not by despising the smaller but by using them as stepping stones to the greater. "If you would be an heir of eternity, scorn not to be the slave of time."

College Happenings.

Coming sometime—College letter paper.

Elections: Sophronian Literary Society.

Pres., Hausman, '99; V. Pres., Bousch, '00; Clerk, Wackernagle, '01; Cor. Sec., Wenrich, '01; Treas., Reagle, '01; Critics, H. A. Kunkle, '99 and Krutzky, '00; Chaplain, Bender, '99; Budget, Ed. Allenbach, '01.

Euterpean Literary Society.

Pres., Kopp, '99; V. Pres., Boyer, '00; Rec. Sec., Benner, '01; Cor. Sec., Schofer, '01; Critics, Heist, '99 and Koch, '00; Chaplain, Flexer, '00; Pianist, Aschbach, '01.

Sykes to Dr. W. Don't you think Snyder belongs to the disturbing element?

Dr. Yes, I believe Mr. Sykes is a very active member of the same organization.

Rex, '99, was elected to fill the vacancy made by Fetherolf, D. E., '99, in the Press Club.

President, Rev. T. L. Seip, D. D., attended the Peace Jubilee, at Philadelphia, and witnessed the military parade.

At a joint meeting of the Glee and mandolin Clubs, Trumbower, '99, was elected manager for the coming season.

Alexander Bender, of Boston, Mass., visited his brother John, of the class of '99.

Rubrecht, '01, was very agreeable surprised by receiving a fine new bicycle from some unknown friend.

Muhlenberg was one of the few colleges that dispensed with recitations on October the twenty-seventh, to observe it as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, in accordance with the Governor's proclamation.

The following men took advantage of the day by attending the Peace Jubilee, at Philadelphia. Prof. Merkel, Buchman, L. Fritch, Hartley, C. Reagle, C. Fegley, Statler, R. Fritch, Krutzky, Woerth, Brode, Gerner, Kline, Keuhner, Glase, Sykes and Fon Dersmith.

The Seniors and Juniors will debate the following questions this coming month.

(1.) The nature and merit of the French contributions to American liberty.

(2.) The future of the Pennsylvania Anthracite Industry. What should be done?

(3.) The true functions of young people's Societies and Leagues. Their dangers ; their benefits.

(4.) The Pennsylvania Public School System : its defects ; its merits.

After a heated debate in chapel, relative to a speech on the wheat market, L. Fritch, '99, becoming too excited over the question, was abruptly quieted by Dr. R— with these words: "Now let the rolling mill stop."

Kuntz, '00, is teaching the Young People's Bible Class of St. John's Luth. Church, formerly taught by Dr. Ettinger.

About seventy-five students attended "Shakespeare's Julius Caesar," which was presented in the Academy of Music, by Chas. B. Hanford.

Teacher's Institute is always welcomed by the students, and especially this year; since our honored Professor in English was one of the lecturers. However, the lectures are not the attractions alone, but the pretty school ma'ams.

An interesting game of foot-ball was played on the college campus Wednesday, October the twelfth, between the Freshmen and Allentown High School teams. Two fifteen minute halves were played. The score at the end was 5-0, in favor of the Freshmen. Seiberling, '99, was umpire, Erdman, '98, referee, Rothenberger, '01 and Fritch, '99, linesmen.

Heckel, 02, was initiated into the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

Dr. R. is of the opinion that hobby horses are generally minus their heads and tails, after a month or so of service in the (infant)ry.

For Freshmen's Essays.

2 ideas (one will answer).

1 thought.

1 cup of (Ink).

2 reams of paper.

1 teaspoonful of punctuation.

½ teaspoonful of Crabbe's Synonyms.

This sign was found posted on the door of recitation room No.

2. Wanted, by the class of 1902, a sure cure for superfluous odors of pedal extremities.

We heartily recommend to them Dr. Schmoyer, specialist in Chiropody.

Composed in honor of John G. Hartley, by the Local Editor.

I heard the rising-bell,—I turned and slept.

I heard the breakfast-bell,—I rose and wept.

I heard the chapel-bell,—I vowed a vow

To get to meals on time, altho' I know not how.

At the monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society, Beck, W., '99, read a very instructive paper on "The Philippines and the Filippinos." Kopp, '99, who represented the Society at the National Convention, of the Luther League, held in New York City, from October eighteenth to twentieth, made a full report.

Case, '99, after an illness of two weeks has resumed his work at College.

W. A. Hausman, Jr., '99, was the delegate of the Young People's Society, of St. John's Lutheran Church, to the same convention.

On account of the funeral services of Mrs. Knauss, the mother of the Treasurer's wife, the first period of recitations was dispensed with on Tuesday morning, October twenty fifth. The Glee Club sang several appropriate selections. Seiberling, Trumbower, Buchman and Raker, of the Senior Class, served as pall-bearers.

August Rohrig, of Mauch Chunk, who held a lucrative position as stenographer under W. R. Butler, of that city, has resigned his position and entered the Preparatory Department of our College.

Prof. in Physiology; after dissertation on ventricles, auricles, etc.—Now young men, do you feel that you are acquainted with the heart?

Hartzell, '99,—Not of a woman's.

"Squire," said a Professor severely as the sound of musical instruments was borne in upon his ear amid the slamming of corridor doors and the steady drone of the classes, "The presumption of these strolling musicians is simply astounding, Go order that brass band off the premises at once." "Excuse me, sir," interrupted some one, "But its only the Mandolin and Guitar Club practicing, 'At a Georgia Camp-meeting.'"

Fon Dersmith to Miller. The messenger boy left this telegram for you, Bill.

Miller. Give it to me quick, quick. (Snatches it from Fon-dy and falls on his cot,) Paid, thank goodness.

"The last look, I suppose" said Singiser to Rupp, as the latter was hurriedly turning over the leaves of a Latin book while going to the recitation, "Yes," was the laconic reply, "and the first too."

The Sophomore-Freshman Foot-ball Game.

The rivalry, which existed between the Sophs and Freshmen as to who were the superiors on the gridiron, was finally decided on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, when a game was played between the two clubs at Rittersville Park. A fair sized crowd witnessed the game. None of the players received any serious injuries.

Captain Geiger won the toss-up and chose the kick-off, captain Rothenberger, taking the west goal with a slight wind in his favor.

Geiger kicked to '01's thirty yard line. Woerth caught the ball and was downed on the spot. Not gaining the required five yards the ball was given to '02 who gained seven yards after which '01 received the ball on a foul. After a series of rushes and end runs '02 regained the ball on a fumble and after gaining several yards they lost the ball on downs. After making a number of brilliant runs Woerth carried the ball over the line. No goal was kicked. Geiger kicked off when, after a few downs, time was called for the first half. Score 5 0 in '01's favor. After ten minutes intermission play was resumed. Serfass kicked to '02's thirty yard line. Zerwick returning the ball. '02 now seemed unable to stop '01's backs and Shimer scored the second touchdown. After this the ball was kept mostly in '02's territory, Woerth and Reagle meanwhile carrying the ball over '02's line.

At the call of time the ball was in play at the centre of the field, leaving a score of 20-0 in '01's favor.

The following was the line up:

Freshmen.		Sophomores.
Bartholomew.	Left end.	Nagle.
Beck.	" Tackle.	Lutz.
Kistler.	" Guard.	Hamm.
Gable.	Centre.	Serfass.
Ink.	Right Guard.	Drumheller.
Glase.	" Tackle.	Bickel.
Freed.	" End.	Rubrecht.
Zerwick.	Quarter Back.	Rothenberger, Capt.
Heckel.	Rt Half Back.	Woerth.
Geiger, Capt	Left "	Shimer.
Miller.	Full Back.	Reagle.

Referee, Seiberling, '99; Umpire, Raker, '99; Linesmen, Fritch, N. and Fritch, L., '99; Time-keeper, Trumbower, '99.

Sophronia's Reception.

The classic halls of Old Muhlenberg were disturbed by peals of laughter and strains of music. The occasion was the reception of the Sophronian Literary Society, on Friday evening, October fourteenth, given in honor of the new men to their lady friends.

The hall was beautifully decorated with bunting and mottoes in the society's colors, blue and white. Potted plants and palms completely hid the orchestra from view and also surrounded the chairs of honor occupied by members of the faculty and their wives.

Sophronia feels proud of the fact that this year she received the largest number of new members ever taken in at one time in her history.

The chaperons were Mrs. Dr. Seip, Mrs. Dr. Repass and Miss Hattie Seip. Of the faculty, Dr. Seip and Dr. Repass honored her with their presence. The entertaining impromptu program held the attention of the audience for over an hour. The performers were all members of the society and rendered the following program :

Address of Welcome,	W. A. Hausman, Jr., '99, President
Piano Medley,.....	Robert R. Fritch, '00
Vocal Solo,.....	Luther Serfass, '01
Violin Solo,.....	Harvey L. Straub, '00
Recitation,.....	Claud R. Allenbach, '01
Vocal Solo,.....	Ralph Kline, '01

That the program was enjoyed by all was evinced by the fact that all the performers were enchored. After the program elegant refreshments were served.

At a reasonable hour the members and friends departed, wishing Sophronia a happy and successful future.

The following friends were present: Miss Wemple, Schenectady, N. Y.; Miss Grace Heller, Bethlehem; Miss Margaret Fulmer, Easton; Miss Maud Mishler, Reading; Misses Adele Levan and Clara Seiger, Coplay; Miss Cornelia Hodge, Hokendauqua; Misses Emily Davis, Mame Slough, Eva Gaubert and Tillie Beitel, Cataqua; Misses Mable and Minnie Behringer, South Allentown; Misses Lizzie Repass, Adelaide Richards, Annie Seip, Carrie Cooper, Elizabeth Weil, Tryphena Uhrich, Mary Schimpf, Florence Gardner, Bertha Wenner, Lula Koch, Sadie Blank Dora Lynn, Florence Van Buskirk, Lula Swartz, Ruth Snyder, Marion Singiser, Daisy Reichard, Estelle Guily, Blanche Nagle, Gertie Biery, Florence Brensinger, Sally Brobst, Grace Hersh, Sadie Willenbicher, Mable Stein, Emma Nonemacher, Liela Kaufman and H. Blanche Horne, Allentown.



Alpha Tau's Gay Night.

One of the most brilliant social events of the season took place on Friday evening, November the fourth, in the form of a progressive euchre given by the members of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at their chapter house, No. 9 South Fifth street.

An exceedingly pleasant evening was spent. The parlor of the chapter house was beautifully decorated with steamers of old gold and sky blue and with palms, while in the rear apartment was arrayed one of the most tempting cozy corners. Mrs. M. L. Kauffman, Mrs. Thomas Koch, Mrs. Dr. Charles D. Martin and Mrs. Louis Soleliac served as hostesses. After the card playing dancing was indulged in. The floral decorations were by Ellsworth and the draping was artistically executed by Kuhl, Bernheim & Co. E. Lehman Ruhe furnished charming music during the entire evening. Tempting refreshments were served by a colored caterer. The committee who had the affair in charge consisted of Messrs. Rothenberger, Buchman, R. K. Hartzell and A. S. Hartzell. Those present were: Misses Janet Kuntz, Blanche Martin, Ada Richards, Edna Schock, Bessie Hartzell, Bessie Baker, C. Mench, Cora Clauser, Carrie Cooper, Mable Stein, Helen Keck, Florence Van Buskirk, Ruth Hersh, Anna Applegate, Mayme Hagenbuch, Liela Kauffman, Lynda Cooper, Letitia Baines, Helen Erdman, Carrie Pretz, Katie Dresher, Nina Ruhe, Messrs. Leo Wise, John Sykes, A. S. Hartzell, G. Fred Kuhl, A. Van Heyl, R. Keelor Hartzell, P. S. Trumbower, A. Aschbach, G. H. Woerth, A. G. Beck, F. N. D. Buchman, L. W. Fritch, Irvin Rothenberger, Ed. Raker, W. J. Seiberling, Al. Heckel, F. A. Fetherolf, Roy Applegate, W. Geiger, William Miller, William Pascoe, Marcus S. Hottenstein.

The first ladies' prize, a gold fraternity scarf pin, was won by Miss Lynda Cooper. The second prize, a '99 "Ciarla," was won by Miss Janet Kuntz. The first gentlemen's prize, a gold fraternity scarf pin, was won by W. J. Seiberling. Alfred S. Hartzell won the second prize, a pair of fraternity cuff buttons.

Our Alumni.

'70. Rev. William K. Frick, 2305 Cedar street, Milwaukee, Wis., is the English Secretary of the General Council of the Lutheran Church in North America.

At the third annual convention of the Wisconsin State Luther League held in the Bethlehem-Norwegian-English Lutheran Church, Beloit, Wis., on August 24th and 25th, he was also re-elected President.

- '71. Rev. J. H. Neiman has changed his address from Royersford, Pa., to 505 Stanbridge street, Norristown. Pa.
- '73. *The Chicago Synod.* Through the kindness of Rev. William J. Finck, Anderson, Ind., the Secretary of the Chicago Synod of the Lutheran Church, we have received a copy of the proceedings of the 28th convention of that body. It is a neatly printed pamphlet of nearly fifty pages and contains information especially interesting to our alumni. Of this body Rev. G. H. Gerberding, D. D., '73, Chicago, Ill., is President, and Rev. William J. Finck, '84, Anderson, Ind., is Secretary. Of its other members Dr. R. F. Weidner, '69, and Dr. W. A. Sadtler, '83, are Muhlenberg men.
- '76. Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., Selinsgrove, Pa., is hard at work upon the Lutheran Church Almanac for 1899.
- '79. Frank M. Trexler, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has been busy in making speeches for the regular Republican ticket in Lehigh county.
- '80. At the eighth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania-German Society, held in Allentown, October 4th, the opening prayer was made by Rev. Myron O. Rath, of '72, and the address of welcome was delivered by Dr. George T. Ettinger.
- '82. D. R. Horne, Esq., Allentown, has resigned as Captain of Company M of the new National Guard of Pennsylvania. He is busy making Republican speeches.
- '82. Dr. S. C. Schmucker, West Chester, Pa., delivered his series of popular scientific lectures before the recent Lehigh County Teachers' Institute.
- '82. We have received an interesting report of the Reformed Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa., which is prospering under the excellent superintendency of Rev. Thomas M. Yundt.
- '83. From the *Philadelphia Inquirer* we clip the following in which our old friend Charles E. Keek, is mentioned :

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 31.—Dr. Swallow, the Prohibition candidate for Governor, in his speech here to-night charged that

Chairman Garman had made a proposition to Senator Quay to sell out the Democratic party and read an affidavit made by E. C. Miller, a traveling man of this city, in support of his statement. Mr. Miller, in his affidavit, says that on or about the eighth day of September, 1898, he met one Charles E. Keck, a lawyer of Wilkes-Barre, on a railroad train; that he knows said Keck intimately; that they engaged in conversation, during which Keck stated: "I am going down to see Quay on a mission from Mr. Garman. I have a proposition from Mr. Garman to the old man, which, if accepted, will positively assure the election of Stone." He said to Keck: "It's a funny thing that Garman would send you, a Republican." to which Keck replied: "Garman told me that he had lots of men in the Democratic party, but none that he could trust with a mission of that kind. The proposition is that if certain legislation and favors in certain counties are given to Garman he will insure those counties for Stone and he will offer positive evidence that he can deliver the goods."

We arrived in Philadelphia and went to the headquarters of the Republican State Committee. Keck asked for Quay. Andrews said he was at Atlantic City. Keck started for Atlantic City and I did not see him again until the following morning, when Keck came up. He was accompanied by a man named Tate, whom he introduced to me as the manager for the Bell Telephone Company in Washington, D. C. I said to Keck: "Haven't you got home yet?"

He said he was on his way home then and we all three walked into the hotel. I said to Keck: "Did you make it all right with the old man?" He replied: "Yes, I guess it's all right. I laid the proposition before him and he thought well of it."

Then Keck took from his pocket a telegram written on a Western Union blank, and handed it to me. It was dated New York city and was addressed to Keck at the St. Charles Hotel, Atlantic City, and read as follows: "Can be there at six. Will that do? Answer." This message was signed "J. M. Garman." I said to Keck: "I am glad you got things fixed up." Keck replied: "Yes, I guess it's all right, but I think the old man and Garman ought to meet."

Dr. Swallow said that Mr. Miller's statement was corroborated on many important points by documentary evidence, hotel registers, etc.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 31.—*To the Editor of the Inquirer*: Swallow's story is untrue. I never had an interview with either Keck or Garman.

M. S. QUAY.

The above telegram was in answer to one sent to Senator Quay giving him the substance of Swallow's charges.

'84. Rev. S. G. Weiskotten, the pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, at Bedford avenue and Hewes street, Williamsburg, New York, celebrated yesterday the fourth anniversary of his pastorate, and at the morning service raised \$15,000 to pay off the mortgage on the church property. Soon after the service began Rev. Mr. Weiskotten announced that two members of the congregation had offered to contribute \$3000 each if the remaining \$9000 was subscribed.

Former Mayor Charles A. Schieren, of Brooklyn, who had previously subscribed a large sum, contributed an additional \$250, and many others subscribed. When the collection had been taken up the amount received was over \$300 less than the amount required, but the Rev. Mr. Weiskotten gave this from his purse. Since the church was organized four years ago Mr. Weiskotten has collected \$90,000 for church purposes.

Mr. Weiskotten is well known in Allentown and throughout the Lehigh Valley, having been educated at Muhlenberg College, from which institution he graduated in 1884. He is a son of Rev. Frederick W. Weiskotten, and was born in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1862. In 1887 he graduated from the Lutheran Theological Seminary and has since been very successful in the ministry.—*Chronicle and News*.

'83. Rev. J. H. Ritter, Bath, Pa., is arranging an excellent course of lectures for his people during the winter.

'85. We have received a logical and well-written pamphlet by Rev. Frank F. Fry, Bethlehem, Pa., on "Our Recent War and Foreign Missions." It is published by the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Allentown Conference.

'86. The services of J. J. Snyder, Esq., of Allentown, as a Republican orator have been in great demand in various parts of Pennsylvania.

'89. Rev. J. H. Raker, Lebanon, Pa., lectured before the Lehigh County Teachers' Institute. The following notice appeared in the *Allentown Chronicle and News*:

The lecture on "Vesuvius, Herculaneum and Pompeii," by

Rev. J. H. Raker last evening proved an instructive and entertaining historical discourse. Rev. Mr. Raker spent weeks in visiting these places, so as to make a special study of the twin cities. His descriptions of them are, hence, from his own observations. The lecture is illustrated with choice photographs imported for the speaker's use. The discourse contains enough humor to make it pleasing.

- '91. W. H. Cooper, M. D., and family, of Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, and Mr. Fred E. Cooper, of Mt. Airy Seminary, spent the week at the home of their parents in college, and attended the funeral of their grandmother.
- '92. We understand that Kuhl, Bernheim & Co., dealers in furniture, 610 Hamilton street, Allentown, are establishing a good trade. We wish them all success; they deserve it.
- '93. *New Castle, Pa.* Rev. Joshua Miller and his place are busy collecting funds for the purchase of some lots on which they hope soon to be able to erect a chapel.—*The Lutheran.*
- '94. Ira T. Erdman, Allentown, is making Democratic speeches in Lehigh county.
- '95. Forley A. Ebert is now teaching in the borough High School at Island Heights, N. J., and is at present acting as borough clerk. He is greatly interested in the P. O. S. of A. He was for some time Master of Forms, and is now President of the local camp, which recently received a prize silk banner for greatest percentage of gain of new members. This banner was presented at the State Convention held at Atlantic City in August, and it fell to President Ebert to receive the same in behalf of his camp.
- '95. Rev. Frederick C. Krapf was formally installed pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Elizabeth, N. J., on Sunday evening, October 2d. As student, he served this charge during the summer of 1897, and as its regularly called pastor since July 17th. He is to be addressed at 423 Madison avenue.
- '95. In October Rev. Luther D. Lazarus, assistant pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa., and Miss Carrie H., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Weil, of 1032 Linden street, Allentown, Pa., were married by Rev. S. A. Repass, D. D.
- '95. Rev. Elmer E. Snyder has been installed as Lutheran pastor at Minsi, Pa.

Editor's Table.

We are pleased to find among our exchanges the October number of *The Pharetra*. This new exchange contains a good supply of literary matter. "The Æsthetic, the Ethical, and the Religious Motif in Tennyson's Shorter Poems," is an article especially interesting.

"The Rise of the Universities," one of the many articles, in *The Midland*, gives a complete description of the principal causes giving rise to the universities, and also shows some of the peculiarities of the early universities.

A man carries domestic economy too far when he stops the clock every night just to save time.—*Ex.*

The Manifest Man.

The manifest man of all the race,
Whose heart is open like his face,
 Puts forth his hand to help another.
'Tis not the blood of kith and kin,
'Tis not the color of the skin,
'Tis the heart that beats within
 Which makes the man a man and brother.

His words are warm upon his lips;
His heart beats to his finger tips;
 He is a friend and a royal neighbor;
Sweet children kiss him on the way
And women trust him, for they may;
He owes no debts he cannot pay;
 He earns his bread by honest labor.

He strikes oppression in the dust;
He shares the blow aimed at the just;
 He shrinks not from the post of danger,
And in the thickest of the fight
He battles bravely for the right,
For that is mightier than might,
 Though cradled in an humble manger.—*Ex.*

The English poet laureate, Alfred Austin, is bringing out a new volume, entitled, "Lamia's Winter Quarters." The poems included deal with the glories of a Tuscan winter, and with the poetry and art of Italy.—*Ex.*

The last issue of the *Ursinus College Bulletin* contains an interesting article on "Is the Reading of Fiction Profitable?"

In England there are no college papers, and in France neither college papers, glee clubs nor fraternities. In the United States there are upward of four hundred college papers, including eleven dailies, as many glee clubs, and fraternities galore.—*Ex.*

McClure's Magazine for November contains an article on the personal side of Col. Roosevelt. The sketch is illustrated with several interesting pictures.

The *Dickinson Union* continues to maintain its good reputation for variety of contents. The last issue is especially interesting to all college students on account of its choice essays.

The neat appearance of *The Susquehanna* shows the earnestness of its staff.

“The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

The World of Letters.

“The Rise and Growth of American Politics” is a timely work by Henry J. Ford. It is a sketch of the constitutional development of our country. The problems discussed are those which confront us at the present time, and which threaten our very political system. New phases in our system have arisen, which should be eradicated if we wish to carry out the principles, designed by its founders.

“Life is Life” is the latest literary sensation in England. The authoress, Miss Keats, is a grand niece of the poet, but on account of modesty, writes under the assumed name of “Zack.” The book includes a dozen sketches of real life, which are both pleasing and instructive.

“The Rise of Silas Lapham,” one of William D. Howell’s latest works, is being dramatized and will be produced on the stage this winter. The same thing may also be said of Anthony Hope’s “Rupert of Hentzau.”

“Among the Forces,” by Henry White Warren, LL. D., is a book which vividly describes the forces of air, earth, and water, as manifested in their application to the service of men.

Thirty thousand copies of "Captains Courageous" by Rudyard Kipling have been sold in this country.

George W. Cable, after a six week's stay, will write a book of his impressions of England. Foreigners have been in the habit of spending from two to six weeks in our country and then writing a criticism of our people and customs. The latter writers should take notice that they have no monopoly of this fad; but will be treated to a dose of their own medicine.

"The Battle of the Strong," by Gilbert Parker, is a very entertaining novel and will no doubt be read by a host of this author's friends. The scenes are taken from the Isle of Jersey and the time is that of the French Revolution. It has this feature of an historical novel, because it weaves a dramatic story out of the characteristics of a period, without taking as a basis, events or characters which are recorded in history.

Henry Sienkiewicz is at present working upon a new novel, which will be called, "Sielanka, A Forest Picture."

"The Awakening of a Nation or Mexico of Today" is the best history of our sister republic extant. It was written by Charles F. Lummes. It gives us a better opinion of the Latin-American republics, when governed by wise and just officers.

Rudyard Kipling's new book, "The Day's Work," is considered one of the best books published this year. The book contains twelve stories which the author has been composing for three or four years.

Dean Farrar is busily engaged upon a new work which will be called "The Life of Lives; or Further Studies in the Life of Christ."

Admiral Sampson has written an introduction to the work, "A Gunner Aboard the Yankee." He speaks appreciatingly of these efficient members of our naval force and of the excellent work done in the recent war.

A new story by Mark Twain will be published, in a serial form, by the *Century* magazine. It is entitled, "From the *London Times* of 1904." The story is based upon recent inventions in which the author was interested. There is also some mention made of the Dreyfus scandal, whose settlement threatens the French republic.

Hall Caine's next novel, "The Drunkards," is to be published in parts.

Vol.
XVI.

No.
4.

THE MUILENBERG

December, 1898



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THE MUHLENBERG.

“Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ.”

Vol. XVI.

ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 4.

The Turk.

REV. M. J. BIEBER, '91.

The Turk is a bundle of contradictions. He is temperate but fanatical ; fond of children but practices infanticide of girls. He allows polygamy but ordinarily does not practice it on account of the expense. He loves his wife to-day and divorces her to-morrow. He is fond of animals but lets them die of neglect. He is robust, well formed and powerful, but licentious. He has natural intellectual ability but not the ambition to use it. He is truthful, honest and reliable except with the “infidel.” He loves God but he hates with an eternal hatred all non-Moslems. He worships devoutly and then practices the most horrible butcheries, degradations and outrages in the domain of savage cruelty. He is absolutely obedient to constituted authority but extremely anarchical when aroused. He fears the “Westerner” and yet despises him. He is naturally indolent but reckless and courageous in the presence of death. He entertains with a free hand but plunders with a freer one. He says “yes” graciously when he means “no” determinedly. He shows noble qualities but exhibits more that are brutal and contemptible. He is a courteous host and a suave diplomat but just as cruelly despotic and wantonly lustful. The most typical Turk of the century is the Head of the Turkish Empire—the Sultan, Abdul Hamid. The foreign ambassador and the guest whom he delights to honor, find him courteous, benign in bearing, sincerely desirous of the welfare of his people and all in his empire, sad at their distress, sorry he cannot do what he would, anxious to do the best. He seems kind, hospitable, generous. But to the official who may have displeased him, to the poor tax payer, to the priest of another than the Turkish faith, that generous Sultan is a tyrant more unjust and cruel than words can paint him. He smiles and appears

loving, his words are honeyed and his promises fair, but at heart he is still a Tartar; he remains a Moslem Arab, whose hand is against every man's hand; he promises reforms but in the same breath he permits or even orders the most atrocious and bloody massacres known in history. He is just and humane only when he *must*.

Mohammedanism is largely responsible for these inconsistencies. The Turk is passionately religious. His religion makes him what he is. It modifies and controls all the elements in his character. It makes him at once temperate and fanatical; aggressive and indolent. To him, whatever is, is right. He scorns dangers; for whatever befalls him is God's will. For the same reason he makes no effort for recovery when sick. His Paradise is sensual, hence he bridles not his passions. His recognized ecclesiastical leaders are his masters. If they declare for the government, he is a loyal subject; if against it, he becomes the most dangerous revolutionist.

His religion makes him a fatalist and in consequence, indolent and indifferent. He is satisfied to remain as he is born. Intellectuality and wide extent of prosperity appeal not to his ambition. This indifference retards national and material development and keeps the Turk a partial farmer and nomad. He has no desire for trade and is no financier, and yet he never forgets that he is lord of the land. The foreigner is his subject and a curiosity to him. The non-Moslem is a being with whom he has very little to do—who dresses in a most uncomfortable way, eats strange things and leads an unattractive life. But the foreigner is an infidel and the Turk's religion teaches him that no faith is to be kept with infidels. Hence to him he is overbearing and insolent. Christians exist simply for the benefit of Mohammedans, and to plunder and destroy them is not criminal but legitimate. Christians have no right which Moslems are bound to respect; they cannot expect justice or protection; their word is of no value as witness, and their testimony is worthless. "Islam, Tribute or the Sword" is the Turk's motto. It is his aim either to make all men Mohammedans, or to tax them out of existence, or to murder them.

The Turk's Bible is the Koran, written in the Mecca dialect, Arabic. It contains 114 chapters and is a volume not quite so large as the New Testament. Its fundamental teachings are the unity of God, absolute submission to his Will, and the final Judgment. The confession of faith is: "There is no God but God and Mo-

hammed is his Prophet." No Turk may deny his faith under penalty of death or exile. To do so is traitorous for the religion is national. Mohammedanism can but decline and fall with the fall of the Turkish Empire.

The Turk's religion degrades the Turkish woman. She is born a menial and an unfortunate. Her master sees in her nothing but sex. With age she becomes haggard and ugly, her voice acquires a piercing shrillness, every tone of tenderness leaves her, and her thoughts and conversation become as low as her condition. Her life necessarily reacts on the nation, making it vulgar and sensual.

The Turk traces his ancestry to Turk, a mighty king, who lived in the time of Abraham. His descendants were wandering tribes related to the Mongols of Eastern Asia, and made their first incursions into Asia Minor, Syria and Mesopotamia in the fifth and sixth centuries. They became Mohammedans in the seventh century and through their religious zeal and able leaders extended their rule from the Caspian to the Mediterranean and from Asia into Africa and Europe. The real beginning of the Turkish Empire dates to the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II in 1453, when the Sultan ceased to be only General and became Emperor. The Golden age of Turkish rule shone forth under Solimon the Magnificent or the Legislator (1520—1566.) The Turk of to-day belongs to a theocratic absolute monarchy whose head is Sultan, Caliph, and autocrat. The Sultan's rule extends in Europe over Albania, Macedonia, and the south eastern part of the Balkan Peninsula. In Asia he rules Asia Minor, eastern Turkey, Mesopotamia, Syria and a small portion of southern Arabia. He holds in nominal subjection the African province of Tripoli, while Egypt and Bulgaria are reckoned as Tributary states.

The natural wealth of the Empire is great but undeveloped. Railways are few, carriage roads are poor and traveling is mostly done on the backs of animals. Distance is measured by hours not by miles and the space covered is from 25 to 30 miles per day. Telegraphic and postal facilities are fair. The population numbering 35 millions, in Turkey proper, is cosmopolitan in nationality and language.

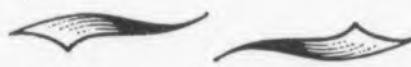
The Turk speaks a rich but peculiar language, originally a Tartar dialect, with many characteristics of the Saxon. It is terse, strong and mostly monosyllabic. It is the official language of the Empire. The French is the diplomatic language, much German is spoken and the English is steadily spreading.

Under the Sultan is the Sublime Porte composed of twelve departments with the Grand Vizier at their head. The Empire is divided into provinces, governments, counties and communes. Pashas appointed by the Sublime Porte rule the provinces.

Military service is compulsory, with some exceptions, for six years. Usually only Moslems are required to do service but a heavy exemption tax is collected from all others. The army numbers 150,000 men in time of peace and can be increased to 800,000. There is no braver soldier in the world than the Turk and no poorer sailor. The Turkish navy is the laughing stock of the nations and the fleet is worthless for offensive and defensive warfare. The financial management of the government is probably the worst in existence. Really Turkey has no finance. There are revenues but no regular way of collecting them; salaries but no special time to pay them. The result is chaos. From the Sultan down to the lowest official it is a scramble for money, each getting all he can and giving up as little as possible. Tax districts are farmed out. Tax receipts are rarely given and the same taxes are often collected twice.

Civil service is unknown and all appointments go by favor. The Turkish official is a scandal to the race. "When the Turk becomes a politician he becomes a thief;" he lays all nobleness aside and becomes absolutely unreliable. He accepts bribes unblushingly and degrades his office to a sinecure. He becomes a sycophant to his superiors and a bully to his subordinates. He contaminates the very atmosphere that he breathes with dishonesty and falsehood. While few Turks are converted to Christianity Protestant Missions have exerted a salutary influence on the Empire through education, charitable institutions and hospitals. Protestant missionaries alone tempered the fury of the Armenian atrocities and are a standing menace to further wholesale bloodshed. "The one bright spot in all the darkness that has covered Asiatic Turkey, has been the heroism, the prudence and the common sense of the American missionaries."

The cup of Turkey's iniquity will fill some day. Then Turkey will crumble and Mohammedanism will fall and the crescent will wane and the cross will triumph.



Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

E. J. HEILMAN, '99.

All honor to our great men! We do well to hold them in respectful remembrance, to erect statues and establish memorials to their glory, to study their lives and recount their services, to preserve commemorative days by which to hand down their fame to succeeding generations. We are not likely to overestimate our debt to them, nor let our gratitude exceed their deserts. Yet in all this homage, so freely and gladly given, we are in some danger of forgetting the services rendered to the world by many whose lives are passed in comparative obscurity.

The reverence paid to men whom we agree to call great sometimes blinds us to the worth of men, whom in our superficial estimates, we agree to call small. It is hardly strange, perhaps, that with our crude and hasty inferences we should often err in making these comparisons, and treat with indifference and neglect some of the most valuable benefactors that the world has ever had.

We forget, for instance, that every individual who has risen high in the world's esteem has been largely helped to his position by those who lived before him and by those who surround him. The truth which has just been announced, the discovery which has just been made, the invention which has just been consummated, have often been long brooding in other minds, and are but the finished results of toilsome and patient efforts which have just missed realization. Yet the one, who at length succeeds in presenting his finished gift to the public, reaps the entire honor and to him alone is attributed the work: which however has been shared by many.

Sometimes the very same idea is struggling for expression in the minds of two or more thinkers and a mere accident may decide which one shall first declare it. Yet the one whom chance has thus favored is the idol of his generation, while the very name of the other may remain unknown. Besides it is not easy to compare the services rendered by great men, joyfully received and appreciated, with those which are performed quietly, secretly, and even unconsciously and which, therefore, win but small recognition.

The great general, whose name and victories are carved on the marble monument, and inscribed on the pages of history, was as dependent upon his soldiers as they were upon him. But for their faith and courage, loyalty and devotion, he and his efforts

would have been alike unknown. Yet to him is ascribed most of the glory, while their very existence may be forgotten save by their own kindred. Many of our great men have thus been dependent on their followers; many of them, if suddenly cut down, might have been worthily replaced by men in the ranks, of whose powers none had ever dreamed. Thus we often exaggerate the importance of one, while we entirely ignore the latent powers of another. Mr. Leslie Stephen, speaking of the work of the author, says:

"The world can get on very well without it: and even the greatest men are far more the product than the producers of their intellectual surroundings. The acceptance of that truth will help to keep in check the exaggerated estimate of the importance of making a noise in the world, which is our besetting sin, and help to make a regulating principle of what is a theoretical belief, that a man who is honestly doing good work in any department, whether under the eyes of a multitude or of a few, will be the happiest if he can learn to take pleasure in doing it thoroughly rather than in advertising it widely."

Then, too, with certain notable exceptions, great men have distinguished themselves by some single superiority, which stands out prominently and justly excites our admiration. In other spheres they may have fallen below the average. Much is forgiven them for the sake of their great gift and service, that would be severely condemned in men whose abilities were more evenly developed. While this is natural we cannot always be sure that such men are more valuable to the world than those less striking, but better balanced; less gifted, but more rounded; less demonstrative in a single direction, but more faithful to every relation, more loyal to every trust. The influence of a grand and noble deed is great, and may extend indefinitely, but so may the influence of a life full of smaller and less conspicuous deeds, esteemed trifling both by the doer and by those who are benefited by them.

Many a man and many a woman, living quietly and modestly, making no pretensions to any eminence, and perhaps possessing no great powers of any kind, are yet, by their sweet and pure natures, their loving and unselfish impulses, their loyalty to truth and their adherence to principle, exercising an immense power over the hearts and lives of others, stimulating their better natures, rousing their energies and inspiring them with noble ideas. We all know some such natures. Shall we not cherish them in our

hearts, and honor them with our lips, that others, and especially our youth, may learn to venerate and value a type of character far too rare among us, and far too meanly prized?

It is largely owing to our failure to appreciate the virtues which may dwell in obscurity that so many persons deplore the narrow round of existence which they are forced to lead, and fancy that they are therefore impotent to confer any real benefit upon mankind. The truth which they fail to grasp is that in every sphere character is always power and that with that they may be doing a greater and more far reaching service in their obscure lives than they ever could accomplish in more conspicuous positions. If it is fame, eclat, plaudits, notoriety that they crave, their complaints may be well founded; but if true service be their aim and end, they need never apprehend failure. So while we pay all due honor to the heroes who have distinguished themselves in every sphere of life, let us also gladly remember the debt we owe to the men and women who in obscurity have shed a purifying and ennobling influence upon mankind—an influence forever reproductive and therefore limitless.

Interesting Facts from a Visit to Concord.

F. N. D. BUCHMAN, '99.

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.—*Emerson*.

Concord might sit for its portrait as an ideal New England town. Its very name suggests the nature of the place as one finds everything in harmony. Fine old woods and noble elms add dignity to the scene. Beautiful ponds—one of which, Walden, has been immortalized by Thoreau, the so-called Robinson Crusoe, of Walden Pond—lie quietly in their clear basins. Concord is situated on the banks of the Musketaquid in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, about twenty miles from Boston, the literary center of America. The name of this river tells us that Concord has an Indian history, and there is evidence that it was a favorite residence of the race, which preceded our own. The place thus famed by nature can show a record worthy of its physical attractions. What names that plain New England town reckons on the roll of its inhabitants! Here we find the homes of many of the most in-

tellectual men of our country. What deeds of valor are recorded to its credit! Here also was waged one of the first battles of our American Revolution.

The battle of Concord occurred a short distance to the east of the town, on the banks of the Musketaquid. Here, on that memorable day in '75, the soldiers of King George with their red coats and glittering arms met the "minute men" clad in their working clothes and carrying their trusty firelocks. The bridge, which was the objective point of the fight, is not preserved but has been replaced by a more modern structure. We will however not allude to the details of the battle as these are known by every American schoolboy; but let us remember that Concord was one of the very first places, where blood was shed for American independence and we as American citizens owe them all the credit we can bestow for their meritorious defence of the bridge. The place of action has been marked by a plain, granite monument, which was designed and executed by a young sculptor born and reared in Concord. Upon the granite-base of this Monument are cut the first lines of one of Emerson's hymn, which we have used in the beginning of this narrative. It has been well said, "Few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion." A humbler token of the fight, yet a more interesting one than the granite obelisk, may be seen close under the stone wall. It is a grave marked by two small moss grown stones, one at the head, another at the foot; the grave of two British soldiers who were slain in the fight, and have ever since slept peacefully.

Almost all the buildings of Revolutionary fame are still standing. Prominent among these is the house of Colonel Barret, whose prominence as Colonel of the Militia rendered him and his property objects of peculiar importance and suspicion to the British. A detachment of troops was sent to his house early in the forenoon, on the day of the fight, in hope of capturing Colonel Barret himself, as well as the munitions of war which were known to be concealed there; some of these were saved by being buried in a newly planted field and others were ingeniously stored away by Mrs. Barrett, who hid them in the attic and covered them with feathers.

The house owned by Elisha Jones, at the time of the fight, is considered one of the oldest in town. In the *L* part of this house a bullet hole is plainly visible, which was made by a British bullet, near which is also nailed a portion of the old North Bridge. What is considered to be the oldest house in Concord was built in

1682, which is now two-hundred and sixteen years old and still in a fair state of preservation.

On the square the Wright Tavern stands just as when Maj. Pitcairn entered it on the morning before the battle, when he stirred his brandy with his bloody finger, making the remark, that he would stir the rebels' blood before night. This building has undergone less change than any building in Concord, even the sign-board is preserved to this day.

The town was abundantly supplied with taverns and inns, showing that these sturdy New Englanders were fond of their brandy and ale.

The road can also be seen along which Paul Revere rode on his memorable midnight ride on the eighteenth of April in '75.

The old church stood near the site of the present Unitarian church, which, was built on the old frame, so that it contains the same timbers as the one in which the first Provincial Congress was held on the fourteenth of April, 1774, of which Hancock was chosen President. In this assembly were made those stirring speeches by himself, Adams, and other patriots, which did so much to hasten the events of the Revolution.

There are many other historical points of interest, which have all been marked by suitable tablets, but we cannot in the scope of this article mention them. We have tried to describe to you the most important historical points of interest and will now turn to the part that Concord played in the literary upbuilding of our nation.

The "Old Manse," a most famous house in American literature has gained this reputation, on account of the many men of note that dwelt there, the masterpieces that have been written within its walls, and especially since Hawthorne has immortalized it by describing it in his "Mosses from an Old Manse." It is a gambrel-roofed house set back a short distance. A broad avenue of black ash trees leads up to the house, which is completely hidden from view by the many vines which cover it; and seem to be jealously guarding it from the sight of strangers. Most of these vines were planted by Dr. Ripley, whom Emerson describes as "no dandy," courteous and hospitable, that he had no studies, no occupations which company could interrupt. The Manse was originally built for Rev. William Emerson, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was at that time the Minister of Concord. The Manse, which was intended as a parsonage, has been occupied by ministers and descendants of ministers, with

the exception of Hawthorne. Interesting as it would be to describe each individual room, we speak of one only — the study. From the windows of this room, which is situated on the second floor. Rev. Wm. Emerson and his wife watched the progress of the fight at the bridge. The panes in the windows are small and cracked, believed to have been cracked by the concussion, resulting from the heavy discharge of musketry on the day of the fight. In this room Emerson wrote his "Nature" and many of his best poems, and Hawthorne his "Mosses from an Old Manse," which we should advise everyone to read in order that he may get a better idea of the house and its surroundings.

Emerson, the sage of Concord, lived in the southern part of the town in a "plain, square, wooden house," with horse-chestnut trees in the front yard, and evergreens around it, which has so often been described. It is without pretensions, but not without an air of quiet dignity. The house at the present time is occupied by a maiden lady, a near relative of Emerson, who is very obliging and always ready to show the stranger the study and parlor, in which rooms, Emerson spent the greater part of his time. The study is a very plain room, the one side of which is lined with shelves which contain choice books. A large Mahogany table stands in the center of the room, covered with books, and on this desk beside his ink well lies the pen, which for a quarter of a century, had so great an influence on the minds of both continents. A large fire-place adorns the room, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's Fates. A few other fine engravings, besides several statues and busts, ornament the room. The parlor is in the southern part of the house, directly opposite the study. In this parlor, almost every person of note, that has visited this country, has been entertained; besides, here many pleasant hours were passed by Emerson, in chatting with his neighbors. Many of whom such as the Alcotts, Hawthorne and Thoreau have become almost as famed as Emerson himself. Margaret Fuller, who later became the Marchioness Ossili, often visited here, when she edited "The Dial," the official paper of the Transcendentalists. Frequent meetings were also held here, regarding the establishment of the "Brook Farm" community in which Emerson was deeply interested. We now leave the home of Emerson, whom we think to be the brightest in that galaxy of Concord stars, as he was the sun which shed his quickening rays on those around him. It is said that Thoreau would have never

produced "Walden" had it not been for the advice and encouragement he received from Emerson.

The "Orchard House," which has acquired fame as the residence of Amos Bronson Alcott and his daughter Louisa May, is situated only a short distance from the home of Emerson. It is a very plain, though nicely planned building surrounded by a few acres of ground. An old elm standing in the front yard is pointed out as the place, under which Louisa May Alcott wrote the greater part of her "Little Women." The material of Miss Alcott's books is drawn largely from the idyllic actual life of the Alcott family. The leading characters of her books were taken from members of their own family. The oldest daughter Anna Bronson, who later married a Mr. Pratt, is the mother of Miss Alcott's "Little Men." The two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, are the famous "Little Men." These boys, although they have now grown up, are still living. Miss Alcott wrote many of her best books while they lived at the "Orchard House." We as Pennsylvanians can feel a just sense of pride as Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, where her father was teaching at the time of her birth.

Amos Bronson Alcott was a unique figure in an age of singular personalities, and was doubtless the most perfect type of Transcendentalism. He wrote several articles on Pedagogy; but it was Alcott's favorite theory that he could propagate his ideas best by conversations; and as a conversationalist he has had few superiors. The "School of Philosophy" in which Alcott was deeply interested is situated on the same estate as that of the "Orchard House." It is a plain structure, resembling very much the rural school houses, built a few decades ago. It was called "The Chapel," arranged for the convenience of the school, but without luxury or ornament. Here many of the most profound thinkers and philosophers of our country met for a number of years to communicate with each other concerning what they had learned and meditated; and to illustrate it by a constant reference to poetry and higher literature. This school not only gained a local reputation but was indorsed by the leading thinkers of Europe. The last meeting was held in Hillside Chapel in 1888, in memory of Mr. Alcott; the building was crowded with his friends who united in paying a loving testimony to his talents. There is a story, which the people of Concord love to tell of Alcott to the present day and which will bear repetition. "A farmer was taking some wood to market in a sleigh and as the day was very warm, found out that

the sleighing was getting too bad so he decided to unload his wood, go home and return again the next morning, hoping that then he could continue his journey without further delay. He unloaded his sleigh, which happened to be in front of Alcott's home. The latter was standing at one of his windows watching the farmer. As soon as he had gone, he called his wife and told her that the Lord had at last sent them some wood. He went out immediately and carried it into his wood-shed. All went well until the following day, when the farmer coming to take his wood to market was astonished to find it gone. Knowing, however, that Alcott was a "little bit slippery," he decided to look in his wood-shed. He was not at all surprised when he found it there; and told Alcott that he would have to pay for it or else be arrested. Alcott, of course, could not pay him as he was always short in money. The farmer had him arrested and he would have been put to prison had not Emerson, who was truly a friend in need, knowing the peculiarities of Alcott, paid for the wood, which as Alcott termed it : "The Lord had sent him."

Like Margaret Fuller, Alcott is remembered more from his influence upon his contemporaries than from his writings. The "Orchard House" is at present occupied by Dr. W. T. Harris, a well known writer on philosophic and educational topics: persons reading the "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and ATLANTIC MONTHLY will find many articles from his pen.

The house of Hawthorne is adjacent to the estate of the Alcotts and is known as "The Wayside." Hawthorne spent his last years at Concord and therefore did not write as many books worthy of notice as he did at Lenox and Salem, but we must not forget that as he lived in Concord in the early part of his literary career, consequently he had a decided influence on the literary standing of the town. "The Wayside" is a very large and commodious frame building. It has a very odd appearance, on account of a room which Hawthorne built on the top of his house after he returned from England and Italy. This he called "the tower" and was his favorite study, writing in it several of his best juvenile stories. The house and its surroundings have a very romantic appearance. The whole place seems to be imbued with his character—open to all the world, yet unobtrusive and retiring, and provided with mysterious, sheltered retreats. Shrubs are profusely scattered throughout the entire yard. The one end of the house is completely covered with rose-bushes and woodbine. Tall pines and locust trees shade the front of the house.

Close by the porch, too, is a flourishing hawthorn tree, which serves as a silent record of his name.

After his death the property was bought by Mrs. Lothrop, who uses "The Wayside" as a summer residence and spends her winters in Boston. Mrs. Lothrop, who writes under the *nom de plume* of Margaret Sidney, has become a household word in many homes, by her excellent contributions to juvenile literature. She has written "*The Five Little Peppers*; and *How They Grew*," and "*What The Seven Did*," all of which are very popular.

There is still another that has helped to make Concord a literary center during the Age of Emerson. Thoreau was the only one of this most remarkable group of writers, who was a native of the town. He graduated from Harvard University, "but" as Emerson says. "without any literary distinction." He cared nothing for honors, even refusing to take his diploma, declaring it not worth the five dollars. Being a true lover of nature, he built a hut near Walden Pond—with the assistance of George William Curtis, who afterwards so successfully edited "*The Easy Chair*" in *Harpers Magazine*—and lived there in solitude two years and two months, his expenses being only about three cents a day. The hut has disappeared but a pile of stones still marks the spot. He was a sincere philosopher and wished to protest by his simple life and habits against the folly of devoting too much time to the demands of society. He relates his experiences at Walden Pond, in his book called "*Walden*," which is his best work. It is full of the wild aroma of the woods and in no other book can one come so close to nature's heart. A prominent lecturer remarked this summer that a man was only half civilized if he had not read Henry D. Thoreau's "*Walden*."

Concord, during the winter of 1775, was also temporarily the seat of Harvard College, being removed to Concord by order of the Provincial Congress, as the college buildings at Cambridge were needed for the use of the soldiers of the American Army.

We need not lengthen the category of the living or mention those other men whose names have added to its distinction. It has long been an intellectual centre such as no other country town of our land or any other can boast. Its groves, its woods, its houses are haunted by undying memories, and its hillsides and hollows are made holy by the dust that is covered by their turf.



Her First Sleighride.

C. K. FEGLEY, '00.

When vacation began that year there were exasperating signs of the greenest kind of a Christmas, but—that's going ahead of the story.

Victoria Chyselm sat at the window of her room in Ivy Hall of Carlyle College, with a letter spread open upon her lap. Her dress was untidy ; her hair was dishevelled ; and as she looked out over the country beyond the campus, she crumpled the letter with her hand, and a disappointed look spread over her handsome Southern face. It was late afternoon of the day before Christmas and the darkness fell quickly, shutting out the dreary prospect of the bare, brown fields drenched by the falling rain. She rose and threw herself upon the bed. After that all was dark and still.

In a private house in another part of the college town, a tall, muscular young man was lying on a rug by an open grate, gazing through the flickering firelight at a girl seated near upon a hassock. He was home from a distant college, for the holidays ; she was a student in the home college. Each had rehearsed the work and frolic of the term just closed. For a short time silence reigned.

"Say, Puss," this from the young fellow, "any Fem Sem's from foreign parts Christmasing at school this year?"

The young girl leaned forward eagerly. "Karl, there's one of the dearest girls here now, the cutest little thing, says such delightfully droll things, comes from Virginia. Her name's Julia Colt and she's a dear and has such a nice papa. He was here to see her and was just lovely to all the girls ; gave us a chestnut party and subscribed to the basket ball teams, and took us to Bobb's for oysters, and he—"

"Did he buy any poetry, or try to eat any school-made taffy or cocoa ? That's what tells whether a man's philanthropic."

"Karl, you're mean ; now let me go on. Then there's Helen Mury, a Junior, big, tall girl, full of fun, but hasn't much money —that's the reason she stayed—and she's perfectly lovely, all the girls say so. Kit Weiz is a New York girl ; she's great ; gets immense boxes from home and gives perfect dreams of spreads—she was groom at the mock wedding. There's two other awfully sweet girls, but I can't remember their names. You'll like them, I know. Oh ! and Miss Grehf, the art teacher, has charge of them

and she's great; you *must* meet her. She's younger than many of the seniors, but just too sweet for any use." The young lady paused for breath.

"Does that conclude the catalogue of your perfectly awful people?"

A petulant toss of the head in answer, and after a while, very scornfully, "Miss Chyselm's there, but she's a case and you shan't meet her if I have it to say. She's as glum as the present weather and very few girls like her. She's Southern and haughty, and she wears black all the time and cries at night until her roommate says the pillows are damp. The C. E.'s were as nice as could be and took her to the meetings and everything, but she fought shy of them and of all the teachers, even Miss Grehf, and only old Dr. Petz says she's at all nice. She tried to cultivate me a little, but when I found out what a perpetual spring she was, I froze her mighty quick."

"Good subject for pyschological research, or for Puritan tablœaux, or Norristown, from your lively word picture."

"I'm not going to tell you another thing, you critical boy," and Edith Huver left her brother, in high dudgeon.

Yawning lazily, he lighted a deep bowled pipe and threw himself upon his back again; smoke wreaths floated away above his head in clouds as he lay waiting the summons to tea. Next morning he announced his intention of inviting all the "orphan Fem Sem's" to a ride in a big bus, to a country church festival that evening. But when he mentioned Victoria Chyselm's name Edith objected, and after half an hour's fruitless arguing he withdrew, vanquished. Miss Chyselm was to enjoy another "freeze."

As the bus rolled away from Ivy Hall with its merry load, that evening, one of the windows of the hall framed a haughty beauty who cast most defiant glances after her disappearing schoolmates. The problem on the way out was to keep themselves free from mud, which splashed high on every side. A cold wave came careering along during the time of the service; the problem on the way home was to keep one's seat, while the coach rolled and plunged over the now roughened roads. That night, while five girls at the college were praising Karl with all the fervor and adjectives they possessed, and while Karl was drawing mental pictures of his new acquaintances, a black-robed figure lay sobbing upon the floor of an Ivy Hall room. Colder and colder grew the air, colder, colder grew Victoria's heart.

The cold snap brought skating, and things began to seem

more Christmas-like. Then at last came snow and sleighing. No girls spending holidays away from home ever had a better time than had those five Carlyle girls. No Southern girl longing to taste the pleasures of a Northern winter ever spent a more miserable time than did Victoria Chyselm. Often when the pale moon smiled down upon merry skaters, and still merrier sleighers, he glanced in pity upon a lone tear-stained face framed in the casement of Victoria's window.

* * * * *

"I would like to have a good horse and sleigh for several hours." The hostler at Tatler's, completely captivated by the quiet dignity of the demand, produced his best black horse, finest sleigh and warmest robes, in a great hurry.

"Can you tell me a good route for a sleighride? I'm not acquainted with the country roads."

"Well, Miss, for a nice drive, I'd say to take the Hulgberg road right Nort' uv' town until you gets to the pike, then turn to yer right an' spin along till you strikes the fust mill. Ef you tuns in Gin Lane there, you'll jest get back here all right."

"Thank you, Goodby."

The hostler pulled off his cap and made a stiff little bow. Victoria, for it was she, gathered the reins, chuckled to the horse, and glided away over the slippery road; while the hostler went back to his work with the sincere, if not elegant remark, "Lor, but she's a crackerjack."

Ah! no wonder, the girls were always so joyful when they returned from sleighing. This was grand! Wasn't the air crisp and cold! Oh, how musically joyous the bells sound! Why hadn't she tried it sooner? Her musings were interrupted by a passing sleigh. The horsemanship in her asserted itself—no more sleighs should pass her. The horse, feeling the touch of a master-hand behaved magnificently, and she was lost to her surroundings until a passing building had the vague outline of a mill. A few hundred yards farther on she reined in, and turning round, sought Gin Lane. Leaving her horse walk, she gave a passing glance at the skaters upon the mill-pond and then fell to admiring the beauty of the winter scenery. It passed her wildest dreams of childhood, this broad white expanse glittering like a robe set with millions of gems, as the sinking afternoon sun shot its glancing rays along the unbroken surface. But who are these girls just ahead, gathered in an exciting group around a figure seated

on a stile. One comes as if to meet her but quickly turns returns to her companion, and the whole crowd is on the move, supporting one of their number. As she passes, she recognizes her schoolmates who give her a cold, curt nod.

"Oh! mercy girls girls I can't do it, I'm hurt too bad. Oh! oh! oh!" Victoria cuts her horse savagely with the whip, and surprised he dashes off furiously. He hadn't covered a hundred yards before to his further surprise he is brought to a full stop by a strong pull on the reins. The girls are excited by their companion's faint and hear nothing but their own aimless chatter, until a quiet voice behind them says, "If Miss Huver is badly hurt, I can take her home." Revived by a vigorous application of snow, and by the cold air, Edith groans, and hardly conscious, is carefully placed in the sleigh, her sprained ankle supported upon Victoria's lap and covered with the robes. She sinks back into the cushions exhausted and hears faintly the "safe home" from the girls as Victoria drives carefully away. Silence for a long while is broken only by the irregular jingle upon the slowly moving horse, then a muffled, broken voice says, "I don't mind telling you that—that I feel awfully—mean after all the—cuts and abominable treatment I've shown you, for you to—to be so kind." Silence again. "Since you're so frank I don't mind telling you, that when I heard you cry out as I passed, my first thought was 'Let her know what pain is once,' but then something made me turn and take you in. I supposed it was some teaching of mother's made me do it." Victoria paused. After a while she went on: "When I came to school, a motherless girl, I was very miserable; I didn't understand northern ways; and I longed, oh! how I longed! for some close companionship such as her's had been. I was attracted to you because you bear her name, and I liked your sprightly ways, but—well you know what was the consequence. Nora—you know she's my chum—was kind but she didn't understand, so while I kept up a haughty front to the girls I cried much in my room. I looked forward to Christmas with great joy and blotted each day from the calendar as it passed all too slowly. Then father wrote he must go on business to Cuba and I must spend Christmas up here. I thought maybe you'd be different at Christmas when there were only a few of us here but you—you didn't come and then I didn't have a bit of joy all through the holidays. I began almost to hate you; but I don't now. This ride has set me right again. It's my *first* sleighride. I knew how to manage horses and so I was bound I'd spite you—by having a nice time. Wasn't it all foolish?"

"I feel meaner yet, Miss Chyselm, but I hope I may repay you by helping you just where you want me to. I'm going to be your best and lifelong friend," declared the impulsive Edith. "Now you must come right in and stay. Karl will take the sleigh back." They had reached home; and the tall girl literally carried her charge up to the door.

"Karl, I sprained my ankle on the pond and Miss Chyselm was kind enough to bring me home in her sleigh. She's going to stay with me to-night and you're to take the sleige to Tatler's. Oh! I forgot. Victoria, this is my brother Karl, he's the biggest tease in creation. Edith sank exhausted upon a couch by the grate.

That night the three sat by the grate where the two had sat before and while the sister dozed upon the couch, the brother listened, almost spellbound, to the soft, melodious voice of that "horrid Chyselm girl" as she told of her far away home and spoke most tenderly of her mother. Later, in the quiet of Edith's room, Victoria wrote of her first sleighride to her father. Edith chattered on incessantly of all sorts of plans, regardless of the inattention of her auditor. Down in the library Karl consumed great pipefulls of tobacco to his own intense satisfaction, judging from his radiant face. As he started off to bed, he was still smiling, but all at once he frowned, and something like a groan escaped his lips,— "It's the *last* day of vacation."

Our Weakness.

True, all minds have noble thoughts;
Some do these fulfill,
But how few ever reach
The thing they ought,— "*Do Well.*"

W. A. H., Jr.



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Christmas Greetings.

One festival season yet remains to make the present year complete. It is the most joyful occasion of all the year and each year anxiously and expectantly we await its return. Christmastide is near at hand and all of us are looking forward to a pleasant time with our relatives and friends at home. We extend to you all our heartiest greetings hoping that one and all may have a goodly share of the rich blessings the season has in store.

* * *

"Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song."

* * *

Imperialism.

"Imperialism," "Manifest Destiny," "Our Foreign Policy," are terms which we meet with in scanning the pages of any daily newspaper or in pouring over the articles in our monthly magazines. Their origin is found in the conditions resulting from our

recent war and the outcome of the deliberations of the Peace Commission at Paris.

"One of the unexpected results of the war is that it has set the American people to studying their Constitution," says some one. Yes, and more than this, it has set the nation to thinking upon a new and difficult problem, a problem which must be solved in the near future, "Whether the Policy of Territorial Expansion is advisable or not." Intense interest will center in the sessions of our next Congress, for upon the action of the Representative portion of our Government, much, concerning our nation's future, will depend. If those who represent the people are guided by statesmanship and are not swayed by minor political interests, we need not fear the end. Let us hope, that whatever course is pursued, it will in the end redound to our fair country's honor and glory.

* * *

The Reward of Study.

The hope of reward and the fear of punishment are two powerful incentives. They wield an immense influence in the course of human conduct. But this hope of future good as well as this fear of future evil are distinct from the action itself. If these are followed too closely as a guide, whatever we do loses much of its true merit. "Virtue consists in doing the right *for its own sake*." One who does right, actuated alone by the hope of gain, of greater fame and of praise, or stimulated by ambition, and who refrains from doing wrong through fear of the consequences is not living according to the noblest motives that may stir the heart of man.

"Right for right's sake" is the supreme rule by which our conduct ought to be determined. To live according to this rule requires a determined effort and, frequently, a sacrifice on our part. Besides, if we to any degree at all live up to this rule, we shall often have occasion to refer to the maxim so familiar to all, "Virtue is its own reward."

Let us, in applying this general rule to ourselves, read it thus, "Study for the study's sake." How many conform to this rule? Rewards in the shape of marks and honors, and the good opinions of Professors and Collegemates, not wrong in themselves; all these combined with others and with the fear of failure at the end of the year are needed to spur some on to work. In fact it seems that the majority must thus be encouraged and induced to study. But only when study is pursued for the study's sake does the full benefit accrue. Such study does not bring immediate and seeming

rewards, which, in reality, are none, and we dare not expect them. We do however find comfort in the conclusion which we draw, that "study also is its own reward."

* * *

The Death of Dr. Richards.

The sad news of the death of our highly honored friend and instructor, Rev. Professor M. H. Richards, D. D., which occurred early in the morning of Dec. 12th, reached us too late properly to tender our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family; and to express the inestimable loss we sustain by being deprived of further affiliation with the distinguished and exemplary character, whom the Great Reaper has removed to realms where what is seemingly *our* loss will be *his* gain.

Due tribute to his honor will be given in a memorial edition which will be our next issue.

College Happenings.

Elections: Euterpean Literary Society—Pres., Trumbower, '99; Vice Pres., Fritch, L., 99; Rec. Sec., Beck, '02; Cor. Sec., Gabble, '02; Critics, Fetherolf, D. E., '99 and Henry, '99; Chaplain, Lindenmuth, '02; Pianist, Sykes, '02.

Sophronian Literary Society—Pres., Seiberling, '99; Vice Pres., Fegley, '00; Clerk, Ruhe, '01; Cor. Sec., Shimer, '01; Treas., Yoder, '01; Critics, Bender, '99 and Raker, '99; Chaplain, Landis, '01; Budget Ed., Drumheller, '01.

Junior German Society--Pres., Dr. Wackernagel; Sec., Krutzky; Treas., Deisher.

A Joke.

Ingredients: Paper, one large sheet.

Pencil, one lead.

Spirits, greatly depressed.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club rendered a few selections at an open meeting of the Luther League of St. Michael's Lutheran Church, on November eighteenth.

Fegley, '00, spent Thanksgiving recess at Slatington, as the guest of his classmate Erb.

A Miller, named Bill,
Went to Seventh Street hill
To make an evening call.
He left rather late
And brought back some cake
With stealth—Is that all?

Heilman, '99 and Kuntz, '00, who were elected by the Euterpean and Sophronian Literary Societies respectively, represented the college at the business meeting of the Pennsylvania Inter-collegiate Oratorical Union, which was held in Philadelphia on November 24th. Mr. Heilman was chosen as a member of the executive committee.

John Jarret, of Walnut Street, presented the College with a young Norway Maple tree, which was planted on the front campus.

Lutz, who has just returned to college, on passing the store at Penn and Walnut Streets, saw the sign "Sen Sen" hanging in the window and inquired of a classmate "Is this a Chinese laundry?"

Dr. Wackernagel lectured in German on Tuesday evening, November fifteenth, in Zion's German Lutheran Church, Easton, on "Within the Gates of Jerusalem."

Basket ball according to the physician of "Fem Sem" is a sight for gods and men, but the gods get it all.

Boyer, Fegley, Koch and Yerger, members of the Junior class, have organized a quartette.

Prof. of Economics: Where in the Bible do we find mention of the improvement of land?

Henry: "Oh! you mean about Lot's going up."

Prof. C. U. Agayn Allenbach, instructor of oratory and music, the fiddle preferred. He is a full-fledged graduate of the Peter's Crossing Conservatory of Oratory and Music.

For recommendations apply to R. Fritch.

Prof. in Biology: How do polywogs turn into frogs?

Yoder: By a sort of Allegro movement.

Steward to Dr. W. Didn't I make a good recitation?

Dr. Yes,—we did.

Notice to the Missionary Society :

The Pagans in the Freshmen class must be converted.

Resolved, that the Recently Inaugurated Policy of Territorial Expansion will be Detrimental to the Welfare of Our Nation, is the question chosen by the Euterpean and Sophronian Literary Societies, for an inter-society debate to be held on the second Friday in the New Year. Beck, W., Heilman and Fritch, L., of Euterpea and Kunkle, A. A., Raker and Kuntz, of Sophronia, were elected as the debaters. Elaborate arrangements are being made, which, if successfully carried out, will furnish us with an event that will be interesting for not only the students but friends as well.

Prof. in Physiology : "Mr. Flexer, explain how the air is purified in the lungs."

For reference see Ferdinand's French Revolution on Westward Ho.

Drs. Richards, Wackernagel and Dowell were the recipients of turkeys presented as Thanksgiving gifts by the Junior, Freshmen, and Senior classes respectively.

Professor, in a lecture, while speaking of persons being placed in precarious positions when something must be done immediately : "For instance, here is a strong person sitting on a fence. There comes a raging bull at a mad pace with another person on the end of his horns, whose life is about to be dashed out. The heroic person leaps from the fence, rescues the imperiled one, and seizes the beast by the horns. Now, what shall he do ?" For a moment Senioric wisdom was astounded until Hausman suggested : "*Geb'm hoy.*"

The members of '99 have received a letter from Fred Gruhler, a former member of that class, who last summer enlisted in Battery B, Third U. S. Artillery stationed at Fortress Monroe, Va. Fred has not forgotten his college and has manifested his interest by subscribing for THE MUHLENBERG.

At the monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society, Gable, '02, read a very interesting paper on "The Opportunities in the Philippines." Straub, '00, read one on, "How the President of the Chinese Diet Became a Christian." At the same meeting the following officers were elected to serve until May. Pres., H. A. Kunkle; Sec., Drumheller; Treas. and Organist, Erb.

V. J. Koch was a visitor at Mauch Chunk during Thanksgiving recess.

At the Theatre :

Down in the pit
 The Freshmen sit,
 The Sophomore's just behind ;
 And next within the balcony,
 The Juniors you will find,
 Above them far
 The Seniors are,
 And hold their lofty station ;
 To rise above the common herd
 Is quite their aspiration.

Our College Alphabet.

A is for Autumn, when college begins ;
 B is our Baggage—clothes and all sorts of things.
 C is the College, with its buildings galore ;
 D is the "Dust" which could build us some more.
 E is the Elevator "not running," you see ;
 F stands for Foot-ball, played with glee.
 G stands for Georgie, a most popular male ;
 H for the Hints he scatters round us like hail.
 I is for the Infants so dear and so few ;
 J is for Johnnie whose problems we do (?).
 K is the Kitchen where goodies do grow ;
 L is the Lecture to which we must go.
 M means our Minds much muddled of late ;
 N is for Naughty Ones for that is their trait.
 O is the Office, the "cash room" 'tis called ;
 P is for the President by our noises appalled.
 Q, the quaint letter, means Quizzes quite queer ;
 R means our Rooms to each student most dear.
 S stands for Society, her belles are our doom ;
 T is for Theodore, his spirits, death to our gloom.
 U is for Undergrad to whom money is lent ;
 V the Velocity at which it is spent.
 W for Wackernagel, the boys' patron saint ;
 X is for Xenophon, the Freshmen's complaint.
 Y is for "You" in your studies deep sunk ;
 Z is the Zero you get when you flunk.



Our Alumni.

'69. A new edition of Bengel's *Gnomon of the New Testament* has an introduction by Prof. R. F. Weidner, D. D., of the Lutheran Seminary at Chicago.

'69. At the recent election in Pennsylvania Rev. Milton J. Kramlich, of Allentown was re-elected a member of the State Legislature for Lehigh County.

'73. Rev. William H. Myers, Reading, Pa., contributes "Wayside Religion" and "Clerical Misfits" to recent members of the *Lutheran*.

'74. After a severe siege of sickness, William A. Lichtenwallner, Esq., of Harold, South Dakota, is visiting his mother in Allentown.

'74. The name of James L. Schaadt, Esq., is mentioned as that of a possible candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor of Allentown.

'76. Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., of Selinsgrove Pa., and Rev. O. E. Pflueger, '84, of Elizabethville, Pa., have prepared a *Jubilee Memorial Volume* of the Danville Conference of the Ministerium, containing a full history of all the congregations, biographical sketches of the pastors, and a map of the Conference. It is a handsome volume of 372 pages adorned with 138 illustrations.

'77. The third annual meeting of the English Conference, of New York Ministerium was held in the Church of the Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y., Rev. M. J. Bieber, '91, pastor, on November 14th and 15th. Rev. Wm. J. Miller, of Rochester, was elected President and read a paper on "How to start Missions in our Field."

'78. Prof. Oliver G. J. Schadt is the head of the People's College of Philadelphia, for evening classes. His office is 818 North Fifth Street. He offers about twenty-seven different lectures, talks and entertainments for institutes and church organizations.

'79. At the second convention of "The Lutheran Liturgical Association," recently held in Pittsburg, Rev. George S. Seaman, of Homestead, Pa., read a paper on "The Kyrie." Rev. R. Morris Smith, '83, of Baden, Pa., was appointed to prepare a paper on "The Sources of the Common Services," for the next meeting of the Association.

'82. Rev. Edwin L. Miller, formerly pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Congregation, South Bethlehem, Pa., was installed as pastor of St. Mark's Williamsport, Pa., on November 20th.

'83. We wish to congratulate Rev. J. H. Ritter, Bath, Pa., upon the excellent lecture course which he has prepared for the coming winter. The lecturers are Dr. M. H. Richards, Rev. C. L. Fry, '78, Rev. W. H. Myers, '73, Rev. A. W. H. Hoddard, Rev. W. G. DeHudson, Prof. Geo. W. Twitmyer, Rev. M. O. Rath, '72, Dr. A. R. Horne, Dr. G. T. Fox, and Rev. Frank F. Fry, '85. Rev. Ritter's enterprise in securing so good a set of lectures for his people is to be warmly commended to other pastors.

'85. Rev. William Hoppe, Bethlehem, Pa., contributes outlines of sermons to the Homiletical Department of the last number of *The Lutheran Church Review*.

'85. Rev. Adam M. Weber, recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of his pastorate of St. John's Lutheran Church, Boyertown, Pa. During these years he preached 434 sermons.

'86. On Sunday, October 30th, St. James Union Church, of Lim-
erick, Pa., was re-opened after being refrescoed and repainted. Rev. O. P. Smith, D. D., '71, preached the morning sermon. Rev. Nelson F. Schmidt, of Schwenksville is the Lutheran Pastor.

'86. The friends of Jeremiah J. Snyder, Esq., are mentioning his name in connection with the Republican nomination for Mayor of Allentown.

'88. After thorough renovation St. Peper's Union Church, at Orion, Schulykill County, Pa., was reconsecrated on November 20th. Rev. William F. Bond, is the Lutheran Pastor.

'88. Rev. O. S. Scheirer, pastor of the Grimsville, Berks County, Pa., parish has been doing excellent work. In two years, more than \$1300 were collected for church work in addition to the pastor's salary and current expenses. This shows what pastor and people can do.

'89. Rev. Preston Laury, Marietta, Pa., continues his interesting "Foreign Mission Notes" in *The Lutheran*.

'89. On Sunday, November 20th, Holy Trinity Church, Greenville, Pa., was filled with a deeply interested audience. The occasion was the installation of the new pastor, Rev. Frank C. Oberly, who enters upon his duties under most favorable auspices. A very cordial reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Oberly, by

the members of the congregation who seemed to vie with one another in extending a welcome to the new-comers.—*The Lutheran.*

'89. After a short absence, Rev. Ernest N. Grahn has returned to Easton with his bride, and now occupies the handsome new parsonage adjoining his church (St Luke's). At a reception tendered Mr. and Mrs. Grahn, the congregation showed their appreciation of his work by the present of a handsome purse.—*The Lutheran.*

'91. We offer our condolence to Rev. Edwin D. Meixell, of Delmont, Pa., upon the loss of his mother, Mrs. M. J. Meixell, of Allentown.

'91. Rev. Hiram F. J. Seneker, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been re-elected President of the Wilkes-Barre Pastoral Association. On Monday, November 7th, the Association was entertained by Rev. E. M. Beysher, '92, and wife, at Hobbie, Pa.

'92. At a recent banquet of Allentown Masons, Leo Wise, Esq., responded to the toast, "Why a Woman cannot be a Mason." As Leo is a young bachelor and a witty speaker he was of course perfectly competent to treat in a perfectly satisfactory manner the abstruse theme assigned him.

'93. On Sunday, November 27th, the Brickerville Church, Rev. A. W. Leibensperger, pastor, celebrated its 168th anniversary. The historical sermon was preached by Dr. F. J. Schantz. The history of the congregation is published in pamphlet form.

'95. On Thanksgiving Day, Rev. A. P. Lentz, was installed as pastor of the newly constituted Cross Roads Parish, near Sunbury, Pa. Rev. J. N. Wetzler, '79, and Rev. O. E. Pflueger, '84, assisted at the services.

'96. Paul Z. Strodach, a student at the Mt. Airy Seminary, recently preached in St. John's, Allentown. He has charge of the Seminary choir.

'97. We hear favorable reports of the work of Christian C. Miller, at the Chicago Theological Seminary.

'97. Wm. M. Kopenhaver, Levi F. Gruber, '98, and Fred. E. Cooper, '96, spent Thanksgiving in Allentown. They are three of Muhlenberg's strong representatives at the Mt. Airy Seminary.

'98. William E. Steckel, is a student at Princeton Theological

Seminary, and is also pursuing post-graduate studies at Princeton University.

'98. Marvin L. Kleppinger, lately joined the United States Marines stationed at League Island, and spent a two days' furlough with his parents and friends at College before entering into active service.

Editor's Table.

Out of four hundred young men graduated from Harvard in '97, it is said that not one studied theology.

Professor Wilson, of Edinburg University, was recently appointed honorary physician to the Queen. On the morning of his appointment he informed his pupils of the honor he had received by means of a blackboard in the laboratory, thus: "Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the Queen." During his temporary absence from the room one of the students added the words; "God save the Queen!"—*U. C. Bulletin*.

The November number of the *Roanoke Collegian* contains many interesting articles; among them is "A letter from Cuba," by J. M. Liddell, Major of the Fifth Regiment of United States Volunteer Infantry, stationed at Santiago de Cuba. It gives a brief account of Cuba and her inhabitants.

Among the many exchanges that come to us monthly we are pleased to find this month, *The Intercollegian* and *Elizabeth Chronicle*. These new exchanges contain excellent matter.

Fifty-three of the ninety United States Senators are college-bred men.—*U. C. Bulletin*.

The Melancholy of Paderewski's Life, under the title of "A Polish Fantasy" Mrs Herman Kotzschmar, in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes most interestingly of Paderewski—in fact, she gives a biography of the early career of the famous pianist, in which tragedy, romance and pathos play conspicuous parts. She tells of Paderewski's courtship and marriage, of his extreme poverty, of his wife's great devotion and supreme belief that he would rise to distinction in the musical world, and of her pathetic death, leaving an infant to his care. One reading the story can

readily account for the melancholy that has come into the great pianist's life. Never before have these chapters of Paderewski's life been given to the public, and they will be read with the keenest interest. They surely attest the veracity of the venerable adage ; "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Through the Lafayette Memorial Commission, it has been learned that Lafayette's grave in Little Picpus Cemetery is in a comparatively neglected state. No fitting monument marks the spot. Indeed it reflects no credit on the French that through these many long years they have permitted the grave of one of their most illustrious sons to remain practically uncared for.

The three prizes in the *Century Magazine's* competition for best poem, essay and story, open to students who received the degree of A. B. in 1897, have been won by young women, although more men than women entered the competition. Two of the prize winners are Vassar graduates and one is from Smith. The *Century* will continue to give three prizes of \$250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of A. B. in any college or university in the United States, the work to be done within one year of graduation.—*Gettysburgian*.

The new arrangement of the *College Folio*, adds much to the credit of the paper.

"The Value of Debating" and "Good English," are two excellent productions appearing in the November number of the *Midland*.

The *Gettysburg Mercury* is a highly appreciated exchange. All its departments are well conducted.

The excellent fiction together with its good essays make the *Red and Blue* one of our best exchanges.

The World of Letters.

"Red Rock" by Thomas Nelson Page is a romance of the South during the reconstruction period. It is one of the most notable contributions to American fiction in a generation, because of its interpretation of human life and character, and the history of social conditions. The plot is admirably worked out and the language very entertaining.

A new farce by Wm. D. Howells entitled "The Smoking Car" is the literary feature of the Christmas number of *Frank Leslie's* monthly.

"What Shall Our Boys Do For a Living?" is the title of a book by Chas. F. Wingate. The book treats of the physical, mental, and moral training of school and college men. It tells what a young man starting in life should know about the trades and professions.

"Social Life in British Army" is a very interesting account of the pleasures and relaxations of the officers and men in the service of the English army. The author hides his identity under the name, "A British Officer." The work portrays the social organization and describes the games and pursuits that foster manliness among the British soldiers.

Stanley Waterloo's "Arma geddon" is a tale of love, war, and invention. It starts with the problems arising out of the Spanish-American war.

"The Nation's Navy, Our Ships and Their Achievements" by Chas. Morris is a book which deserves a lasting as well as a present popularity. The story of our navy from its humble beginning down to its grand victories during the last war are told in an interesting manner.

J. A. Altsheler has written an historical romance entitled, "A Herald of the West." He opens with some interesting accounts of social life in Washington about the time of the war of 1812. The passages dealing with the war itself include vivid accounts of the capture of Washington and the battle of New Orleans.

The fourth book of the Story of the West Series is "The Story of the Railroad" by Cy Warman. The author travelled the various roads to gather information for his work which describes the building and scenery along the trans-continental lines. He tells the story of the great engineering feats accomplished in building these railroads through the West.

In his new work, "Peeps at People" John Kendrick Bangs indulges in satire. Among those who fall a prey to his sharp pen are Mansen, the German Emperor, Rudyard Kipling, Sienkiewicz, and General Weyler. The work is very amusing both on account of its wit and humor and for the ludicrous situations invented by the author.

Esther Singleton has brought together under the title "Turrets, Towers and Temples" about eighty descriptions of the world's most noted buildings and monuments. The author quotes Ruskin's saying, "It is well to have not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled and their strength wrought all the days of their life." Examples of almost all the different architectural styles are given, which include all the noted buildings of historic and ecclesiastic value in Europe, Asia and America.

Rudyard Kipling has written a series of stories entitled "Slaves of the Lamp" which deal with school-boy life.

"Missions and Politics in Asia," by Robert E. Speer, treats of the spirit and life of the Eastern people. The author has a hopeful view of civilizing and christianizing these people by means of mission work. He makes some very practical suggestions upon this subject.

There are two translations of "Cyrano de Bergerac" before the public, one in verse, the other in prose. They are both very meritorious pieces of work and convey, as nearly as possible, the charm of the original. This book turned the literary world of England and France upside down and seems to be on the point of doing the same on this side of the Atlantic.

"The Phantom Army," by Max Pemberton deals with another supposed Napoleon. It is very likely the book was suggested to the author by the recent Carlist agitation in Spain.



Henry Weinsheimer.

Side by side with the sad news of Dr. Richard's death came the announcement of the decease of one of the oldest trustees and staunchest friends of the College, Mr. Henry Weinsheimer, of Allentown. Mr. Weinsheimer was closely identified with the business interests of the college as the following sketch will show. He was always greatly interested in all that pertained to the welfare of the institution and for many years was a familiar figure at the opening exercises of each yea at the term examinations, and at commencement. The upper classmen and many of the alumni will always remember his hearty greetings to them as they passed his dwelling. The college will miss the genuine interest in its progress, that he always manifested.

Henry Weinsheimer was born at Waldhildersheim, Prussia, Germany, on the 10th of October, 1814. He was educated in the parochial schools of his native town, and became a member of the church, in 1839. He served in the Prussian Army 1836-37. In June, 1838, he came to New York and immediately afterwards settled in Allentown. He was a merchant in this city for nearly fifty years. In the founding of St. John's Lutheran Church he took active part and was always a faithful member, serving as an elder for many years, and superintending the Sunday school for twenty-five years. He was the half-owner of the College property and sold his share to the corporation in 1867, at the same time subscribing twenty-eight shares of stock. This stock he subsequently donated to the Ministerium of Pa. Under the stockholders he was trustee from 1868-76 and was elected by the Ministerium as trustee from 1876-87. Having thus served his God, his Church and his Country, he fell asleep, in the afternoon of December 11th, 1898, aged 84 years, 2 months, and 1 day.

He leaves six children to mourn the loss of a kind christian parent: Alfred I., Sec. of the Pullman Car Co., Chicago, Wm. H., and Oscar B., Mrs. M. A. Cortright, Miss Evelyn Weinsheimer, and Mrs. E. H. Reninger of Allentown.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon, December 14th, at two o'clock, at his late residence, 5th and Walnut Streets, Dr. S. A. Repass, officiating.

The student body takes this opportunity of extending their sympathy to the family in their bereavement.

MEMORIAL NUMBER.

Vol.
XVI.

No.
5.

THE
MUHLENBERG

January, 1899



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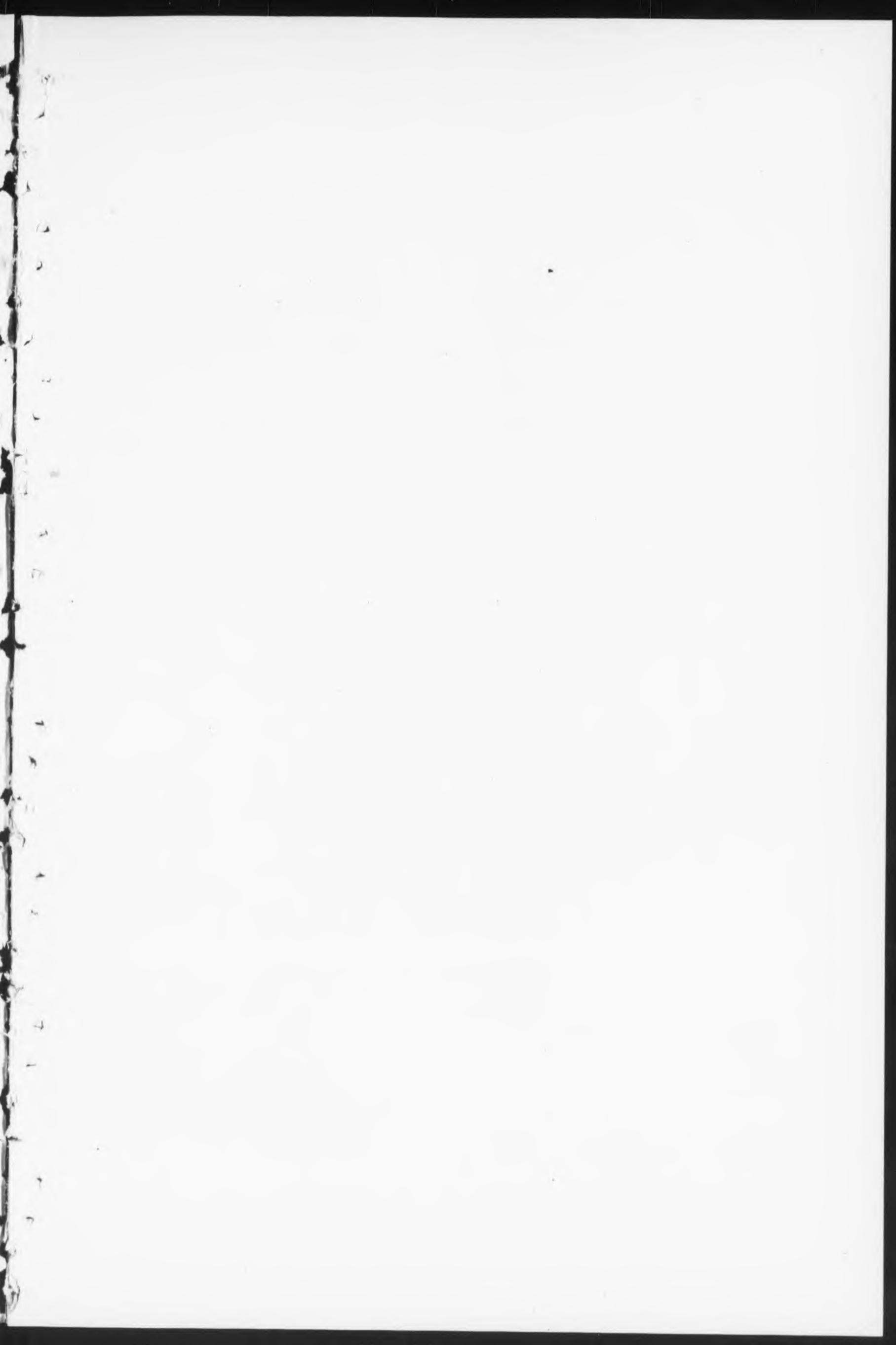
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PROF. M. H. RICHARDS, D. D.

THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanae."

Vol. XVI.

ALLENTOWN, PA., JANUARY, 1899.

No. 5.

FUNERAL SERMON

On the death of Professor M. H. Richards, D. D., by Rev. Prof. S. A. Repass,
D. D., in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa.,
Dec. 15, 1898.

O death where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?
Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord
Jesus Christ. I Cor. 15 : 55, 57.

Our holy Christianity is distinguished in this, that it brings comfort in trouble, and the surest comfort in the sorest trouble. Unlike those religions that are false, or no more than imitations of the true, ours most commends itself in the time of our greatest need, and opens out the surest hopes in the darkest seasons of this earthly life. In the days of hard trial we want, not empty promises, exciting false and vain hopes; nor the world's lethe to drown our sorrows or deaden our griefs; but a sure standing place amid the disquiet and storms about us. We have it, blessed be God, in Christ Jesus our Lord ; so complete and sure that even in the face of death and the grave we are confident and exultant: "O death where is thy sting ? O grave where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." This is already the triumph over death.

We have in the words the conclusion of the Apostle's argument on the resurrection, both that of Christ and His people. Rather, Christ's resurrection establishes the truth of the entire system of the Christian religion, and makes sure our glorified life in the body. Our own resurrection is the corollary of His, since He is "the first fruits of them that slept." No more certainly is He risen from the dead than shall be raised all who sleep in Jesus. While the argument leading on to the conclusion of our passage is logically faultless the truth itself is easily seen and appreciated by them that believe. He died, and rose again; and so we with Him in our own time and order. It is true that all the articles of our

precious faith are most closely joined in a living unity. We may separate them in thought from the system of truth to which they belong ; yet to sunder them from their vital center we dare not. So with the truth of this our comfort and hope in Jesus Christ. Of these we have none except as He is viewed in His redeeming work on our behalf. His birth in our nature constitutes the beginning in time of that saving life. Coming from God, Himself true God, and indeed God's own eternal Son, He was sent to redeem us from sin, death, and everlasting condemnation. That work embraced all His life in the flesh, from its beginning in Bethlehem until its completion in the Ascension. His teachings, His miracles, His entire obedience to the whole will and law of God in all its parts as related to our human life ; so also His sufferings and death— all these make up that offering which ascended and still ascends as "a sweet smelling savour before God" on our behalf. His death in our nature for us as an atonement for sin, actually putting away transgression ; and His resurrection from the dead for our justification, secure for us in faith all the blessed results of His work ; and plant an eternal hope even in the graves of His saints. Referring our assurance and hope to its ultimate analysis it is Christ crucified, and risen again, and ever living as our Intercessor. Reaching His deepest humiliation in His burial, in his descent into the grave, He conquered death and hell in their own dominions, and thereby destroyed all their power over His people. Because He arose in triumph they need fear no danger for themselves, nor for those who are buried in Christian hope ; yea, they shall also come forth in the body of His glory, and shall be with Him forever. Not more certainly has Christ borne our sin-penalty, and secured our righteousness, than He has entered the grave and conquered death for us. Risen from the dead Himself He will draw after Him in the resurrection all united to Him by faith. We bury out of sight those who depart hence in the Lord. But ours is not a hopeless sorrow. They are with Him in rest and peace as they pass beyond this life. Their bodies sleep, to be raised again to immortal life and glory, because Jesus, the Prince of life, conquered death and the grave, and liveth forevermore. Standing by the open grave in which are lowered our dear departed we may now and always exult with the holy Apostle, "O death where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?" And, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ?" This is, and must be always our hope and rejoicing : He died,

and rose again ; and we partakers in His salvation and victory. Let our faith grow continually in that blessed truth.

Nor is it less true, or important, that all our Christian hopes center in this glorious triumph of our blessed Lord over the grave. Our forgiveness and justification before God, our adoption as sons, our gracious blessings in the life that now is, as our hopes for the life to come, all are secured, confirmed, and sealed to us in His resurrection from the dead. As Easter is the very crown of His finished work, God's act accepting all that He had done ; so does it guarantee to Christians every promise now and hereafter. Since He is risen our sins are forgiven, and we fully accepted in Him. We have in this the assurance that God will be faithful in every condition of life, present to succor in any time of need ; and present to transmute every trial into a higher spiritual blessing. Indeed, since He arose the Conqueror of death, not only shall His people share in the same victory, but "all things work together for good," and press toward the future glory. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Here then is our comfort in this very trial of the present life. It is substantial, resting on a foundation which can never be moved. It is better, far better than human sympathy however sincere, and can hold the trusting heart amid all the disquiet and sorrows common to our evil world. For since our Lord has risen and ascended to heaven all His people are to be gathered where He is, that they may live with Him forever. "I go to prepare a place for you ; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." But *with* Him and *to* Him in the way by which He reached His rest and glory. He endured all manner of sufferings for us, bearing the cross of our shame, that He might be crucified thereon in our stead. But it was not from Calvary into His glory, richly as such sufferings merited so highly a reward. Into the deeper humiliation of the grave He descended, that, conquering all its power, He might destroy its terror, and make it a safe passage into His eternal rest and peace. We will not complain that He leads us by the same way to the place prepared,—that sorrows come to us as to Him, or that the cross often presses heavily, oh so heavily, upon us as we journey thitherward — for this we will not complain, since it all leads after Him and into His blessedness. Or that some are gathered thither sooner than we, taken away from the evil to come — at all this we will not complain, however heavy the present sorrow. We are sure that they are

safe who are gone before, they who lived and died in the Lord ; and that we who remain in the conflict will be kept through grace until deliverance comes. Our Lord walks with us and in the end will give us the same victory. The end will be our resurrection, reunion with each other in the Lord, and eternal life in the Kingdom of His glory. All is secured to us in the precious truth of one passage. O let us not fear death and the grave for ourselves, or for those who depart hence in the Lord. He has overcome for Himself and us, and made it a safe way into His presence. They pass beyond time and sense, and beyond our conscious communion with them. But surely we can trust them to Him who has redeemed them. "Therefore let us sorrow not as those who have no hope." We believe they are with Him, safe and blessed. We believe that we shall also share in the same happy deliverance, and be with those who have gone before. We will therefore wait in patience, be trustful and confident, knowing that : is faithful who has promised. Yes, rising above our present sorrow, as the skylark above the storm in his singing, we will say, "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." With such a faith on such a fact, we may with the apostle, "glory in tribulations also."

And with the comfort of this scripture concerning the departed there is also a lesson which we are to be always at learning. This is the discipline of present sorrow. All the trials of this state are intended to be educational to God's children, maturing character, and preparing for higher uses and better service. This end enters into the divine purposes concerning the Christian as certainly as does his salvation. God does not afflict merely that we may be comforted ; or remove our dear ones only that He may give us His support. This He most certainly does in the manifold trials through which He is here and now leading His people. But there is a practical and large purpose in the divine thought in the bereavements sent upon the children of God. It is discipline, correction, chastisement, and this with a view to the maturity of Christian character. We need patience ; and this is learned in the school of trial. Unshaken faith in God we need ; and we learn this where Abraham learned it in being called to surrender the dearest object of his earthly affections. And we need uncomplaining submission to the divine will, entire willingness to let God lead when and as He sees best. And above all, or rather including all, we need to be brought to regard and esteem the things unseen as the most real and precious ; and this too we learn only

as God removes earthly supports and comforts, and leaves us alone with Him as our refuge and strength. I know not why trials are distributed with such apparent partiality : to some in such large measure ; and to others again with such scant hand. It may be that God sees that many who bear His name are too weak to endure the trial. Of this we may not judge. But this is true, and in accord with all the analogies of the divine government natural and moral, that strong spiritual characters are developed and matured by hard trial, and that the best service is rendered by those who learned in the school of self-denial and suffering. The affliction may be heavy, such as that fallen on the dear family whose head God has removed. But we know that the afflictions of this present life are "light," however heavy they may be, are "light," yea, "not worthy to be compared to the glory to be revealed." To reach that glory one might well walk through martyr fires ; and count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of the revelation awaiting the sons of God. The way to it may be hard and rough, and even long; but the end is life forevermore. God help us to press toward it.

No mistakes are made by our Father in the way in which He leads His dear children through this present evil world. That may not be smooth, or direct, or a high way to the eye of sense. It may appear all involved and confusing, like the unfinished work of the artist to the inapt pupil. But to Him whose plan it is, and whose wisdom knows the end from the beginning, there is method in every touch and line of the work, and its finished beauty will evoke the admiration of angels, *aye even* the approval of God Himself. Let Him, oh let Him have His way with thee, that His work in thee may be glorious. "He doeth all things well," "all things well," "well for thee."

Our friend and brother departed, will be missed, most sadly missed by so many of us. Missed most of all in the home whose head and staff he was, and yet truly missed in the community, in the congregation, in the institution, served by him so long and faithfully, in the church he loved and defended with pen and voice, with head and heart. Indeed we all to-day mourn our loss and mingle our grief in this common sorrow. But he served interests which God is pledged to protect; and therefore no one of these can suffer by his removal. God, the Father, will keep in His tender care and love these most directly bereaved; He will guard the institution in the future as in the past; and his Church, for which all else is kept, He will keep and defend until the per-

fect day. It is ours to labor on, and trust on, and suffer on, holding on to faith and hope in seasons prosperous and adverse, until He whom we serve summon us hence into the communion and blessedness of those who have entered before into His rest and joy. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. T. L. SEIP, D. D.,
President of Muhlenberg College, at the Funeral of Prof. M. H. Richards, D. D.,
in St. John's Lutheran Church, Dec. 15, 1898.

In the early morn of Monday last the startling report came to us that Dr. Richards had died. We could hardly believe it, so confidently had we hoped that his recovery was only a question of time. Had he been called away during the first week of his alarming illness, we would have been better prepared for the shock, but having successfully passed, as we had fondly hoped and prayed, the crisis of his disease, we looked for his speedy restoration to health and strength, and the important labors to which he had devoted his life. But it was not God's will to prolong his earthly toils. He had finished the work which the Lord gave him to do.

Verily, "In the midst of life we are in death." It was but a few short weeks since he went in and out among us in the discharge of his duties in the college, the Church and the community. Now his mortal remains lie before us in the icy embrace of death, while his soul has gone to God who gave it. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," and may we all be enabled by the grace of God, notwithstanding our sore bereavement, to say also with his servant of old, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"My thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." Isaiah 55: 9. What a blessing it is that we are not left to our own thoughts and ways, to mere human reason and wisdom for light and comfort in the darkness and suffering that oppress our souls, when those nearest and dearest to us are taken away by death. Thanks be to God! He has revealed His thoughts and ways to us in His blessed word, which assures us that *all* things work together for good to them that love Him. This is the consolation, which our Heavenly Father gives to all His true children in every time of affliction. This is our comfort in the loss and sore bereavement which we suffer in the departure of our esteemed brother and fellow-laborer.

When we look upon his quiet features, and think of his soul, ransomed by the blood of the Lamb, at peace and at home with God, released from the toils and trials of this mortal life, we write with sacred joy, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth :Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them."

It has been deemed proper that I should address you briefly on this mournful occasion, as the representative of Muhlenberg College, of which our departed brother was the senior professor at the time of his death. If the proprieties of the time permitted me to consult my own feelings, I would prefer to sit with my esteemed colleagues of the faculty, and in silence drop my tears of sympathy with the bereaved family and friends of him who was so near to us all. But this is no ordinary occasion. We are about to lay away in the silent tomb the mortal remains of one who was officially and most intimately associated with us in the work of the college almost from the beginning of its history, with the exception of a few years spent in the pastoral office at Indianapolis. It is therefore eminently appropriate that the feelings and sentiments of the college community, the trustees, faculty and students, should find some expression, however inadequate, on this occasion.

We have come to pay our heart-felt respect to his memory ; to bear our testimony to his worth, and the affection in which he was held by his associates in the college. To us all, his death has come as a personal bereavement, and to me it is this, and even more, if I may use the expression. Since the death of the lamented Dr. Garber, he has been the last member of our faculty who was associated with me in the early years and struggles of the college. Our acquaintance ante-dated even this period. We had been college mates and graduates of the same institution ; and, in the providence of God, were called here to the same work, at nearly the same time. We labored together in the college all these years, with the exception of a few years spent by Dr. Richards in the West, to which I have already alluded, until September 1896, when that good and faithful servant of the Lord, Dr. Garber, was called to his reward. He was the first to enter into rest. Now the Lord has summoned the second to lay down his earthly toils and come up higher, and, in His providence, the mournful duty of officiating at the obsequies of both has fallen upon me. The last of my colleagues that labored with me in the early history of our institution has been taken from my side, and his death is to me a personal bereavement in a special sense.

It affords me a sad pleasure to bear my personal and official testimony to his eminent ability, worth and character, and his fidelity in the various relations which we sustained to each other through all these years.

He was a most valuable member of the faculty of the college.

His versatility, which enabled him to teach in different departments as occasion required, and his readiness to undertake additional labors whenever necessary, were important elements in his success, increasing his usefulness to the institution in the past.

Dr. Richards was no ordinary man. He was gifted by nature with a clear mind, keen intellect and brilliant talents, which he had cultivated by exact and liberal studies and extensive reading of the best literature, ancient and modern. Descended in a direct line from the Patriarch Muhlenberg; the son of a distinguished scholar and divine of our Church, he enjoyed all the advantages of a refined and cultured Christian home, and of a superior training in the liberal arts, in school and college, as a preparation for his life-work. He grew up among books and scholars, and what is especially to his credit, improved his opportunities, so that he himself attained a distinguished reputation as a writer and scholar.

He wielded a ready pen, and used it most generously for many years in writing for our Church and Sunday School papers and periodicals.

He was also one of the most ready speakers that I ever knew, whether in the pulpit, on the floor of the Conference or Synod, or on the rostrum.

His discourses were clear, logical, rich in thought; at times argumentative and profound; at times in a lighter vein, copiously illustrated, and sparkling with wit and humor for which he was especially distinguished. Wit was as natural to him, and bubbled and sparkled as freely and brilliantly from his mind, as living waters from a fountain. So natural indeed was it to him, that it was difficult for him to restrain it. As a teacher, preacher, lecturer and public speaker, as may be inferred from what has already been said of his varied talents and attainments, he was popular, instructive and interesting.

In the narrower circle of his intimates he was most genial and companionable. With strangers he was apt to be reserved, but among friends was a most delightful and stimulating conversationalist. It was an intellectual treat to converse with him, to enjoy not only the play of his humor, but also the practical wisdom for which he was no less distinguished.

My colleagues of the faculty will agree with me, when I say that, at our stated weekly meetings, we shall sadly miss his genial companionship, and active participation in the counsels and work of the faculty. He was respected and beloved by the students, who sent him tokens of their affection during his illness, which were greatly appreciated by him as well as by his family.

He was well known and highly esteemed by all the trustees of the college, and with a number of them, was intimately associated in Church work. It will be difficult for them to fill his place. The brief time and the proprieties of the occasion do not permit me to enlarge more fully on what I consider the leading traits of our departed brother. Nor dare I dwell longer on his labors for the college and the Church. Much must here remain untold, which is known to many of you, and will yet be sung in his praise. But a word must be added before I close with regard to the place which he filled in this community outside the college and the Church. I refer especially to his participation in local public school work, as a member, for a number of years, of the educational boards of Allentown; and, also to his active interest and membership in the Oratorio Society, the leading musical organization of our city.

He was deeply interested in the cause of popular education, and was a strong advocate of every measure that had in view the improvement of our schools. As Secretary of the Board of Control his services were invaluable, and no one knows better than his associates on the Board and the teachers in our public schools, the importance to the school children of Allentown of his efforts in their behalf.

It is eminently fitting that our school boards and teachers, by their presence on this occasion, attest their appreciation of his work and pay their last respects to the memory of the dead.

Dr. Richards was also interested in the cultivation of the musical talent and taste of our people.

It has been well said that music is the hand-maiden of religion, and our city has long been noted for its devotion to this divine art. Dr. Richards has helped to increase the reputation of Allentown in this respect by his active membership in our Oratorio Society, and especially in its Executive Board. He was deeply interested in the prosperity of the association, and I think I am right in saying that his last appearance before the public was when he participated in the concert given by the society.

shortly before his fatal illness. He spent many a happy hour with this society, and none will mourn his loss more sincerely than its members.

He was a member also of other social organizations in which the cheerful, sunny side of his character was most thoroughly appreciated. He touched the life of this community at many points, and in his death it has suffered a grievous loss. This large assembly, representing the various interests of the Church and of this community, with which he was prominently identified, attests the esteem in which he was held, and the appreciation of his faithful work. Though, "he has finished the work which the Lord gave him to do," yet that work will go on, and bless generations yet unborn. "He being dead yet speaketh," for "his works do follow him." Men die, but God still lives, and raises up others to carry forward His work.

Whatever Dr. Richards may have been to others, he was most, by far, to the bereaved members of his family. They will miss him as no others can. Words are incapable of expressing the deep sympathy which we all feel for them. May the God of consolation, our kind Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, take them in His holy keeping, and comfort them by the rich promises of His word. Amen.

IN MEMORIAM.

Can he be dead? No! he has gone away
To meet his Lord. That which we call "to die"
Is but a sweet translation to the sky.
God called him home with Him fore'er to stay.—
With Christ to reign through heaven's eternal day.
His summons came so soon, we know not why,
That we were almost to despairing nigh,
But God is God, and we can only say,
"Thy will be done, then all things must be well,"
His sun to us has set, but it shall rise
On shores above,—for here his work is done,—
On grander scenes than tongue or pen can tell.
His body rests, but far beyond the skies
His spirit lives with God, blest Three in One.

L. F. GRUBER, '98.

MODEL CITIZEN DEAD

Rev. Dr. M. H. Richards Passed Away Early This Morning

SAD LOSS TO CHURCH AND EDUCATION

He Filled a Great Measure of Usefulness—A Ripe Scholar, Earnest, Able Preacher, Experienced Educator, Forceful Writer and Worthy Citizen.

Allentown this morning lost one of its most distinguished citizens and the Lutheran Church one of its ablest and most profound scholars and divines in the death of Rev. Dr. M. H. Richards, Professor of English Language and Literature and Mental and Social Science of Muhlenberg College. Dr. Richards' death occurred at quarter past three o'clock at his home, No. 394 Union street, after an illness of just two weeks. Dr. Richards suffered for a longer time than that, but it was just two weeks ago that he took to bed, suffering from obstruction of the bowels. His condition during the subsequent few days was critical, and Dr. John Deaver, of the German Hospital, Philadelphia, a noted specialist, was summoned to assist Dr. Charles S. Martin in the treatment of the case. About ten days ago Dr. Richards found relief and from that time until last Saturday the patient seemed to be on the road to rapid recovery. Saturday evening, however, Dr. Richards was attacked with cramps, but his condition was not so grave as to cause any serious apprehension. Yesterday he rallied and was able to sit up in bed for a short time. About midnight, however, his condition became alarming and when Drs. Martin and E. H. Dickenschied were summoned they found that their patient's system had collapsed, resulting in his death three hours later.

SKETCH OF DR. RICHARDS' LIFE.

Rev. Dr. Matthias Henry Richards was born June 17, 1841, at Germantown, and was, consequently, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His parents were Rev. Dr. Wm. Richards and his wife, Andora (Garber) Richards. His father was a distinguished divine of the Lutheran Church and was pastor of a number of churches in the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. Prominent among them were the churches at Trappe and Reading. He died at the latter place in 1854. The grandmother of Dr. Richards was Mary

Salome Muhlenberg, a daughter of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the first missionary of the Lutheran Church among the Germans of Pennsylvania. His mother's family were among the early settlers of Montgomery county, where many of them still reside.

DR. RICHARDS' EARLY LIFE.

The early years of Rev. Dr. Richards were spent at Germantown, Easton, where his school days were begun, and at Reading, where he graduated from High School and later prepared for college. He entered Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in 1856, and graduated with second honor and Latin salutatory in 1860. He began to teach school at Frederick, Montgomery county, for one year and subsequently he was for two years tutor at Pennsylvania College. In the meantime he pursued privately his theological studies, but about the time that he was ready to enter the seminary he, in 1863, enlisted in the emergency troops as a member of Company A, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania militia, to head off General Lee's invasion of the State. He was mustered out in July, 1863, and in the fall of the same year he entered the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg and in June of the following year was ordained at the meeting of the Ministerium at Pottstown. During that year he supplied the pulpit of St. James' Lutheran Church, Reading, and subsequently that of Trinity Church at the same place. He also taught school for some time in the Academy of Professor M. L. Hofford, of this city.

In the summer of 1865 he took charge of the congregation at South Easton, but in January of the following year he became pastor of St. James' Lutheran Church, at Greenwich, N. J., where he remained until November, 1867.

HIS CAREER AT MUHLENBERG COLLEGE.

In 1868 Dr. Richards was elected Professor of English and Latin at Muhlenberg College and after having several months discharged the duties of his position he moved to Allentown in the fall of that year. In the spring of 1874 he resigned the professorship to accept a call to the pastorate of a Lutheran Church at Indianapolis. During his connection with Muhlenberg College he served Grace Lutheran Church, Phillipsburg, N. J. At Indianapolis he was instrumental in the erection of a new church edifice.

In 1877, Muhlenberg College having been reorganized and put under Synodical control, Dr. Richards was induced to accept his former position, which he held up to the time of his death. For several years after his return to Allentown he gave much of

his time to church work. He resuscitated Trinity Church at Catasauqua, and supplied the pulpit until the congregation was able to support a pastor of its own. For a year he also supplied the pulpit of Grace Church, Bethlehem. Since then, however, he has devoted most of his time to college work.

While nominally Professor of Languages and Literature, Dr. Richards taught at different times everything in the college course except Natural Science, and was one of the most indefatigable members of the faculty. From 1886 up to the time of his death he was Secretary of the faculty.

Dr. Richards took an active interest in the schools of this city and for a number of years was a member of the Second Ward Section Board of Directors. In 1880 he was elected a member of the Board of Control and since 1883, Secretary of the latter.

Dr. Richards gave much time during the past twenty years of his life to literary work. Since 1880 he edited the *Church Lesson Leaves* and *The Helper* for use in Lutheran Sunday schools. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Lutheran Church Messenger*, *Gettysburg Quarterly* and *Lutheran Church Review*. He also published a catechism for children, entitled "The Beginners' Catechism." Dr. Richards also lectured frequently and in all educational and church activities he was a faithful laborer.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Dr. Richards by Pennsylvania College in June, 1889, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry.

In June, 1866, Dr. Richards was married to Miss Sallie M. McLean, daughter of Hon. Moses McLean, of Gettysburg, who, with the following children, survives: Rev. John W. Richards, of Lancaster; Mrs. Reeves Stockton, of Philadelphia; and Misses Adelaide P., Rosa M. and Annie Richards, of this city. He also leaves a brother, H. M. M. Richards, of Reading, and a sister, Mrs. Adelaide Craig, of this city.

Dr. Richards was a member of the Livingston Club, of this city, and of the Pennsylvania German Society. At the last annual meeting of the latter in this city in October Dr. Richards read a paper on "The German Emigration from the New York Province into Pennsylvania."

Of Dr. Richards it can in truth be said that the world is better for his living and poorer for his death. The inexpressible grief and gloom that has overshadowed his family through his death will strike an answering chord in the hearts of hundreds of

those who loved and admired him ; loved him for those genial qualities of mind and heart, that sunny nature, that unruffled disposition, that intangible, invisible force which for want of a better name men call magnetism and which only needed daily association to rivet the ties of friendship so strongly and firmly that only death could sever them. He was admired for his commanding intellect, his brilliant talents, the apparent inexhaustible resources of a mind stored with wisdom garnered from every field of study and research, combined with a wit and humor which never stung but always pointed a tale and adorned a moral.

He will be missed, sadly misssed, in every sphere of human activity which can be encompassed in the life work of one man. As a stone cast into a pond causes ever widening circles to form until they wash its futhermost edge, so was the influence of a man like that of Dr. Richards. To such a man's work there are no boundary lines. He will be missed by hundreds to whom he was at once teacher, guide, counselor and friend. He shaped their youthful minds, he guided their faltering footsteps to where Duty sat enthroned upon the threshold of their careers that they might do that which was given them to do with honor to themselves, with fidelity to the trust reposed in them and with that faith in God which is the cornerstone of every good and perfect work.

He will be missed by those to whom he declared and interpreted the word of his Ma-ster with so clear an understanding, so thorough a conception of the underlying principles of his text, and with such masterly powers of reasoning and argumentation that the simplest could comprehend and the most learned be edified.

His fame as a lecturer and writer was no less great. While in no sense an orator and with no pretenses to the mere graces of speech and brilliancy of oratory, he nevertheless always commanded the closest attention and interest of his hearers. His arguments were clear cut and logical, his humor sparkling, his wit trenchant. He rarely indulged in any brilliant flights of rhetoric. He appealed to man's reason, not to his emotions. He annalyzed and expounded, instead of beclouding wisdom by meaningless, if glowing, figures of rhetoric. Many of his writings and lectures are, however, models of rhetorical power and graceful moulding of thought. As a humorist he ranked high, and those who heard his post-prandial lectures at the Chautauqua Summer School at Mt. Gretna, were as much charmed by there homely philosophy

and sound common sense, as they were pleased by the wit and humor which flashed and scintillated like diamonds on a cloth of gold.

In the cause of education he was ever the fearless champion of everything that advanced the educational facilities of the youth of this city. His work as secretary of the Board of Control will never be forgotten. Neither time nor space will permit the tribute which his work deserves in this respect, but his work lives in the improved curriculum of our schools and his memory will ever be enshrined in the hearts of those who were the beneficiaries of his unselfish labor in their behalf—the school children of Allentown.

His mind had many facets and many ramifications. There was hardly a channel of mental activity in which it was not engaged. Everything appealed to him. He saw "books in running brooks, sermons in stones and God in everything." In one particular sphere will he leave an aching void and that is in the Oratorio Society, of which he was a member, as well as of its Executive Board. How much he had to do in shaping and guiding its course only his fellow-members on the board know. His advice was always sought, his counsel always obeyed. Music to him was a relaxation of the mind from heavier and more engrossing work and it is safe to say that among the happiest hours of his life were those spent in the Oratorio Society.

But no eulogy can do justice to his ripened intellect, to the manliness of his character, the nobility of his soul, the integrity of his manhood and to a name and reputation unblemished and unspotted, the richest heritage he can leave to his children. His unexpected death is a cruel shock. He died all too soon. His work was not yet finished. The hands that held and guided the implements and tools that ever wrought and fashioned for the true, the good and the beautiful were not yet palsied with age or shaken by disease, but he was stricken in the midst of his work and the fulness of his strength. The summons came, and it is not for us to murmur against decrees which we cannot understand nor comprehend. The Lord doeth all things well and in submission to the Divine will must all heads and hearts be bowed.

[The above article from the pen of Mr. O. S. Heninger appeared in the Allentown Chronicle and News of Dec. 12, 1898 and was so excellent a characterization of the lamented Dr. Richards that we decided to reprint here in full, we thus desire to give Mr. Heninger credit for his very good article.—The Editor.]

—here toiled and taught
 Men who, save duty, reckoned naught
 Of life had price or solid worth ;
 Whose moulding hands sent yearly forth
 Aid to the world, and, for reward,
 Received in turn scarce the regard
 Of those whose needs they fed so well,
 Imparting learning's mighty spell.
 These are the stars, that shining bright,
 Bid us despair not of the night :
 These are the proofs to longing eyes
 That anxious look up to the skies.
 No ! fate has yet much good in store
 While men are found, lovers of lore,
 Who lead such lives, revere such task ;
 Who nothing from the proud world ask
 But that they may its blessing prove ;
 Whose life is freely spent in love
 Of that which true is, good, and right ;
 Believing still, in these the might
 Of God is found,—the glory-way
 That leads on to the perfect day !

* * * * *

We will but miss life's final aim
 By ling'ring greed t' espy our fame,
 And wonder indolent to know
 What after years of us may show !
 Work by the pattern for thee set,
 Work steadily, nor tarry yet
 Thy loom to halt, once and again,
 To see what rank thou hold'st with men.
 Below's the pattern—not above—
 Unseen by us, though to the love
 Of God all clear and plain it lies.
 How can we estimate the prize
 We shall receive, or tell the place
 We then shall have, in that great race
 Where all men run, where some shall win,
 Where faith gives wings, where weights of sin
 Keep back the foolish, loeth to part
 From petted folly hugged to heart.

Speed on thy shuttle, Life, and weave
 For each one here, that none may grieve
 When from the loom the web unrolled
 Shall final fate for each unfold.
 Oh, let it be some garment rare,
 Some robe exceeding all compare

With modest hope, self-estimate
 Of merit held in present state.
 Speed on thy shuttle, Life, make haste !
 Thy moments scant, thou must not waste
 Their 'bated sum, lest night shall fall
 Before thou hast completed all
 Our rich attire to robe us in
 When we at last the triumph win !

To and fro,
 To and fro,
 Ye shuttles, go !

The toil of all Earth's years
 At last complete appears.
 Against that day Life's loom hath wrought ;
 Accept, O Lord, the web it's brought !

(The above lines are extracts from a poem by Dr. Richards, which was read before the Xi Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, June 29th, 1882, on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial of Pennsylvania College.—*The Editor.*)

SHRINKING IN.

BY PROF. M. H. RICHARDS, D. D.

[This article was printed in "The Lutheran" of Dec. 29, 1898, and was highly appreciated by its many readers. It seems very appropriate to use it in this memorial edition of THE MUHLENBERG, especially since the closing part of it sounds like the Doctor's *Swan Song*.—*The Editor.*]

The year is shrinking in ! Daylight is its life ; and darkness its death : darkness is sharply strangling daylight, the length of the night grows at both ends. We awaken to call it early, and rise abashed to find how late it is. We eat our suppers by artificial light, and are amazed to find a long evening stretching out behind them. The trees have shaken down their adornment of leaves like wrestlers stripping off superfluous raiment ; and the flowers in the gardens have fled like summer friends when the food and drink run low. There have been nights when the distant sounds which were soft and low all summer have been sharp and loud ; and the skies have been leaden and the atmosphere chill with damp moisture. Some of these nights it will snow ; and we shall waken to find the year dead, shrouded for burial.

The world is shrinking in ! It was once so far to other places ; and now they are so near. The west was once over the state line ; and now the Pacific coast has moved in and the west is beyond

it. Europe was once an achievement of travel, but now it is a holiday incident. South America was a sort of other world, and now our warships linger there to celebrate a holiday. Asia was a dream ; now it is at the door-step of our Philippines. Hawaii was recognized as foreign missionary ground : to day it is a way-station on the route to Australia. It was an amusing myth, a flight of imagination, to go around the world in eighty days, related in a book hardly yet out of copyright ; but no self respecting tourist firm would advertise such a trip now as requiring more than the two holiday months,—less if you are in a hurry ! Africa ! Why, it was an unknown, unexplored land, the resting place in our geography studies ! Now, by rail and by steam, it is almost ready to yield itself up from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope ! Our life is shrinking in, for many of us ! We, too, are in the season of gathering into barn and garner whatever we have sown and harvested. We must come within the gates now, stand a siege, post watchful sentinels, measure water and weigh bread, save ammunition and risk no loss of combatants. The mirror begins to tell us unpleasant truths, and even the well meant cheer of friends betrays their thought : they never dreamed in years gone by to tell us " how young " we were looking ! Yes, we are shrinking in, in energies and in possibilities. The night is coming and work is ending, the workmen follow in youth and strong manhood.

What shall we do ! Much depends on what we have already done. When the year shrinks in, we simply change our occupations somewhat, and rejoice in our homes as we never do in summer's outdoor life. When sunlight fails we flash forth a myriad lights ; and when the chill comes down we drive it away with warmth contrived out of the sunshine of days long past. We welcome these long nights that give us time for church and home, for study and society, and yet leave room for sleep. We grow stronger and brighter as we wrestle with the cold and the storm. Yes, if we have already done that which was needed !

The world grows smaller ? Then mission work should grow larger ; and hearts and minds should be able to take it all in. Was there ever a time of such opening of doors and overturning of barriers ? Shall the greed of gain and the lust of dominion leap into life fires fanned by forced draught, and the spirit that would make the kingdoms of this earth the kingdom of its Christ die out, expire in scattered ashes ? What will we do ? Have we the will to do, as we have the power to perform ? The world shrinks with-

in our grasp : will we grasp it, hold it, wrestle for a blessing for it?

Our life shrinks in? Only for a rebound! It is but the bending back of the bow that it may speed the arrow. When the year is darkest we keep Christmas day. Life does not shrink in, as bodily force does, when that Christ for us has become the Christ in us. We can live just as strongly in hope, waiting for the eternal New Year. We shall not need these things that are shrivelling and shrinking much longer, these things we have been used to think ourselves. Our year is just about to open, as the bud does into the flower. Our world is shrinking and ready to drop, as the blossom, because eternity, as the fruit, is forcing its way. Shrinking in? Then let us be thankful, hopeful, resting upon His love and His grace, waiting His coming.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

BY THE FACULTY.

At a meeting of the faculty of Muhlenberg College, Tuesday, December 13th, 1898, the following resolutions were passed with reference to the death of Rev. Professor M. H. Richards, D. D.:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, working in a way mysterious and unfathomable to us, has suddenly called from our midst our beloved companion and highly esteemed co-laborer of many years, Rev. Professor M. H. Richards, D. D.

RESOLVED, That we hereby record our deep and poignant sorrow at his death, and cheerfully bear testimony to his genius as a writer, his ready wit and forceful logic as a speaker, his ability as a teacher, his faithfulness as a member and officer of the faculty, as well as to his high standing in the community for character and public service.

RESOLVED, That we realize most keenly the loss our institution has suffered in the removal of one so richly endowed in such varied directions as to be equally eminent in the recitation room, in the pulpit, on the floor of Synod, in the editorial chair, and in the work of public education.

RESOLVED, That as a mark of our sorrow and respect, the recitations of the college be suspended until Friday, December 16th; and that the faculty and students attend the funeral services on Thursday next, in due form and order.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the daily papers of the city, in *The Lutheran* and THE MUHLENBERG, and a copy thereof be sent to the sorely-bereaved widow and family of our deceased friend

and colleague, as an assurance of our sincere and heartfelt sympathy with them in their great sorrow, and of our prayers in their behalf to the God of all consolation, that He may sustain and comfort them in this bitter trial with His loving presence and His precious promise to the afflicted and bereaved.

By order of the faculty,

Attest: J. A. Bauman, Sec.

T. L. SEIP, President.

BY THE STUDENTS.

WHEREAS, The Almighty and Allwise God has seen fit to take from us our beloved teacher and friend, Rev. Prof. Matthias H. Richards, D. D., therefore be it

RESOLVED, By the student body of Muhlenberg College, in meeting assembled, that it is our desire to make public acknowledgement and record of our high esteem for his work; our great regard for his life; and our sincere grief at his death.

RESOLVED, That his work in the class-room has been highly appreciated, and his life a true Christian example to all with whom he labored, and whom he directed from day to day.

RESOLVED, That although in his death we own our loss, a deep felt loss, for the teacher and for the friend; yet let our prayer be, "O Lord, preserve us from anguish of heart and despair of thy mercy."

RESOLVED, That we extend our sincere sympathies to the bereaved family of the departed, in this hour of affliction, and that we attend the funeral in a body.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be engrossed and handed to the family of the deceased; a copy be placed among the archives of the college; the same be printed in the local papers and in **THE MUHLENBERG**.

W. A. HAUSMAN, JR.,
J. O. HENRY,
F. S. KUNTZ,
E. D. S. BOYER,

G. K. RUBRECHT,
H. E. SHIMER,
A. K. HECKEL,
G. S. FEGLY,

Committee.

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Editorial.

DR. RICHARDS.

We have returned for another session. We shall begin another year which, hardly having been begun, will already be ending. So the years pass and endless change takes its resistless course. We have returned—but one has not. One, who was accustomed to greet us at the opening of each returning session, is no longer here. It is now, when we think of entering his class-room again, that we anew lament our late beloved Professor, Dr. Matthias H. Richards. We who knew him as teacher and instructor can testify to his versatility, his wealth of illustration, and his unceasing wit, which he used to such great advantage in the class room, making our recitations a source of genuine pleasure and profitable enjoyment. More we need not add to the many tributes already so justly paid so deserving a man.

We mourn the loss that our College has sustained by being deprived of his inestimable services. Our kindest sympathies are with those from whose home such a kind and loving father has gone. We are sorry indeed that the New Year does not find him among the living here but rejoice in the hope that the greetings of an eternal "Happy New Year" are extended to him above.

To the memory of our Professor, so dear to us all, we dedicate this number of THE MUHLENBERG.

College Happenings.

Forecast for January:—Sophomore Banquet and Freshmen Sleighride.

The Sophomore Class presented Dr. Bauman with a turkey as a Christmas present.

At the monthly meeting of the Missionary Society two interesting papers were read by Kopp, '99 and Erb, '00. Struub, '00, was elected treasurer, Erb having resigned.

Fegley, C., '00 to his Isabel—I am afraid if I mail you my photo it might be injured in the mails.

She—Charlie, why not send it in a paste board box. You can get nice ones at a confectioner's shop.

The Board of Trustees of our College held their semi-annual meeting on January 19.

At a regular monthly meeting of the Press Club the following officers were elected. Pres., Berg, '99; Vice Pres., Fegley, '00; Sec., Koch, '00; Treas., Beck, A. G., '00; Critics, Beck, W., '99; and Rex, '99.

Görsch, C. and Aschbach, members of 1901, have severed their relations with college and expect to enter the American Business College.

We were told that a certain Freshman presented his lady friend with a canary as a Christmas present. No doubt he is musically inclined.

The Junior Quartette rendered a few choice selections at the Christmas festival of the First Ward Mission Sunday School.

Brode—Where are you going Kuntz?

Kuntz—Down to the janitors for a little while and get my feet warm.

Carpenters have been busily at work during the Christmas vacation, erecting new cabinets in order to make room for the case of new instruments, to be used for experimental purposes in the scientific department. Two large cabinets have also been erected in Dr. Herbst's recitation room to store the anatomical specimens.

The saying, "accidents will happen," was very vividly illustrated by one which happened to a certain student during the

recent vacation. He happened to accompany a doctor who was making his visits with his sleigh, and while waiting for him at a certain house spied a lady friend of his and very obligingly offered to take her home in the sleigh. The offer was accepted, and they were no doubt enjoying the ride very much when their pleasure was suddenly marred by the sleigh upsetting, throwing both occupants out. Fortunately no one was hurt, but on getting up our friend was very much chagrined to find that his friend had skipped around a corner, having no doubt, decided to walk the remaining distance.

The appointment of Mr. John M. Yetter to fill the chair of English Language and Literature until a permanent Professor is elected is well received. Mr. Yetter graduated here with the class of '96. Since then he has been taking a course in Pedagogy, leading to the degree of Ph. D. at the University of the City of New York. Mr. Yetter had very nearly completed his course but discontinued his work in order to serve his Alma Mater. His stay with us may be short but let us try to make it pleasant.

THE INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE.

The inter society debate, a passing announcement of which was made in the last month's issue of THE MUHLENBERG was held on Friday evening, January 13th, in Y. M. C. A. Hall. The hall was filled with a large and learned audience, Allentown being represented by people who stand among the foremost in educational circles.

The stage was prettily decorated with the national colors. The chairman of the assembly was seated in the middle at a desk draped with the college colors. On either side of the stage a table was placed, one decorated with the colors of the Euterpean Literary Society, the other with those of Sophronia, around which the debaters were seated.

The students occupied the back part of the hall and made the walls resound with their yells. The question for debate was: "Resolved that the Recently Inaugurated Policy of Territorial Expansion will be Detrimental to the Welfare of Our Nation." The affirmative side was upheld by the representatives of Euterpea and the negative by those of Sophronia, each speaker being allowed ten minutes to speak with a rebuttal of four minutes. The question

is one which is to day agitating the minds of not only our politicians and statesmen, but every American citizen. This alone made it a very difficult question to debate upon, especially where so many critical eyes were fixed upon the speakers. In the face of all, both sides must be commended for the excellent arguments which were brought forth and deserved the well-merited praise which they received.

The decision was given in favor of the negative side.

The debate was a new departure for our College and it is hoped that the encouragement given it by the students and the public will warrant the undertaking of similar efforts in the future.

The following is a copy of the program used for the evening :

PROGRAM.

Music.

Prayer.

Music.

Debate.

RESOLVED, That the recently inaugurated policy of territorial expansion will be detrimental to the welfare of our nation.

Affirmative, Euterpea.

Negative, Sophronia.

Luther W. Fritch, '99.

Edward Raker, '99.

Willis Beck, '99.

Frank S. Kuntz, '00.

Edgar J. Heilman, '99.

Ambrose A. Kunkle, '99.

Music.

Decision of Judges.

Music.

Presiding Officer, Hon. H. W. Allison.

Judges, Rev. J. F. Pollock, D. D., Hon. R. E. Wright, Hon. C. J. Erdman.

Committee : Edward Raker, Chairman.

Euterpea : E. J. Heilman, '99, Willis Beck, '99, J. A. Klick, '99, A. B. Yerger, '00, G. K. Rubrecht, '01.

Sophronia : Edward Raker, '99, A. A. Kunkle, '99, H. A. Kunkle, '99, C. K. Fegley, '00, Percy Ruhe, '01.

THE FRESHMEN'S SLEIGHRIDE.

The most enjoyable event in the history of the class of 1902, thus far, took place on Monday evening, January 9th, 1899. The occasion will prove a memorable one, not only to the Freshmen, but to those Sophomores who attempted to cause trouble in the very beginning of the Annual Freshmen Sleighride. When near-

ly all of the Freshies had gathered at the appointed place, at 5th and Gordon Streets, from which place they intended to start on their ride to Saegersville, they heard that one of their men was captured and being hurriedly dragged towards college by a member of the Sophs. The Freshies were prompt in overtaking the bold kidnapers, but were not successful in bringing a halt until they reached the edge of the campus at the corner of 4th and Walnut Streets. For fully one-half an hour nothing was to be seen but a struggling mass of Sophs and Freshies; some wearing smiles, others raging glances—the Freshies fighting for their rights, the Sophs for fun. Finally "Teddie," the prize of the contest, was won by the Freshies who immediately started for Saegersville. Arriving here they were informed that the Sophs had tried to countermand their order for supper, but failed again. Then the highly elated class of 1902 marched to the dining room where the proprietor Mr. Miller and his corps of excellent cooks had in readiness the following most sumptuous repast :

MENU.			
Consomme.			
Entrees.		Chicken Salad.	
Mineral Waters.	Roast.	Relishes.	Celery.
English Pickles.	Chicken.	Waffles.	
Vegetables.	Dressed Tomatoes.		
Lettuce and Creamed Cheese.	Lehigh Corn.	Desert.	
Assorted Cakes.	Salted Almonds.	English Walnuts.	
Cream Nuts.	Raisins.	Apples.	
Frozen Peach.	Domestic Cheese.		Coffee.

After doing justice to themselves and the feast, they enjoyed some "Post Prandial Pyrotechnics," then repaired to the parlor where all indulged in various social amusements. Allentown was reached in time for dinner the following day, when the boys appeared to feel happier and more fully prepared to pursue their college work.

Editor's Table.

We gladly welcome all of our various exchanges, and wish them all a happy and prosperous new year.

The new appearance of the *Susquehanna* shows a great improvement.

Among the many interesting literary productions in the December number of the *Dickinsonian*, we would like to call special attention to the one on "Some Historic Christmas Days."

People may wonder what becomes of all the college graduates. Prof. Schwab of Yale accounts for them as follows: In round numbers the learned professions of law, medicine, divinity and teaching absorb 62 per cent. of the graduates to-day, whereas a hundred years ago they absorbed 92 per cent., while the business pursuits now claim 31 per cent., against only 6 per cent. in the earlier period; the ministry has dropped in the century from 39 to 6 or 7 per cent., while teaching has increased from 3 to 12 per cent.—*The Midland*.

1. The pale round moon in shimmering robes of white
Is wandering mid the misty maze of gleams
Overhead, and e'er with mournful mellow beams
Reveals the myriad mysteries of night.
Not e'en the slumbering waters heed the sprite
Who trips so lightly o'er the waves and seems
To rouse dull darkness from her dismal dreams
With mirrored torches scattered in his flight.
2. And, dear heart, while the glimmering shore lights pay
Faint flickering homage to yon yellow Queen,
And everywhere the skulking shadows play
At hide and seek with streaks of silvery sheen,
Fleet Cupid, dancing round our skiff, lets fall
Love's wonder-woven mantle over all.

L. H. HITCHLER, *Wesleyan Lit.*

The World of Letters.

Sir Henry Irving's "The Theater in its Relation to the State" has appeared in book form. It is a dignified plea for the stage as a factor in the education of the people.

Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh has given us a graphic account of his adventures in a book entitled, "The World's Rough Hand." The author followed the sea several years and went to Australia; where he became, in rapid succession a tramp, a silver-miner, a sheep-herder, a laborer, a clerk and a pearl diver. The book is a vivid description of the various experiences during his checkered career.

"Our West Indian Domain" by Robert T. Hill is a timely work upon our recently acquired possessions in the Antilles. The book is replete with authentic facts and figures for colonist and investor.

In "University Problems" Pres. Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, has gathered his addresses on educational subjects for a period of twenty-five years. It is the author's idea that it is not by devising new theories of education, but by educating men in new knowledge that universities do their work.

"Linnet" by Grant Allen is a romance of the Tyrol. The heroine is a little Tyrolese singer who marries a Monte Carlo gambler. The scheme is well developed and the language bright and entertaining.

A book which will soon be published, entitled "The Storm" by Avetis Mazarbek, promises to be an interesting work. It consists of a series of pictures of the daily life of the Christians in Armenia, at the present time.

"The Adventurers" by H. B. Marriott Watson deals with the familiar efforts of some good persons to recover a treasure in which they are assisted by some evil persons who are, as usual, worsted. Behind this groundwork, there is an interesting romance. The story moves with vigor and is very exciting.

"Miss America" by Alexander Black is a glowing tribute to the beauty and versatility of American girls. They are deservedly winning renown at home and abroad on account of their varied intellectual and social accomplishments. This no doubt is due to the high standard and efficient training received at the womens' colleges throughout the country.

"Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" is a series of short biographical sketches of the leading statesmen of our country. The author Mr. Hubbard has a clear, easy and suggestive style. One cannot read the pleasing and instructive sketches in the book without an accession of new and just ideas concerning some of the great figures in our national history.



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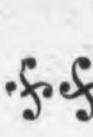
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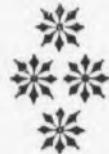
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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVI.

ALLENtown, PA., FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 6.

A SKULL'S TALE.

WILL A. HAUSMAN, JR., '99.

Lindsley Dulane had graduated from college in June. Even before he had entered college, he had settled,—or rather he had found his mind settled,—on becoming a physician. While at college so enwrapped with the idea of studying medicine had the boy been, that he was constantly reaching forward for such things as pertained more directly to it. In this way he oftentimes did not fully appreciate the need of a wide college training. If he stopped to think why he chose this profession in preference to any other line of work, he found his motives so entangled that analysis could not reveal the reason for his choice. So Lindsley went to a medical college.

The class he entered was composed of several hundred students, and had he not been thoroughly in love with his work, he soon would have tired of their talk. It was Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry etc., all the time. He heard nothing else. Now, he fully realized the need that a student of medicine has for a wide education. It was so pleasant to meet the college man and have a chat with him on subjects that did not always directly pertain to medicine. He had not lost his love for a good book, and reading was a pleasant deviation from routine work.

One evening before he commenced to study, he pulled down "Pickwick Papers" from his book-case. He never tired of it. He had read it before, and was again almost through the first volume. He finished the first volume and walked over to start the second, but it was not there. "Let me see, whom did I give that," said Lindsley. "Well, I feel like the man that said, 'it is bad enough not to get back books you have loaned, but to have one volume of a book as a reminder that the other is gone, is simply unendurable'." He remembered that some one had borrowed it. So he pulled down his Gray's Anatomy.

There would be a "quizz" on the skull in the morning and he started to study. The student was fortunate in owning a well articulated skeleton. He walked over to a closet where he kept it, and brought out the skeleton. It had a ring fastened to the top of the skull, and by means of this was hung from a hook on the bottom of the chandelier. After having walked back and forth from his Gray's Anatomy to the skeleton for nearly two hours, Lindsley became tired and flung himself into a rocking-chair. A strange yet natural thought entered the student's mind as he sat looking at the skeleton swinging from the chandelier. "I wonder who you once were, and where you lived," said Lindsley aloud.

He had scarcely finished these words, when a peculiar sound came from the direction of the skeleton. It was a wiry, buzzing sound and seemed to be coming from the skull. Lindsley became startled. Alone with a skeleton; late at night; and with such thoughts as had just passed through the young man's mind, was certainly not conducive to steady nerves. He looked more closely and noticed that the noise came from the spring that held the lower jawbone in place. He smiled at his fright that the slipping of a jawbone improperly placed should make him a coward. But hardly had he become satisfied, when his nerves were completely unstrung by hearing a voice from the skull say, "Don't be scared, I'll answer your question. I'll tell you who I was and in addition a tale that may interest you."

"I was born in the quiet little Moravian village of Bethlehem, in the year 1756, and was a young man when the war broke out between the Colonies and England. Our locality, unlike the rest of the country, maintained that calmness that has always been characteristic of our sect. We saw that a war was inevitable, and were not surprised when the news reached Bethlehem of its outbreak. We were called upon to give men and money. But as a part of our religion, it was our desire to live at peace with all men. And we were not allowed to enter the army. Some went so far as to say that we were siding with the king, but this is as unjust as it is false. We gave money, clothing etc., but to keep a good conscience we dared not fight.

After the battle of Harlem Heights on Long Island in 1776, Washington retreated across the North river and led the army rapidly through New Jersey into Pennsylvania. The general hospital had been located at Morristown, New Jersey. This re-

treat necessitated its removal. Our village was, in the opinion of Washington, a suitable place for the location of the hospital. It was on December 3, 1776, when Bishop Ettwein received a communication from 'John Warren, General Surgeon of the Continental Hospital,' stating that by order of Washington the hospital would be removed to Bethlehem. We were like one family and I distinctly remember when Bishop Ettwein read the letter to us. The last words especially impressed me. 'And you will do the greatest act of humanity by immediately providing proper buildings for its reception.'

We at once put in readiness the 'Brotherhouse,' now the Young Ladies' Seminary, to receive the sick and wounded. In a few days these wrecks of war began to arrive. We lifted them carefully from their straw beds in the wagons, carried them into the building and tried to make them as comfortable as possible. For three days no provisions arrived. And during this time, we, whom some have classed with the Tories, gave all food gratuitously.

Among those wounded at the battle of Brandywine on September 11, 1777, who were brought to Bethlehem, was a young man with a strange uniform. I inquired of one of the wounded soldiers who this fancy youth was. I was told this boy was an officer;—The Marquis De Lafayette,—and that he was only about twenty years old. The soldier further said, that the Marquis had been struck by a musket ball and had not known that he was wounded, until told by an aid that blood was running from his boot. He had ridden with a surgeon to Chester after the battle, but would not allow his wound to be dressed, until he had restored order among the troops who were retreating from the village.

As Lafayette was an officer he was not put into the hospital, but was taken into the home of one of the Moravian families. Here the daughter of Mrs.——nursed the young Frenchman. This was unusual. For seldom did the Moravians allow a young unmarried woman even to speak to a man more than a very few times. In the church we were separated; the men on one side, the women on the other.

Marion was a girl of nineteen. She was fair, with good features and had an interesting manner. In short she was lovable. She was not without life and at their first meeting she favorably impressed the stranger. A few days before she met him, she had been chosen by lot, as was the custom among the Moravians, to wed one of her townsmen. This was not un-

usual as we appealed to the lot in many things, but especially in the choice of a Bishop and in marriages. If a man wanted to marry, our rule required that he draw a slip from a box containing the names of several young women. Marion had thus been chosen. All thought she would accept the proposal, and probably they looked upon her as a married woman, when she was chosen to nurse the young officer.

Ever since she was old enough to think about it, Marion had discussed in her mind this strange custom of marriage by lot, and inwardly rebelled against it. She did not doubt that all was true that was told her of the young man who had chosen her. But what of that? 'I don't care how good he is, or what his good qualities are. I don't want to marry a man forced upon me.' She was a woman. And even the habits of those around her could not suppress that feeling of personal independence. She never stopped to think, whether or not she could love the young man. But she was annoyed and dissatisfied at this unromantic way of getting a husband. She scarcely dared dream of how it was said, that some of her sect had run away and gotten married. Nor would she entertain such a thought, as the habits of a life kept strictly in the faith, controlled her.

The girl in her dissatisfaction, had long before in her imagination thought out an ideal love affair. And it was not at all surprising, to find her associate some one to fit in with her ideal. At this time, when thus violently disturbed by the proposal of her townsman she met La Fayette. At their first meeting he appealed to the girl with his bright eyes and animated manner. 'How much better it would be to win such a man' thought the girl, 'than to have one thrust at you?' Day after day Marion and the young officer were together. He told her of the army and its doings; of his friend Hamilton; of the great General George Washington and of his own home in France. She listened attentively as the Marquis told her, in broken English, of the battles of Princeton and Trenton, but she was interested not in these stories, but in the man himself. Marion no longer thought of the one who was waiting an answer to his proposal. All her hopes were centred here.

Could she be mistaken? Did the young Frenchman care for her? She did not doubt it from his actions and his manner, yet she would never hear it from his lips. She was quick to see, and

equally quick to avoid from timidity, those things she tempted him to say.

* * * * *

Three months had passed. The wound so carefully nursed was almost healed. Marion was sad in her happiness. She well knew that soon her friend must leave to rejoin the army. Congress had sent La Fayette orders to take command of the operations in Canada. In a few days he must leave her. As the time for his departure approached, she no longer could maintain that coolness, after encouraging him, that had so often restrained him from saying what she now so willingly would hear.

It was the morning of the day he would leave. The Marquis had left the house, telling Marion he would return in a short time. She watched his graceful figure as he walked down the street. When he was no longer in sight, she returned to her household duties. She was thus engaged, when she heard the rap of the knocker. She went to the door expecting that La Fayette had returned. She opened the door but was disappointed. It was a messenger, in a military uniform, holding a letter. 'Is General La Fayette in?' said the messenger. Marion told him he was not but would be in a short time. 'Would you please hand him this letter. General Washington sent me from camp with it, saying it was from La Fayette's wife in far off France, and he would be anxious to have it.'

'From La Fayette's wife!' gasped Marion, supporting herself at the door-frame. The messenger mounted his horse and was off. But he could not help turning in his saddle, and look back at the pretty girl standing motionless in the doorway. The girl turned in a half dazed condition, and entered the house. She was weak, confused, bewildered, yet only too well realizing what had just been told her. She could not think, and woman-like she threw herself upon a couch and gave vent to her feelings in tears.

Marion was a proud girl, and La Fayette should not know of her shattered hopes. When he returned, she herself met him. With remarkable coolness, trying to hide a bleeding heart she told him that a messenger from camp had brought him a letter. 'It came to camp from your wife in France.' There was no bitterness in her words. He looked at her, but her courage did not fail her. He took the letter, colored deeply, said good-by and left.

The first shock was over and each returning thought from day to day convinced the girl that if this was romance, the rule of her fathers was better—to be married by lot. Had she misinterpreted the Frenchman's attentions; his polished manners? She even at last thought this a punishment for rebelling against a rule of her church."

"Did you ask me whether she ever married the man that had chosen her by lot to be his wife?" said the skull. "I have actually forgotten that." With another buzz and a crack of the teeth as they met, when the lower jawbone met its fellow, the skull's tale ended.

Lindsley Dulane looked at his watch; then at the skeleton.
"Was I asleep?"

TWO CLASSES.

J. A. KLICK, '99.

One day while walking along the street a man uttered a horrible, yet often-heard expression, "Why am I in the world any how?" Mankind can be classed under two heads. They are either benefactors or malefactors. The question is not "Shall I be a factor?" for this admits of no questioning. From his very nature, man must of necessity be a factor of more or less importance in life. Man cannot live without influencing some one for better or for worse. This is brought about either by his conduct and example or his personal influence. All men are factors, a few are benefactors, but how many are malefactors!

The only question that now lies open for us is, the kind of factor we will be. Will we like Cleopatra, use our talents which the Creator has given us to dazzle, to please, to debase humanity or, like Socrates, devote ourselves to the uplifting and ennobling of mankind? Will we be like a Napoleon, who after achieving a world-wide reputation with his talent and power, passed away like the sound of a trumpet with no trace except that he left France smaller and poorer than he found it? Do we choose to be a Henry Ward Beecher, a Jonathan Edwards, or a George Whitefield, to sway multitudes whatever way we wish, and that that wish shall be toward a higher and better living?

There are many people whom the world holds in loving remembrance as public or private benefactors, those who have devoted their lives, their fortunes, their talents to assisting others.

We may not have the fascination of a Cleopatra, the talent of a Napoleon, the wisdom of a Socrates or the wealth of a Vanderbilt, but such talents as we have we may use and develop by using. As the choice of the use we put them to rests with us, with us, also, will rest the consequences. Many men have lived heroic lives, humbly performing the duty that lay nearest, and thinking their lives wasted, when in reality they were most powerful factors, their unselfish lives being the spring of hope from which many another weary one drew courage to take up his burden again.

Men often start out in life with the brightest prospects for the future, with wealth, friends, opportunities without number,—all that can be desired, or that is essential to a sure footing on the road to fame and usefulness, but, strange to say, many of these make a sad failure; the world never knows them and is no worse off. There must be some reason for such singular failures. The fact is that they lack self-reliance and a strong determination to accomplish something. They are malefactors. On the other hand many a young man starts out in life with nothing to recommend him to the world but his own strength and talents, and these perhaps, not above the ordinary, but he has a strong belief in his own ability to do something, to benefit his fellowmen. The men who have done most for the world are not born to great opportunities but rather, are men who have made the opportunities for themselves.

At no other time in the world's history have there been such opportunities for the individual to become potent in the nation's history as there are to-day. Neither title nor station are necessary for the young American to succeed. Honest merit and determination win for themselves whether the talents be great or small, whether the station be high or low.

Dear reader, which class will you choose? Will you be a benefactor or malefactor? Influence in life may be exerted in various directions, but the greatest factor, the one whose undying reputation will outlast the more brilliant but passing records of fame and glory, is the one who keeps closest to the old bit of advice, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Each one has a hidden mine of wealth of which he alone is the operator. Look at the lives of Shakespeare, Webster and Roentgen. At one time they were obscure and unknown, now they stand on the pinnacle of success, and around them is formed a halo of glory.

How was this attained? Not by indolence, nor by shirking duty, but by hard and earnest work, years of patient labor, and an unfaltering trust. Let us not stand idle but put forth all our energies toward an end and attain it. There are beyond a doubt no new worlds to discover or conquer, but there are mysteries in this world as yet unrevealed and obstacles to be removed from the path of mankind. Who shall do this? Not those who have gone before, for they have performed their life's work; not those who follow for this work comes with them: who then but the present generation?

In the early ages Socrates, Plato and Aristotle lived and tried to elevate mankind and shall we, who have been benefited by the experience of the past, show less interest in this cause? Let us so live that when our end draws near we can truthfully say, "I am content to die, my life was not in vain." And if in the course of our successful career we find a brother weak and failing, let us lend a hand to help him on.

AN ETCHING.

JACK THAYER, '96.

She was in a position to choose for herself.—She realized it.—She chose!

She had been besieged as by an army, and had outlasted the beleaguers. But, tenaciously two hung on trying with ardent might to take the Fortress. The contest between these two was striking. Armies gather in their midst men of all kinds, conditions and manners; so also minds and methods. And these two, the remains of what once looked such a determined mass, embodied all these diversities,—extremes,—opposites. Still extremes at times meet. These met in an indissoluble bond of Friendship, and added to this a blindness of the Other. What One did, to the Other, 'twas well done.

So it seemed.

The One and the Other stood before Her.

The One said: "I love you."

The Fortress surrendered.

The Other clutched his breaking heart—and smiled. What the One did, as usual, was well done; 'tho the blindness was destroyed.

She married the One.

They lived in a happy, contented peace. The Other occupied his place of true Friend and Brother, to both, seeming happy in what like deeds of kindness he could do. 'Tho the Fortress had not surrendered to him, he was of the army, and served in it—ever true.

She entered upon a long journey, traveling—on—on—over mountains and valleys.

She came to the Mount of Perception. She looked and beheld, as in an open scroll, Her life, Her deeds, Her love. What made Her start? Surely She saw a contented life, a peaceful life. She saw, Respect had always been Hers from the One,—that he had honored Her,—that he was true to Her,—that he grieved at Her departure. But Oh! That he did *not* love Her—after all.

The Other stood there at the side of the One. She looked at the Other. Ah! the Other had honored Her too. The Other's gentleness and kind friendship shone out in striking contrast to the One's. The Other had been honorable too, had never betrayed his feelings, had never been guilty of a selfish action. All the Other had done was for Her—and for the One. She saw the Other comforting the One; but She saw the Other's deep and lasting sorrow. She saw the Other's—Love!

She dared not stop. She moved from the Mount of Perception, and came to the entrance to the Vale of Happiness; "The end of Her journey," thought She. Surely, She who had been contented in Life, could enter this Vale and rest; but endeavor as She would, She could not cross the threshold to enter the Valley beyond. And at the entrance there, She stood and mourned.

Her hand was seized. A thrill of joy ran thro' Her soul. She moved, eye toward the Vale; but not by Her own strength for She was being carried.

Ah—Inside the Vale! She looked around and saw—the Other!

LENNI LENAPE.

I. E. NAGLE, '01.

From the remote regions of the North, the populous hive of nations in the New World, as it has been in the Old, came the powerful Indian tribes which peopled the Western Continent. Whether they ultimately settled in Peru, Mexico, or what is now

the United States, they all came from the same mysterious region in the far North. That they originally came from Asia and were descendants of the Tartars, is a statement, merely conjectural; yet the result of investigation, and the rational conjectures of men whose writings can be taken authoritatively, point to the truth of this statement.

Without doubt, the question as to the origin of these people would have been solved years ago, and "hard working historian and philosopher would have been spared a prodigious mass of weary conjectures," had it not been for the superstitious fear of perfidious fanatics. The Aztecs had recorded, through their picture-writing closely resembling the writing of the ancient Egyptians, the historical events, the traditions, and the mythic legends of their nation. These certainly would have revealed facts concerning the migration of the primitive race in America, and would have solved the mystery in regard to the settlement of the New World. After the conquest of Cortes, a host of bishops and priests came into the country of the Aztecs, to Christianize these heathens. One of these worthy prelates, an archbishop, when he first saw the strange characters in the picture-writing, thought them magic scrolls, works of the Devil, which must be destroyed together with their temples and idols. Consequently, all the tablets carefully preserved in the national archives, and those collected throughout the entire country were piled up and burned. Surely the destruction of these curious monuments of learning was a deed worthy of honorable mention in history.

The people who once roamed over the picturesque Lehigh Valley transmitted to us though through no form of writing, their legendary history. Among the Lenni Lenape, and indeed among nearly all other tribes in North America, there existed an excellent custom through which was so admirably preserved their tribal history. The orator of each tribe chose two or three of the most promising youths in the tribe, and instructed them in the history and legendary of the tribe, in the same manner as he had been instructed before them and as they were bound to instruct the youth of the next generation.

The history of all important events which took place, was through this beautiful custom kept safe for ages. On all ceremonial days, and the Indian had many such, one of the orators narrated the important events to the assembled warriors. Treaties were kept in the same manner, and the white people were surpris-

ed with what accuracy of detail they were related generations after they were made. The early history of the Lenape is, then, for the greater part derived from their traditions and as related by their own people. Still we can readily believe the greater part of their traditions, as all Indians were noted for their "straight tongue."

In the depths of the wilderness beyond the Mississippi River, there occurred the formation, and from some unknown cause, the migration of the Lenni Lenape. These people travelled slowly, making numerous encampments, each encampment being a halt of one year at a place, and arrived upon the banks of the Mississippi about the tenth century. Here they met with the Mengwe (Iroquois) who had likewise migrated from the unknown region, and had arrived upon the banks of the Mississippi somewhat higher up. Their object, like that of the Lenape, was to find a pleasant country toward the rising sun. Neither tribe could proceed on account of the hostility of a numerous and giant like people, the Alligewi. These people seen to have been a semi-civilized race, who lived in towns, tilled the soil, and what interested the Lenape most, threw up high mounds of earth as a means of defense. These remained long a hindrance to the further progress of the Lenape. They well knew that in waging war they had but little hope of success, on account of the paucity of their warriors. Yet, a passage through the country of the Alligewi being denied them there was but one way out of the difficulty, that of waging war. After some deliberation the Lenape invited the Mengwe to aid them in this war. The Mengwe immediately accepted the invitation, and with their joint forces began hostilities at once. The war which followed was long and fierce. Many warriors fell on both sides. The Alligewi were driven from one town to the other, defeated in almost every battle, despite their earthwork defenses, and finally, to escape total extermination migrated in a body toward the South. There is no doubt in the minds of the historians that these people were the ancient mound builders, and that in their migration southward they either died out altogether, or permanently settling along the gulf coast were conquered by and made tributary to the warlike Aztecs.

After this wasting war the two tribes separated and proceeded eastward; the Mengwe taking as their share of the spoils the country toward the North, the Lenape keeping the more southerly portion. For many years, in fact, for almost a century, the Le-

nape gradually moved eastward. Ultimately we find them permanently settled along the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, and Lehigh. Here in the vicinity of our own homes, they braved the perils and endured the hardships of savage life. Here they increased in numbers, matured, and became the greatest nation in North America. The different families grew into tribes, each numbering their warriors by the thousands. They spread over the country from New England to Virginia and as far west as the Mississippi River. Occupying this vast tract, they lived in prosperity until the close of the fifteenth century. Then began their decline.

A short time previous to the coming of the white man, the Lenape had a long and wasteful war with the Mengwe, who had moved eastward at the same time as the Lenape, and had settled along the St. Lawrence. Then came the first settlers, bearing the seeds of life and death, the former sown for us, the latter springing up in the path of the simple native. The doom of these poor people was sealed when the white man had set foot on their soil. They found it easier to exterminate than to civilize. The rights of the Indian never were acknowledged or respected. In peaceful traffic he was the dupe of the French, Dutch, and English. In war he was regarded by all the colonists as a fierce animal, whose death was a matter of convenience. Through wanton warfare he was dispossessed of the land of his fathers.

The Indians were like those wild plants which thrive best in the shade of the forest, shrink from cultivation and perish beneath the influence of the sun. Civilization acted upon them like "a withering wind on a fertile plain." It multiplied their diseases, gave them superfluous wants, and added to the barbarous nature in them the low vices of the colonists. Little did the Dutch think that in introducing among them "gin, rum and brandy, and the other comforts of life," they were sowing the seed which developed into their most destructive vice.

Slowly this extermination progressed. The intriguing Mengwe, whom both the French and English treated as allies, made frequent incursions among the Lenape. The settlers of our own state aided materially in their destruction. They drove them from the very frontiers, where the miserable Indian tenaciously clung, loath to leave the land in which the bones of his fore-fathers were buried. In a letter from James Hamilton, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, to Governor Morris, he says;—"I wish

you would declare war, and offer large rewards for scalps ; which appears the only way to clear our frontiers of these savages, and will, I am persuaded, be infinitely cheapest in the end." Is it in any way surprising that the Indian was continually hostile toward the settler ? The shattered remainder of this great tribe could accomplish but little against so numerous and implacable a foe. They could no longer number their warriors by the hundreds and thousands, but counted them by the tens. A moravian missionary writes that previous to the Revolutionary War, a party of Nanticokes passed through their town (Bethlehem) on their way from Virginia to the Wyoming Valley. He remembers it distinctly, because of a peculiar custom they had of carrying with them the bones of their ancestors. In this particular case there arose a disagreeable stench because some of the bones were still fresh. He remarks with pity their number. Many years before while laboring among them in their southern home, he could count them by the thousands. Now they numbered but ninety.

Their inferiority to the white man degraded and humiliated them. They no longer had the courage to cope with their enlightened neighbors. It may be true that the settlers did not drive them from the frontiers altogether, yet they were compelled to go west continually, as the animal of the chase, without which the Indian could not live, fled westward.

Many of those who had been converted to Christianity, remained in the east, usually settling in villages. The majority moved westward. Some turned north, others south, joining tribes that were descendants of the original Lenape, that had never crossed the Alleghany mountain. The greater number, however, recrossed the Mississippi river, after wandering many years in the region watered by the Ohio.

About the tenth century, the Lenape crossed the Mississippi river, migrating eastward. About the seventeenth a remnant of that same people recrossed it into the wilderness beyond. From the pleasant region toward the rising sun, which the Lenape had sought and found, they disappeared as silently and mysteriously as they had entered it. As the coming and going of the seasons so came and went a great people,—the Lenni Lenape (Delawares).



THE REIGN OF RAMESES.

W. J. SEIBERLING, '99.

Scattered among the sand-swept ruins of the deserts of Asia, from the Red Sea to the river Ganges, are pillars bearing this inscription : "This land *Sesostris*, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, conquered with his arms."

Fourteen hundred years before the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem ; thirteen hundred years before the first Caesar dared to cross the Rubicon ; twenty-seven centuries before the first Mailed Knightly Crusader set his foot upon the land of the Holy Sepulchre, ambition stirred the souls of men ; the love of conquest smothered the fount of human rights, and religion drove men to murder, death and anarchy.

Thirty centuries before the Third George laid tribute on a struggling colony did the Second *Rameses* lay his tribute on the world and build his temples to his gods and enforce their worship there.

Even then the world was old. Ninety centuries of Egyptian history were looking down upon the works of man. For nine thousand years had men worshipped, worked and died, ignorant of the true God, "The Lord of Lords and King of Kings," as *Sesostris*, second King of the great house of *Rameses*, named himself upon the pillars he erected to perpetuate the memory of his victories.

For nine thousand years had son followed father, King followed King and dynasty followed dynasty in the narrow valley of the Nile. Nine thousand years had each season found this narrow valley as fertile as the year before, and supporting a population larger than that of any territory of equal size in the world. For nine thousand years had Egypt preserved the corpses of her dead and stacked them side by side in her tombs to bear silent witness to the immensity of her population, to her antiquity, to the worship of her gods, to her lost Arts.

But *Rameses* was ambitious. The lust of Empire was his ruling passion. With an army of seven hundred thousand men and twenty-seven hundred war chariots, he moved against and conquered the whole known world. History relates that he returned after nine years of victorious marching through the habitable portions of Asia, laden with the spoils of conquest. His wealth of ivory, gold and slaves was of untold value, and above all he had

established a Universal Empire, and had converted, by force of arms, all nations to the worship of the great God, Osiria.

It was probably not the first time in the world's history wherein politics and religion were intermixed, and where religious fanaticism strengthened the arm and spurred up the courage that was weak and wavering. It was probably not the first time that ambition, the excuse for war, rapine and murder, was "The Greater Glory of God," but every page of history, since *Rameses'* golden time, bears evidence to the certainty that it was not the last. Since his day history has repeated itself many times. The blood-drenched plains of every nation of the world bear witness of "Man's inhumanity to man."

But a few uneventful centuries had passed away when Alexander of Macedon spent his short life in dreaming the dreams and acting again on the stage of life the part of old *Sesostris*. Nearly three centuries afterward Greece passed to her place in history and Rome rose to the zenith of her career.

But at the zenith of Rome's career the Babe of Bethlehem was born. Not in the palatial temple of El Karnak; not in the imperial palace of the Caesars; not amidst the wealth and luxury of the Greek government, was this great Ruler over all to see the first light of day. In a lowly manger in the land of Judea, beneath that star which we to-day recognize as the star of a Universal Empire, the world's Saviour, the world's Ruler, the True Lord of Lords and King of Kings, came to teach men the light of truth, and a system of government outshining in splendor the ancient Theocracy of the Jews.

Strangely erroneous were the systems of government of the ancient world. The philosophy of antiquity taught man's destiny to be purely social. Society exhausts and absorbs the whole man. The state is all, and the individual is important only so far as he can contribute to its support and defense. All actions are morally indifferent. Good and evil are only other terms for pleasure and pain, and wrong doing is merely a name for ignorance.

False religion, the worship of the heathen Gods, Ptah, Ra and Osiris, in the old temple of El Karnak proved no bond of union for *Sesostris'* Universal Empire. Philosophy had done its utmost and failed. Philosophy and science may like the ivy adorn the ruin, but they cannot cover the decay they endeavor to hide. The ancients had constructed admirable systems of government and philosophy, but they failed to comprehend the meaning

of government in its entirety. They lacked one principle or another, lacking in which they went far astray, like voyagers on a turbulent sea, having no compass, chart, no objective haven, tossed about by every wave of uncertainty, reaching no safe harbor, doomed at last to go down in darkness and despair. But "Man's extremity was God's opportunity." The Star which came and stood above where the young child lay, directed the Wise men to Him in Whom was life and the life was the light of nations.

Those great questions which baffled the skill of Solon and Plato have found a full and easy solution in the sublime utterances of the Babe of Bethlehem. Not by difficult abstractions, not by a chain of rational deduction, but by his plain "Verily, verily, I say unto you" he has silenced the fruitless caviling of the philosopher, and established for all ages a standard and rule by which mankind may build the true Universal Empire and attain unto the fullest stature of national greatness.

Here is to be found the bone and sinew of true government; here America's Gibralter —her Rock of Ages. From this firm rock we view the death of pomp and pride and arrogance, the crumbling of thrones, the ruin of dynasties, but we see from it the glow of bloodred Mars fade away, and rising, grandly rising, Bethlehem's Holy Star, the Star of a Universal Empire. Beneath that star no slave serves, no passion of conquest reigns, no despot rules. Not here on eternal granite, in heathen hieroglyphics, but on the human heart, traced by the finger of God is inscribed, "This land Jesus, Lord of Lords and King of Kings, conquered with his love."

THE AIM OF A COLLEGE COURSE.

LEWIS S. TRUMP, '00.

The aim of a college course is not to make the mind a storehouse of knowledge, but the highest aim is to cultivate it. Culture is far superior to knowledge. The cultivated mind enables the individual to evolve and elaborate thought of his own. It makes him self-reliant, independent and free. On the other hand, the mind that serves merely as a reservoir of knowledge enables the individual to apply the thoughts and ideas of others only, and he is perpetually en-slaved to opinions not his own.

Study, according to proper principles, is the means by which

the mind is disciplined and cultivated. The college curriculum is intended to guide the student to study in accordance with these principles. Against the study of the different languages, which form the basis of the college curriculum, and the higher mathematics, many objections are raised by some would-be educated people.

The reason for these objections is due to the fact that these people have a wrong view of the proper ideal of a college course. They think because the student forgets the greater part of his Latin and Greek, and the mathematics, which he acquired at college, the course is worthless. They think that because the student cannot apply these studies in daily life, a knowledge of them is useless. These people do not understand the laws and principles in accordance with which the human mind acts. They do not realize that these studies cut deeper the channels of thought in which reason and knowledge may flow more smoothly.

A college graduate may forget the Latin and Greek declensions and conjugations; he may not be able to solve a simple quadratic equation; he may not be able to demonstrate a simple geometrical theorem; yet his study was not in vain. He possesses mental power which forms the foundation of a true education. This is lasting and time cannot efface it.

John Quincy Adams once in a public lecture announced to an audience that he had studied fourteen years at the Greek language and that he had forgotten all about it. Learned men in that very audience proved to him that without the knowledge of Greek he could not have delivered his lecture.

A well disciplined mind is the ideal of an education, and not a mind simply stored with facts. He that possesses the former has a light to guide him through life. He is able to think well his own thoughts which is the crowning work of the student.

“ Think well thy thought ; thine only thought,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown.”



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Change of Staff.

With this issue the newly elected staff of the MUHLENBERG makes its debut. The members are by no means ignorant of their duty and responsibility. Fully realizing that it is no easy matter to make a college paper a success, we shall devote our efforts to do justice to our college, to our journal, and to ourselves.

We sincerely hope that we may be able to maintain the excellent reputation of our monthly, and keep it in the same prosperous condition in which it has been since the day of its founding.

* * *

The Five-Minute Club.

Several members of the Sophomore class have recently organized a club in order to cultivate the art of speaking. This club has its regular meetings, when every member is called upon to speak on a certain assigned subject for a specified time.

This shows that our students realize the importance of the art of expression, and, therefore, take advantage of every possible opportunity. We are pleased with their efforts and know that they will not be without their good results. Such action on their part is deserving of the highest commendation.

Societas Latina.

Another commendable movement about college is the organization af a Latin club by several members of the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes. The idea is to become more proficient in Latin and later, to converse and carry on correspondence in the Latin language. The members have taken up the reading of *Praeco Latinus*, a journal published in Latin at Philadelphia. This journal is the only one of its kind published in the world. It is a well established literary organ and circulates in every civilized country on the globe. The work in the society is conducted in an informal manner. Very often students do better work when free from class room restraint and study for the love of the study itself. The members are very enthusiastic in their new undertaking and under the efficient guidance of the Latin professor, Dr. Ettinger, a great deal of good may be accomplished.

* * *

The 1900 Ciarla.

The manuscript and cuts of the 1900 Ciarla have been sent to the publishers, and the book is to be printed before the students leave for their Easter vacation. This is earlier than any other junior class has published its college annual. The staff has endeavored to present a book of high merit, and has spared neither time nor expense to attain this end. Not only does it give evidence of the class's literary ability, but it also contains articles written by prominent alumni, which will be worth your attention. We feel confident that this issue of the Ciarla will compare very favorably with any previous issue. We bespeak for it the hearty support of the student body.

Resolutions by the Philadelphia Alumni Association.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College, held January 26th, 1899, the following resolutions were passed with reference to the death of Rev. Professor Matthias H. Richards, D. D.:

WHEREAS, Almighty God has suddenly called home our esteemed member, friend and former teacher, Rev. Prof. Matthias H. Richards, D. D.,

RESOLVED, That in his death, our Alma Mater has lost a great and zealous teacher, the church a true christian minister and writer, the com-

munity in which he lived and the state at large a true citizen, and his family a model husband and father.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in THE MUHLENBERG and a copy be sent to the family of our deceased friend and teacher.

Attest, U. S. G. BERTOLET,
Secretary.

J. WILLIS HASSLER,
President.

Locals.

The Sophronian Literary Society has made the following excellent addition to their library: The Days Work, Books and Men, Educational Reform, Saracinesca, Irish Idylls, Cheerful Yesterdays, Deephaven, This Country of Ours, Daisy Miller, Friend Olivia, The Bow of Orange Ribbon, Characteristics, The Pleasures of Life, Penelope's Progress, Anglo-Saxon Superiority, Darkness and Dawn, Locusts and Wild Honey, Cyrano de Bergerac, The Workers, For Love of Country, Peter Ibbetston, Diana of the Crossway, Master of Ballantrae, Gathering Clouds, Cliff Dwellers, Story of an Untold Love, Flute and Violin, Recessional, Essays in Literary Interpretation, Making and Unmaking of the Preacher, The Herods, Wit and Wisdom of Chas. Lamb, Orations and Essays of Geo. Curtis, Life of Hawthorne, America's War for Humanity, People of Dickens, Old Virginia and Her Neighbors, What a Young Man Ought to Know, Poems of James Whitcomb Riley, Genesis of Species, Story of Bacteria.

Dr. E. What does the verb *Hippeou* mean?

Geiger. To ride.

Dr. E. There are lots in college who ride, aren't there?

W. P. Fetherolf. Dr., this suicidal epidemic is becoming quite prevalent in town.

Lutz. Yes, Will, why do you have that rope in your pocket?

One of the professors thinks that first love is like an attack of measles,—contagious and soon spent.

Dr. Bauman to Koch, '99. Why does the earth move at such a great rate?

Kock. Specific Gravity.

Prof. Yetter. Who was Jessica?

L. Heist. He was Bassanio's servant.

The following valuable addition to the Euterpean Library was lately made through the effort of Mr. V. J. Koch, '00, Librarian: Pride of Jamico, Translation of a Savage, The Phantom Army, Caleb West, Penelope's Progress, David Harum, Her Memory, Ave Roma Immortales, 2 vols., With the Black Prince, Success against Odds, A Thorny Pass, 2 vols., Arachne, 2 vols., Short History of English Literature, What a Young Man Ought to Know, The English Novel, Old Times in Middle Georgia, Souphron Soldier Stories, Emerson and Other Essayists, When All the Woods Are Green, Summer in Arcady, Greek Wit, Art of Humanity in Homer, Robert Browning, The Red Bridge Neighborhood, Little Sister to the Wilderness, The Forest Lovers, Rupert of Hentzau, The Adventures of Francois, Far in the Forest, Manxman, Captain Davis' Honeymoon, Little Maux Nation, The Black Curtain, The Lilac Sunbonnet, Prisoners of Hope.

Rupp. Dr., is the answer to that problem 32?

Dr. B. I don't feel like saying it out loud just know.

Apple. Whisper it in my ear, Dr.

Dr. W. Why did David send a message of thanks to the men of Jabesh Gilead for burying Saul and his sons?

Heckenberger. I suppose he was glad to get rid of them.

The Senior German Society elected the following well qualified officers: Secretary, Ed. Raker, Treasurer, I. C. Steigerwalt.

Dr. Ettinger to Flexer. Who was the writer of the Trojan War?

Flexer. Maximus Lollius.

Kuntz. Dr. what is your private opinion of Boyer assisting the Reformed Church?

Dr. W. My private opinion is not expressed in public.

The Seniors and Juniors will discuss the following questions in the next four weeks:

February 11th. Is restricted suffrage justifiable?

February 18th. Should Roberts of Utah be allowed a seat in the U. S. Congress?

February 25th. Improper food for soldiers in the Spanish American War.

March 4th. Who should receive credit for the victory of Santiago?

Fire—That's bad.

Fire Sale—That's good.

Muhlenberg has lately received several welcome donations. Mrs. Harriet Kutz, of Reading, donated \$3000, and Mr. Tilghman K. Kline, of South Allentown, \$500.

The medical students have united themselves into a regular organization, having regular meetings at which papers on scientific subjects are read and discussed. The fact that they are so eager to verse themselves in the late discoveries of Science is very complimentary to our Biological boys.

Over—Skating at Kichline's.

Coming—Sophomore Banquet.

Next—1900 Ciurla.

Then—Freshman Play.

There are certainly no flies on the Sophomore Class as they have organized among its members a "Five Minute Club," the object of which is to bring the members belonging to it into touch with the leading questions of the day. At each regular meeting the president calls on a member and gives him a subject on which he must speak five minutes or undergo a penalty of being suspended from the club for an indefinite time. This is certainly a fine way to get posted on current events with which the average student is so little acquainted. Keep it up, boys.

Another club of which the College can well feel proud is the Latin Club, lately organized under the supervision of Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Ph. D. The object of the club is to become proficient in reading Latin at sight. The members of the club have subscribed for a Latin journal published bi-monthly in Philadelphia, which they will read. This is an excellent drill in Latin Grammar and an admirable means to increase a Latin vocabulary.

Sociables are held all over town and the boys are kept busy attending them. At a progressive Euchre party one evening last week Muhlenberg carried off the prizes, Ed. Raker, '99, receiving first prize and F. S. Kuntz, '00, the consolation prize.

Fred Bousch in a discussion on the subject of dancing remarked that, "Some people have the faculty to perform more feats on their toes than others."

College suckers can easily be caught in the month of February.

Mr. Trump says he is bound to have a girl next term.

Mr. Heist thinks there is nothing like a dear friend near home.

Mr. Bousch expects to take up photography after he is through college.

J. Koch is continually talking about the pretty girls and the good time he has at home.

When Fegely and Bickel were asked what flowers they liked best, they both exclaimed, "Sweet Williams"

Prof. Dowell. What is $C_2 H_4$ the symbol of?

Krutzky. Elephant Gas.

Dr. Ettinger highly recommends that young women become artists in the preparation of meals instead of spoiling so many pianos.

Dr. Ettinger. What is the meaning of Anchovy ?

Kuntz (with an intelligent look). It is the same as artichokes.

College candidates for State Senator, viz., Raker, Heist and Kunkle have announced themselves.

Erb to Dr. W. Why is Lentz like a Roman ?

Dr. W. Because he lies on a couch while he eats.

Eng. Prof. Where is the Book of Daniel found ?

Koch, '00. I don't know.

Eng. Prof. When and what did Daniel dream ?

Koch. In the lion's den about the Baker and the Butler.

Krutzky in relating an incident regarding the exclusion of Queen bees said : "They are cast into outer darkness if any fault is found with them."

Dr. W. to Freshmen. I know you are all spring chickens but bear in mind what happens to them.

The Professor in Psychology was explaining about the treatment of inmates of the Elmira Asylum.

Bousch. Well Dr. I heard they were ill treated.

Prof. From whom did you here it ?

Bousch. From friends.

Prof. No doubt they had relatives inside which explains the case.



Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College was held in the College Chapel on January 19th.

"The great question before the Board was the selection of a successor to Dr. M. H. Richards. After careful consideration all the votes were cast in favor of Rev. S. E. Ochensford, pastor of the Lutheran Church, at Selin's Grove, and well known as the English Secretary of the Synod of Pennsylvania, and one of the Secretaries of the recent General Conference, at Philadelphia. He is a graduate of the college and the Philadelphia Seminary, and the author of the History of Muhlenberg College. Many other productions of his pen have appeared in various periodicals, and he is one of the most careful and reliable statisticians of our Church, as may be seen in his work on our church calendars. He thoroughly understands the community which is interested in Muhlenberg College and fully appreciates the work which the latter is required to do. His familiarity with the German, and with our sturdy Pennsylvania German people is of special advantage. He is known as a close student, hard worker and one who devotes himself with all his might to whatever work he is called to do, and hence the members of the Board were persuaded that he will be able to serve the College and the Church most acceptably, if he sees his way clear to accept the position to which he has been called without any solicitation on his part. It cannot fail to give him courage to undertake the work, to know that he will be candidly welcomed as a co-laborer by every member of the Faculty."

Dr. Ochsenford has written a letter of acceptance to Dr. Seip and has resigned his charge at Selin's Grove to take effect on Whit-Sunday.

Personals.

Dr. Seip was away from College on Tuesday, January 24th attending a special meeting of the Examining Board of the Lutheran Ministerium, held in Philadelphia.

On Thursday, February 9th, Dr. Seip attended a session of the University Council of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg. While there he had the opportunity of meeting the newly-elected Governor and his staff.

Prof. Dowell is again meeting his classes after a prolonged absence on account of his ill health and the severe illness of his children.

Prof. Merkel, principal of the Academic Department spent Sunday, January 29th, with friends at Kutztown.

Dr. E. T. Horn, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa., called on his sons, William and Robert, members of 1900. Dr. Horn is a member of the Board of Trustees.

Rev. J. L. Erb, '73, of Slatington, and Rev. J. J. Kuntz, of Freeland, recently visited their sons, members of the Junior Class.

James G. Grim, '99, of Lafayette College, interested in the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union, called at College during the past week. We understand that Mr. Grim will represent Lafayette in the contest to be held in March.

Howard Laubach, '02, of Lafayette, also visited friends at College, Thursday last.

Freed, '02, entertained his parents during a short stay in the city. His father is a well known lawyer of Doylestown.

Steigerwalt, '99, and Yerger, '00, have fully recovered from severe attacks of the grip.

Benner and Geiger of the Sophomore class have lately been admitted into the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

Hartzell, '99, is making regular hunting trips around the neighborhood of Treichler's for (Kuntz) coons.

The Muhlenberg students who assisted in the production of the play, "The Two Weddings," held in the Academy of Music, Monday and Tuesday evenings, January 30th and 31st, were F. A. Fetherolf, '99, W. J. Seiberling, '99, J. Berg, '99, J. Fetherolf, '01, G. W. Lutz, '01, W. M. D. Miller, '02, W. Geiger, '02, and E. D. S. Boyer, '00. All the boys acquitted themselves very creditably and materially added to its success.

Reagle, '99, Lentz, '00, Nagle, '01, Wackernagle, '01, and Reagle, '01, recently attended a reception tendered by the young ladies of Coplay.

Fritch, L., '99, is more than pleased that the new trolley line runs out Walnut street, but says the cars should run earlier in the morning.

Kline, '02, had the good fortune to have a large sum willed to him by an uncle who died recently.

Allenbach, '01, was awarded a gold medal for delivering the best speech in a contest held under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. of Allentown.

Now ready—the one and positively only edition of a key to the jokes of the ex-local editor. By the request of his many friends a large edition has been issued. All persons desiring a copy of the same should address their orders to " Senator " Lentz, 725 Walnut street.

Bender, '99, was recently called to his home at Tamaqua to attend the funeral of his aged grandmother. While at home, his mother was taken seriously ill and also died. Mr. Bender has the sincere sympathy of his class-mates and of the entire college in this, his sad bereavement.

Hartzell, '99, read a very interesting paper on "The Nervous Mechanism of Respiration" before the Muhlenberg Medical Society on January 30th.

Miss Lou Zulick and Miss Gertrude Diefenderfer, of Orwigsburg, recently visited Beck, '02.

Hartley, '99, is spending several weeks at his home in Philadelphia recuperating from a general break-down of his system due to hard study.

Our Alumni.

'69. Rev. Milton J. Kramlich is one of Lehigh County's three members of the House of Representatives in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

'72. Rev. Alpheus D. Potts, Ph. D., Petersburg, Pa., is a frequent contributor to the columns of the "*Lutheran*."

'73. Among the contributors to the "*Lutheran*" Rev. William H. Meyers, of Reading, Pa., holds a prominent place.

'73. Prof. Francis D. Raub, Supt. of the Public Schools of Allentown, Pa., is a candidate for re-election next May. So far we have heard of no opposition. His administration has been very satisfactory.

'74. James L. Schaad, Esq., has been nominated by the Democratic Party as candidate for the office of Mayor of Allentown, Pa. He is considered a strong man in military and lodge circles and is making a vigorous fight for his election.

'76. The board of trustees of Muhlenberg College met yesterday afternoon and elected Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, of Selin's Grove, successor to the late Rev. Dr. M. H. Richards, as professor of English language and literature, economies and psychology. It was a unanimous selection and meets with general approval. The following members of the board of trustees were present: Revs. Dr. G. F. Krotel, of New York; T. A. Schmauk, of Lebanon; J. S. Erb, Slatington; J. H. Wadelich, Sellersville; Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, Meyerstown; Dr. S. E. Ochsenford and Dr. G. F. Spieker, of Philadelphia; J. L. Becker, Lansdale; J. S. Shindel, Dr. S. A. Repass, C. J. Cooper, Allentown; J. H. Cooper, Lehigh-ton; E. T. Horne, Dr. T. L. Seip, Thomas W. Sæger, A. G. Sæger, S. M. Potteiger, of Reading; Hon. C. J. Erdman, of Allentown; Hon. G. A. Endlich, L. L. D., Reading; J. Seabold, Lehigh-ton; Dr. G. R. Ulrich, Philadelphia.

Dr. Ochsenford will assume his duties in September. He is a son of Jesse N. and Mary Anna (Erb) Ochsenford and was born in Douglass township, Montgomery County, November 8, 1855. He prepared for college at Mt. Pleasant Seminary, Boyertown, 1871-73; entered Muhlenberg College in 1873 and graduated in 1876. June 9, 1879, after a course in the Lutheran Theological Seminary, he was ordained, whereupon he became pastor at Selin's Grove, Snyder county, continuing as such ever since. He built a new church in 1885 and started a congregation at Verdilla in 1886. He has been Secretary and President of the Fifth Lutheran Conference, a Trustee of Muhlenberg College since 1889, a delegate to the General Council, 1891-1897, and President of the Muhlenberg College Alumni, 1891-93. Dr. Ochsenford married Sallie C. Boyer, of Selin's Grove, June 5, 1881. He was editor of the Muhlenberg College memorial volume, has published several books and an extensive history of the Lutheran Church in America and he contributed freely to church periodicals. His alma mater made him a D. D., in 1896. Dr. Ochsenford has been English Secretary of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania since 1895; Secretary of the Board of Presidents, 1897-98; a member of the Executive Board since 1897; Secretary

and Treasurer of the Historical Academy of the Lutheran Church since 1895; news editor of *The Lutheran* prior to 1896; was co-editor with Rev. Pflueger of the Jubilee Memorial Volume of the Danville Conference, and published Luther's first hymn book in German. He is also an editor on Appleton's Annual, supplement to the encyclopedia. He is well known, not only throughout the English branches of the Lutheran Church, but in the German as well.—*Allentown Morning Call*.

REV. DR. OCHSENFORD ACCEPTS.

Rev. Dr. Ochsenford, pastor of the First Lutheran Church of Selin's Grove, who has been elected the successor of Rev. Dr. Richards in the faculty of Muhlenberg College, announced yesterday to the congregation that he would accept. He will tender his resignation on Whit-sunday and will remove to Allentown to take the chair at the beginning of the next scholastic year.

There were eleven applicants for the position, but Dr. Ochsenford was elected without his knowledge, which fact he regards the highest compliment ever paid him by his alma mater. His resignation will be accepted with a great deal of hesitancy by his several congregations. He has been pastor in that locality for about twenty years.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'78. Dr. H. H. Herbst has been elected President of the Allentown, Pa., Board of Control of the Public Schools in place of Dr. G. T. Ettinger who resigned to become Dr. M. H. Richards' successor as Secretary of the same body. Dr Herbst has also been elected Treasurer of the Lehigh County Medical Society.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger, has been elected Secretary of the Faculty of Muhlenberg College.

'82. Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, has appointed Austin A. Glick, Esq., of Catasaqua, Pa., Notary Public.

'83. Prof. N. Wiley Thomas, who fills the chair of chemistry at Girard College, Philadelphia, and who graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1883, is prominently spoken of as official tester of gas in Philadelphia, at a salary of \$3500 a year.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'85. Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., is delivering his regular course of Law Lectures to the Students of the American Business College, Allentown, Pa.

'85. Francis G. Lewis, Esq., has opened a law office in Allentown, Pa.

'86. J. Jeremiah Snyder, is a candidate for bank examiner under the administration of Governor Stone. He received the endorsement of the Republican County and city executive committees and the Republican municipal nominees also endorsed his application. He has done good service for his party and the recognition he seeks is justly deserved. Without exception Mr. Snyder's many friends would be pleased with his appointment.—*Allentown Morning Call*.

'90. Dr. Harry S. Snyder has accepted a position in the silk dyeing works which will start up about the middle of March. He will leave on Monday for Philadelphia, where he will study the business for several weeks.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'90. Rev. James B. Wenner, of Lexington Mass., is the popular Episcopal Rector, of that historic town. His sermons are frequently published in the *Boston Transcript*.

'90. Some county officials are of a very thrifty disposition and seem to be of the opinion that a public office is a private snap. They are in for all the revenue they can make out of it and are apparently quite indifferent to the interests of the people so long as they can freeze on to the people's dollars. But there are exceptions and it is pleasing to note such a fact. The *Catasauqua Dispatch* says:

"Dr. A. J. Yost, of Allentown, Coroner of Lehigh county, is an exception in the official line. The office has been abolished in some States without detriment to the public good, but the present incumbent in our county shows that he appreciates his position and carries out the intent of the act creating the office. He invariably examines into the facts affecting such cases, and if there is no doubt as to the cause of death, does not impanel a jury and commence an investigation, in many instances relieving relatives of increased sorrow and annoyance. As a consequence, Coroner Yost is the most popular official ever filling the office. He has made the office one of usefulness and importance, and has not filled the same for financial gain and public discredit."—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'91. Joseph P. Shimer, of the Carpet firm of Shimer, Laub and Weaver, has been nominated as candidate for Select Council by the Republicans of the Third Ward, Allentown, Pa.

'93. On account of the rapid increase of his practice Dr. Roderick E. Albright has been obliged to resign as Instructor of Biology in Muhlenberg College.

'94. David A. Miller, City Editor of the *Morning Call* of Allentown has been elected Secretary of the City Republican Committee.

'94. George S. Opp, of Bethlehem, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of '94, and Miss Anna Sandt, also of Bethlehem, will be married on February 14th.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'95. The address of Newton T. Miller and Wellington J. Snyder is 1632 Vine St., Philadelphia.

'96. Mr. O. R. B. Leidy has been urged by many people during the past few weeks to run for Common Councilman of the Third Ward on the Republican ticket and to-day he announced his candidacy. Mr. Leidy is one of the Third Ward's hustling young men and would make a first-class Councilman. He is intelligent and up-to-date and possesses all the qualifications of a city law maker.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

Since the above was published Mr. Leidy, has been nominated and is now a full fledged candidate for the office,

'96. Through the energy of Dr. T. L. Seip, the President of the college, the place made vacant by the death of Dr. M. H. Richards has been temporarily filled at Muhlenberg College. John M. Yetter, a graduate in the class of 1896, and at present completing a Ph. D. course in the University of the City of New York, has been selected to fill the position until a permanent successor is secured. A clergyman will be selected, but no choice has yet been made. There is a list of available clergymen, but Dr. Seip and the faculty are in no haste to permanently fill the position.

Since his graduation at Muhlenberg Mr. Yetter has been pursuing a post-graduate course in the branches taught by Dr. Richards and before his college career he was very successful as a public school teacher. He also took a course at the Keystone State Normal School and there, as at Muhlenberg, he stood well in his classes and always bore a good record as a student and as a man. He comes highly recommended as to character and ability, and the members of the faculty of the college feel that he will very satisfactorily fill the vacancy until a regular professor can be secured.—*Morning Call*.

'97. Harry K. Lantz is studying Theology at the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Chicago. His address is 1311 Sheffield Ave.

'98. John T. Eckert, Jr., is studying medicine with Dr. W. P. Kistler, 7th Street, Allentown, Pa.

Among the Exchanges.

["Exchange material must be in by the sixth!" comes from the corner where the Editor in Chief is sitting. The new Exchange Editor loses no time in getting the journals from the shelf. But when he has them he don't know what to write about. "Shall I say anything about this?" "No I guess I'd better not." "Well what shall I write?" The friends of the Exchange will realize the awkwardness of the new Editor. May our relations prove as pleasant, as they were with the retiring Editor.—Exchange Editor.]

The *Augustana Journal* contains an excellent article on "Wrong Patriotism." The writer notes,—that our late war with Spain has brought forth much literature and music. "Some good and proper, mnch needs careful sifting, while some of it never ought to have appeared." He gives the words of the song, "Just Break the News to Mother." "We see nothing in the poetry to recommend it, and the thought is unscriptural. The boy is made a hero, and a sacrifice for his country, yet he ran away from home. The young man was not needed. His first duty was to obey his parents and stay at home until his country needed him. Such a song is not without its influence and is wrong."

An article well worth reading appears in the *Bucknell Mirror*, entitled the Literary Societies in Kentucky colleges. How the societies were conducted that made such orators as Clay, Bain, Knox Stevenson, Breckinbridge, Blackburn, and others is quite interesting.

The Yale Glee and Banjo clubs have given to the treasurer at Yale university the sum of \$860 taken from the receipts of their concerts during the season of '97-'98, to be used in assisting needy and deserving students. The total receipts of the clubs for the last year were \$30,335.90.—*Brown and White*.

The *Red and Blue* is an unusually attractive and interesting magazine. A good college story, "The Gemini," with an illustration as a frontispiece is found in the January issue.

Eugene Field is the subject of a sketch in the *Sorosis*. The account is well written and is full of quotations from his works. "Eugene Field's poems are the most delightful bits one could care to read."

Lord Iveagh (Edward Cecil Guinness) has presented the Jenner institute with the sum of \$1,000,000 in aid of scientific research in bacteriology and other forms of biology. The Jenner institute includes most of the leaders in medicines and its allied sciences in Great Britain. Lord Iveagh also proposes to expend \$1,000,000 upon the improvement of the unsanitary Bull Alley area, in the heart of Dublin.—*Brown and White*.

Feeding A Modern Scientist.

Placid I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chuks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling feathered hen ;
But from, the Lord knows what, 'tis made,
In Newark by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chickory so cheap ;
Or with the best black tea in town—
Dried willow leaves—I calmly sleep.

But if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriæ,
And hideous rotatoriæ,
And wriggling polygastricæ,
And slimy diatomaceæ.
And hard-shelled orphyrocercinæ,
And double-barreled copepodæ,
Nonloricated ambroeilæ,
And various animalculæ,
Of middle, high and low degree ;
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.—*Ex.*

"To be the best kind of a college women and not some weak imitation of the college man is '99's object." This statement taken from the *Maryland Collegian*, might well be taken note of by some of the women's colleges.

Johnny took a taste of it,
But Johnny is no more.
What Johnny thought was H₂O
Proved H₂ SO₄.—*The Western University Courant*.

"Don't let her little brother see
You kiss your dear farewell ;
For all philosophers agree
'Tis the little things that tell."—*Roanoke Collegian*.

Literary Notes.

A new book in the London market is "A History of the Roman Empresses, the Wives of the Twelve Ceasars."

Admiral Dewey, is said to have refused an offer of \$5,000 for a magazine article from his pen.

The four authors whom Gladstone selected as the greatest in the world are; Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe.

"Dreamers of the Ghetto" is a new novel written by Mr. Zangwill, author of "Children of the Ghetto."

A very interesting article in the February number of *The Century* is a story of the Santiago campaign by General Shafter.

Mr. I. Zangwell, it is said, expects to dramatize "The Children of the Ghetto." The play will appear next season.

Mr. S. R. Keightley, the author of "The Crimson Sign," has written a romance entitled "The Silver Cross."

A new novel, written by Conan Doyle, entitled "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus," describes the humorous incidents of the domestic experiences of a young couple.

"The Dance at the Phoenix" is thought by many to be the most striking one of Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Poems" although, as one critic has said, "it is full of his bitter humor and his relentless handling of the irony of human fortunes."

It is said, that John S. Castle, late commander of the lost ship Sarah Sands, has taken Rudyard Kipling to task for a number of his statements in the story of "The Burning of the Sarah Sands."

Mr. Sidney Lee's "Biography of William Shakespeare," which has just been published, will no doubt satisfy a long want to the readers and students of the dramatist. He says, he is certain that "Loves Labor Lost" was the first play written by Shakespeare.

"True Relations of Such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as Hath Happened in Virginia," by Capt. John Smith, is the title of the book supposed to be the first written in America. The book is simply a narration of what the author saw about him of the fortunes which had befallen the new world.

The death of William Black, the English Poet, has been a great shock as well as a loss to the many readers of his many readers of his works both in America and in England. Hardly had the announcement of his last work "Wild Eelin" been made when the news of his death was also announced. Among the many books which he wrote "A Daughter of Heth" published in 1871, is said to have won for him a place in the ranks of English poets.

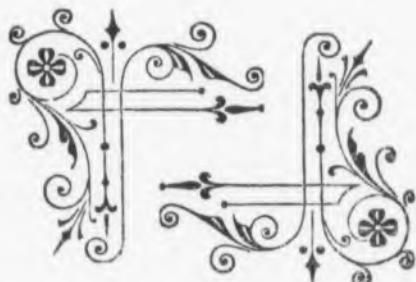
Among the many books which have been written of late concerning Cuba, "Commercial Cuba," by William J. Clark, is one which deserves special mention. Quite a number of chapters are devoted to answering the principal questions which a person would very likely ask concerning Cuba. There is also a very thorough description of each province as to its population, towns, products and means of transportation. One of its special features is an appendix containing a good Cuban business directory.

"University Addresses" by the late Dr. Caird, which has just been edited by his brother is a very interesting book treating on the subject whether the nations of to-day are destined to live through an allotted age and then decline as the nations of centuries ago. Popular sentiment seems to lean toward the negative side of the question. It now seems almost incredibly that the great and prosperous nations ruling the world to day should at sometime gradually decline and at last be supplanted by some other rising powers. Although, this has been the case yet, to compare the ruling nations of to-day with those of centuries ago would be an altogether unjust comparison.

A much disputed question is the theme of a work by Wilbur Gleason Ziegler, entitled "It Was Marlowe." He has put in the form of a story his arguments to prove that Christopher Marlowe was the author of the Shakespearean plays. For those desiring still further information on this subject notes from the leading authorities are given in an appendix.

The "Ladies Home Journal" of February contains a very practical and interesting article entitled "The Murder of the Modern Innocents" by Mrs. Lew Wallace. Her theme is to cite a few of the evils of over education of children very prevalent in our day. Her arguments are presented very clearly and very forcibly. It is certainly an evil which should in some manner be remedied especially by a country which boasts of having the best school system in the world.

A work, which has created considerable sensation as well as comment both in England and America, is one written by Miss Elizabeth Robins, under the pseudonym of C. E. Raymond, entitled "The Open Question." Quite a number of practical works have already been written on the theme of this book by various authors but are seldom read by those whose tastes are not akin to such style of literature. The novel written, as it is, in form of a thrilling romance which concludes with a tragedy, will no doubt be of interest to all. The plot is certainly worked out with much skill and refinement.



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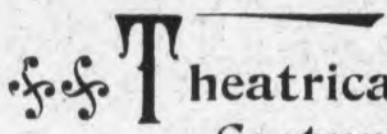
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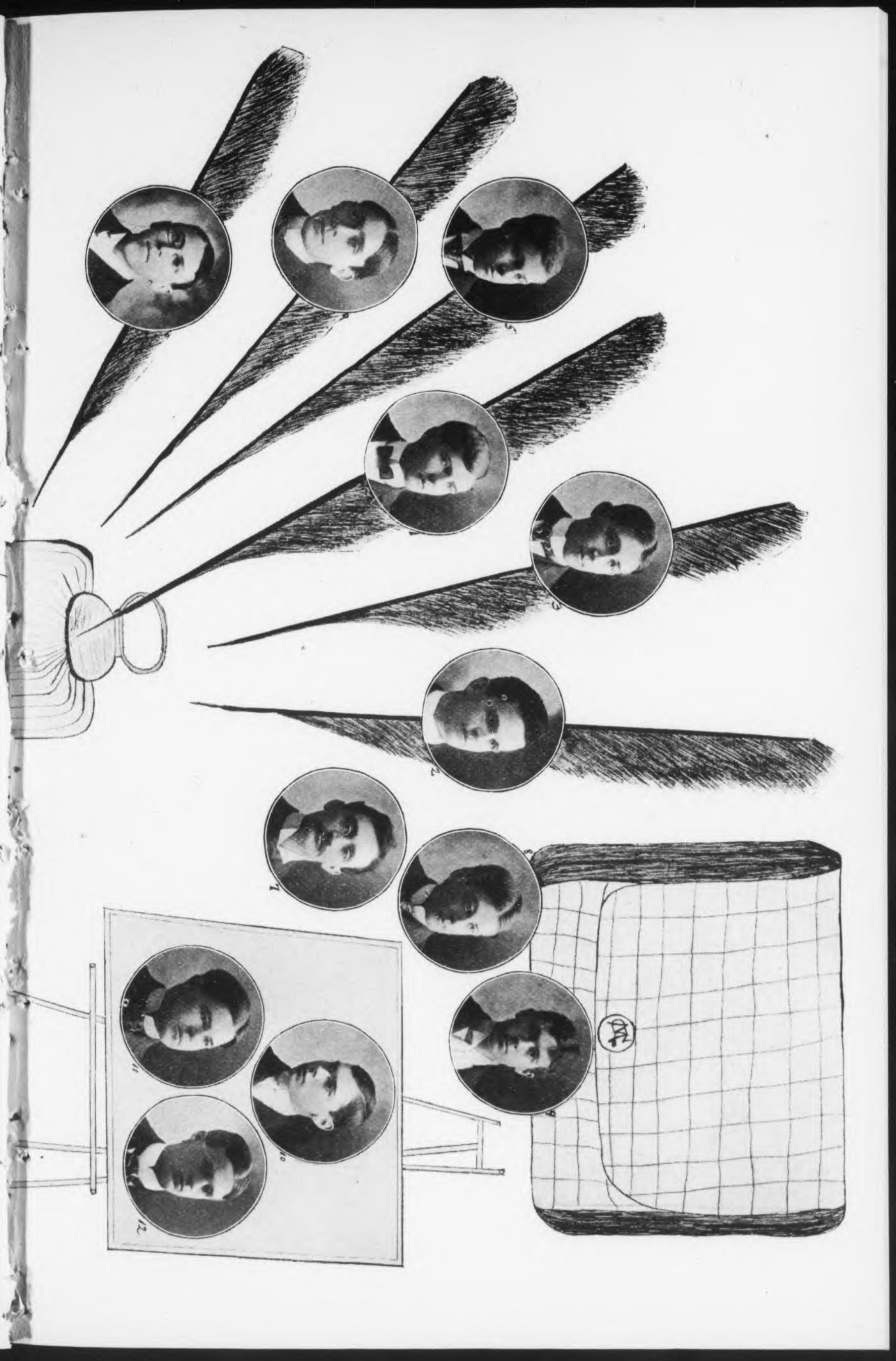


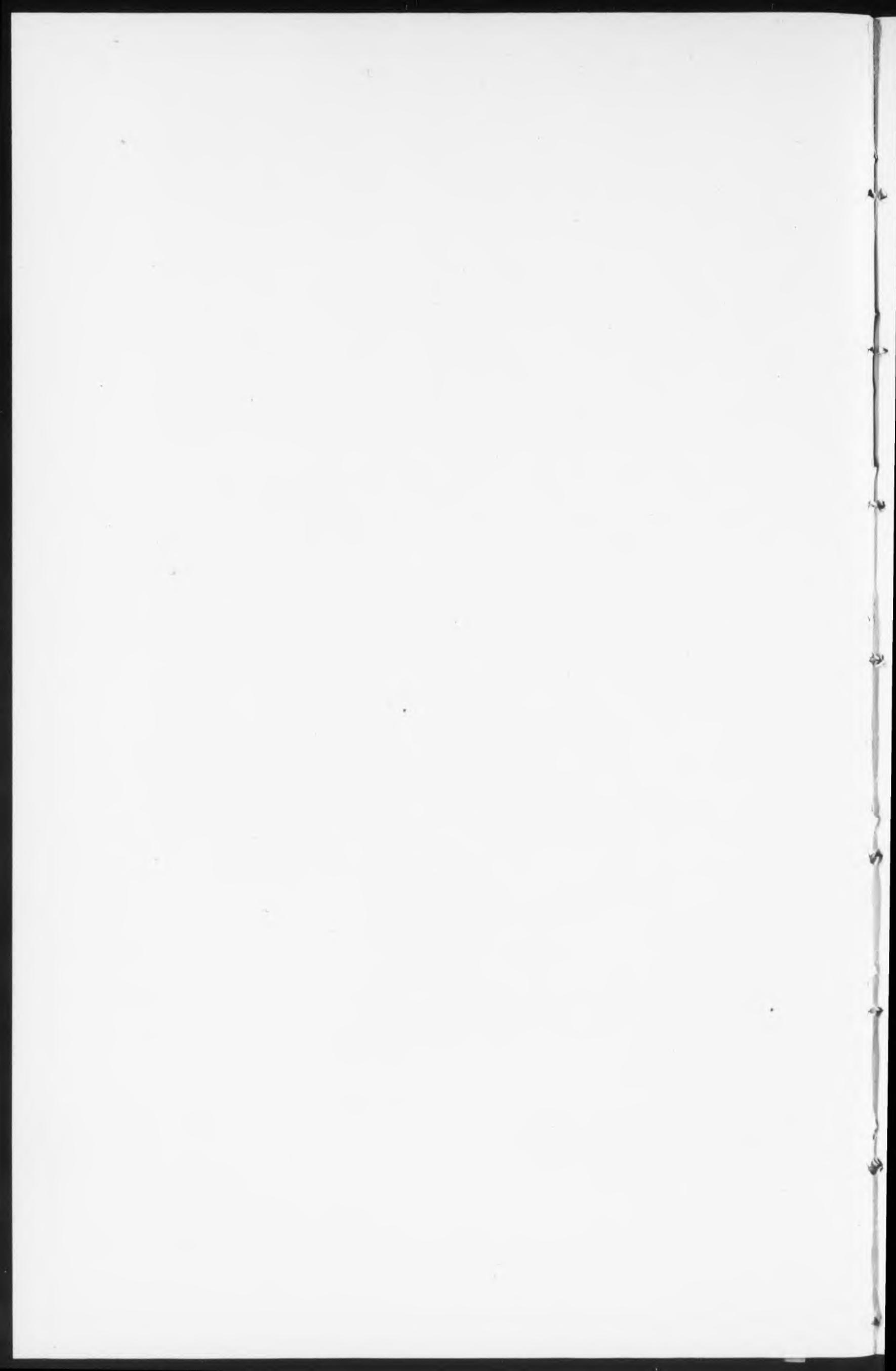
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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVI.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH, 1899.

No. 7.

'MINIMO SONO.'

R. R. FRITCH, 1900.

These words were suggested by the following passage from Quintus Curtius,—'Altissima quaeque flumina minimo sono labi.' The lessons which this sentence teaches might easily fill a volume. Never judge from appearances. A river is navigable not on account of its thundering cataracts, but on account of its depth, the movement of whose waters may be neither visible nor audible. The tiny snowflakes come sailing through the sky unheard, but in a given time may do more damage than the mightiest rain-storm. The depth of a man's argument can not always be sounded by the lung-power with which he expresses himself, neither by the size or number of words which he uses. Outbursts of rhetoric and eloquence are but ornaments if there be no deep thought prompting them. Vessels of only a certain size can pass under a bridge. If the vessel itself be high, the masts must be low, but if the masts be high, the vessel must be low. So there is not enough room for large words freighted with pregnant meaning to pass between the lips of a speaker. Big words with weak thoughts or small words with great ideas—that is the general rule. Large words are like the mighty boulders of a volcano in eruption, which often roll down the mountain side but soon come to a stand-still without harming anything. The reason is that they are too unwieldy to be handled with ease. But the smaller and more easily comprehended words are like the ashes, pouring out from the crater without noise or phenomena, which drive people from the lowlands into higher planes of thought and living.

We are acquainted with Butler's hero, Sir Hudibras, who
For Rhetoric could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

Such men may talk much and elegantly, but they say little—they are those who speak 'maximo sono' sed 'minimo sensu.'

"Observe" with Carlyle, if you will, "how the insignificant, the empty is usually the loud, and, after the manner of a drum, is loud even because of its emptiness." They who listen to a man of the greatest eloquence, who, however, has nothing to tell them, are like those who go into the orchard and find the trees laden with most beautifully colored leaves, but underneath them they find no fruit whatever. It is as though you were to remove the gold plating from the surface of some metal and find beneath only 'sounding brass.'

There are those who are always catering to Horace's 'profanum vulgus,' trying to appear great in the eyes of the masses. Let such hear the judgment pronounced upon them by Quintilian when he says, 'Qui stultis videri erudit volunt, stulti eruditis videntur.' A man who is continually in the eyes of the people may secure fame and renown, but he does not necessarily benefit the world. He is always on the top of the water, where straw and chaff float about him, giving exhibitions to the crowds on the shore. But the man who in willing to sink out of sight for long periods at a time, is he who leaves the lighter affairs and goes down in search of pearls, perhaps forgotten by the people, but years after, coming up with a gem in his hand, ready to deliver it to his generation and to posterity.

There seems to be a law in nature that the amount of noise multiplied by the amount of work performed is a constant quantity. That is, the more noise the less work and *vice versa*. You may have noticed a small engine raising a hod full of bricks and mortar to the top of a building under construction. The weight was comparatively small but the puffing and the noise could be heard at a great distance. Again, you may have stood beside an engine running a dynamo supplying power for a trolley-road. Here the noise was comparatively slight but the power great. What was the difference between the two engines? In the former, the power was wasted in the air; in the latter, the power was concentrated to be distributed through miles of wire so as to perform work.

We may prove this law by friction. When friction is great enough, it may produce noise and the greater the friction the louder the noise. But we know that the greater the friction is in a given machine of any kind, the less is the available power. So we may conclude that the louder the noise the greater the waste of energy and therefore the less work is accomplished.

The best example is the 'Political Machine.' There is friction between the different Parties, and even between the different parts of each Party. And what commotions! The whole country quakes when the machinery starts up just before a campaign. And then, 'maximo sono,' each party and each candidate proclaims what he intends to accomplish when in power or in office. But all the strength of the Parties is exhausted by that time, so they must take a vacation in order to recuperate until the next struggle. Hence, promised reforms are so frequently not realized.

After all it is not the boasting politician nor the eloquent stump-speaker who shapes the destiny of a nation. But it is the *silent* influence of the home which turns out the hardy recruits able to man the ship of State and to steer her safely through the storms of time. For as the oak, if the physical conditions be perfect, in silence grows and gathers strength to brave the blasts of winter, so if the home, the foundation of the State, be perfect, the nation receives from it, as the tree from its roots, the material by means of which it may defy succeeding centuries.

A SCANDALOUS AFFAIR.

A. S. HARTZELL, '97.

He met her at a dance. She was there in all her loveliness—she was always lovely—and from the moment they met, the vast hall with all its beauty and splendor and countless pleasures suddenly tamed and lost its flavor,—at least so Clarence thought.

All earthly things have an end, and the dance was no exception to this heavenly ordained rule; but its memory, particularly that part of it in which Ethel—that was her name—figured, promised to set at naught any ordinance, whether heavenly or otherwise, and to haunt his mind to the verge of desperation. His vivid imagination was never at a loss to recall the dreamy orchestral strains, to say nothing of the equally dreamy object of his thoughts. Yes, her conquest was complete. Wicked girl! But then, she wasn't to blame after all; it was all unbeknown to her.

We were employed side by side—Clarence and I—at the same desk in the same counting house, and I hadn't liked him from the first, but of course, I hadn't known him long either. He was

one of these assuming, self-confident chaps, handsome enough to look at, and rather pleasing to talk with, so long, as he chose other than himself as the topic of conversation, which was seldom indeed.

He was a comparative stranger in the city, and hailed from—no one knew exactly where, but it was generally understood that he was well connected and that he was striking out for himself, all of which was very commendable. He had been with us about a month before the eventful dance took place, and during that time I had learned to know him pretty thoroughly. He was rather easy to know if one but started him on his favorite theme.

I was slightly indisposed on the evening of the dance, and regretted my inability to attend keenly; but Clarence, kind fellow, grieved at my disappointment, and the following day I breathed a dancing atmosphere. I doubt whether a kinetoscope could have depicted the affair with greater accuracy than he did, except that it would probably have omitted him as the central figure. I also heard more or less concerning Ethel, and could not fail to notice that he did not rejoice when he learned that I, too, was acquainted with this fair representative of the fair sex.

Well, to tell the truth, he, 'had it bad,' poor Clarence had. Even his assurance failed to conceal that fact after a certain time. He called on her as often as good form would allow—possibly a little oftener—and nearly always rehearsed his progress faithfully to me the next day. One dull afternoon, when business was at a standstill, we fell to talking about her, or rather he did, for I was always made to feel that my remarks concerning her were uncalled for, and I calmly observed :

"There is a little matter in connection with Miss Ethel which you are apparently unacquainted with, and which I now feel it my duty to tell you."

"Oh, is there?" he replied sharply.

"Yes, you probably have never heard that she—."

"Spare yourself the trouble, dear boy, I am surprised at you. Anything you may say will not lessen my opinion of her. She very likely has a scape-grace of a brother who has been banished from home, or an aunt who is an actress, or some other such disreputable alliance. I never did have any patience with scandalous gossip of any kind, and—."

"Really," I interposed, "you do me an injustice. I was merely about to tell you that she—."

"Well, tell some one else," he fairly yelled, "I don't care to hear that she has an ungovernable temper, or that she is extravagant, and such like. I always credited you with possessing a higher sense of manliness than that you have displayed this afternoon. Let me advise you to wear petticoats in the future, or to refrain from indulging in such feminine pastime as scandal spreading. I loathe a gossip."

I should have knocked him down then and there and made him apologize; but, good-natured fellow that I am, I allowed it to pass.

From that day our confidence ceased; not so his attentions. Once or twice we chanced together in Miss Ethel's drawing room, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I subsequently persuaded myself that my presence there had not been a crime.

It was rather late as I mounted the stone steps of the residence which had recently become a forbidden topic of conversation between two young employees of the National Counting House—later than was my wont—and, as accident would have it, the door was slightly ajar. This did not bother me, for I had ere this entered unannounced, but a familiar voice from the drawing room did.

"Really, Mr. Gladwell," this was Clarence's more dignified appellation, "I am dreadfully sorry to see you in such a state, and believe me, it should never have happened had you not mistaken what was merely cordiality for encouragement. I also think that if you had not shown so marked an aversion for scandalous gossip when Mr. Randolph attempted to entertain you, this might—."

But I could hear no more. I dashed from the house and rammed a glove into my mouth to keep from shouting. It was with difficulty that the florist's boy carried his burden next morning to the scene of the previous evening's comedy.

It is needless to add that there was a situation vacant at the Counting House next morning.

* * * * *

Ethel and myself have just entertained a friend who knows Clarence. We learned with joy that he is well established both in society and in business. We also understand that he still does not countenance the spreading of scandal, but that he never more attempts to interrupt one addicted to that practice.

OUR SENSATIONAL NEWSPAPER.

G. KELLER RUBRECHT, '01.

The advancement along nearly all lines has been wonderful. During the last quarter of a century progress has been astonishing. Printing has undergone the same growth and the up-to-date newspaper is changing so rapidly that we wonder where it will stop and what its appearance will be twenty-five years hence. Take a copy of a progressive paper ten or fifteen years ago and compare it with one of our sensational sheets. You would judge it a paper of the fifties were it not for the date on the front page. What a contrast the type, the head-lines, the rough wood-cuts, the few pages and especially the contents make with the so-called yellow journal of to-day, with head-lines at times that occupy half a side, full of glaring and sensational pictures, taken on the spot when the artist always remains in the same room; full of the most vivid portrayals of murder, suicide and other crimes, with enough reading matter to make an ordinary sized book, with accounts of deeds and circumstances before they happen and oftentimes of those that never exist or take place—anything that will amuse and arouse the public whether morally right or not, each paper trying to give the first and most vivid account and willing to pay thousands of dollars, as in our last war, to have permission to send a war message from the field. This is the nature of the up-to-date sensational newspaper.

The influence of the newspaper to-day is greater than it ever was. In our cities and towns it enters the home of nearly all. Even the agricultural class is beginning to buy the daily. This is largely due to its cheapness. The newspaper is the only reading matter of more than three-fourths of our people and they eagerly devour its contents and believe all to be true. Its influence cannot be grasped at a mere thought. It is a steady companion of many of us. We are known by the company we keep even in literature. Look at the astonishing increase in the number of Sunday papers, with their thirty-two to fifty pages, brimful of everything but that which is sacred, a veritable art gallery of the most sensational and oftentimes corrupt pictures. We need but refer to our late war to see the influence of the paper; when the streets of our city were full of little boys selling papers; when sensational journalism was at its highest tide; when the editions were printed by the millions and the presses going day and night; when the paper with the half page head-lines and glaring

pictures in color, sold before all others. Well can it be said that the papers control the doings and passions of mankind; that our nation could easily be thrown into war by the instigation of the papers, simply for their own gain. The influence of the paper is so great that it is the defense of our political parties, the harbinger of all organizations and monopolies with money to bribe, the herald of the nation's doings and the intellectual store-house of our masses.

Since the newspaper has such magnetic influence on the people, greater than any other, its contents should be restricted to certain bounds. Papers instead of supplying the wants of the people should strive to educate their readers. They should not display murder, daring robberies and other crimes as though of the greatest importance, since by giving prominence to these, they sell the greatest number of copies. They should by all means be more select in the illustrations and not represent pictures which are shocking and immodest, to say the least. They should endeavor to present the plain truth instead of playing on the sentiments. With this tremendous influence, the papers should not be permitted to lead our people astray and for this reason their privileges should be restricted.

Yet it would be almost useless to attempt to restrict the rights of papers to choose their own ways of meeting the public. The spirit of the age is against it. Sensational literature seems to be what the people want, and the newspaper men will give it to them. A comparison of the circulation of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and with the *New York Journal* shows us plainly the spirit of the people. The newspaper is progressing but many, we are afraid, are an injury to our public. We must agree that the so-called yellow sheets are too sensational; yet we must praise them for their tact of enterprise, and eagerness to present the current news; but that underlying spirit, to secure an immense circulation and make the end justify their means, must be condemned. It depends on the public altogether whether they want the papers sensational and time alone will tell whether we shall have good and pure newspapers. Much has been said against them but little accomplished.

A SUCCESSFUL TRAMP.

R. C. HORN, 1900.

Many years ago, as I was an adventurous youth and desired to see as much as possible of our country, I left my Eastern home to work my way towards the Pacific. My parents were in comfortable circumstances and had been able to give me a college education, of which I had taken the proper advantage.

I made known to my parents my intention of tramping towards the Pacific and after much discussion and debate they gave their permission. My mother provided me with a few necessary articles. Soon I bade goodby to my parents, brothers, and sisters; and, with ten dollars in my pocket, I took the next West-bound train. That afternoon I travelled about one hundred miles. I spent that night in a small village, the name of which I do not know. But this is how I spent the night. I walked up to the first farm house; gently knocked at the door; and, when the good woman appeared, I asked for something to eat and some place to sleep. I said that I would do some work, for instance cutting wood, the next morning as a return for board and lodging. I found that I had come to the right place. A supper was prepared for me, and a bed was made ready. The good people trusted me. I was dressed neatly and looked very fresh, for I had just come from home. My general appearance seemed to please them; and they thought me just what I was.

I slept most comfortably that night. Next day I rose at six o'clock and by seven I had cut a large pile of wood. The farmer then brought me something to eat and how good that did taste! My task having been finished, I thanked the good people; left them; and proceeded to tramp along dusty roads to the next inhabited place. This I found to be a large town. There I secured cheap lodging. In the morning I looked for some work; I soon found some as a temporary clerk. I remained in this town for a month; my employer wished to retain me, but I had to go farther West. He paid me liberally for my services, and added to that a little present of some money and some sound advice. During this month I had been living comfortably at a boarding house. I departed from this place on a train, and travelled several hundred miles farther West. In such a manner did I proceed—sometimes remaining for a while in some place, having plenty of work, and making money for my next move; at other times spend-

ing my money for railroad fare; living at one time like a king; at another, economizing. In this way I saw many a city and town and learned more and more of practical life. I was on the whole fond of this mode of living.

But adversity will come. I had reached a small town in Wyoming. I had looked for work but in vain. My money was rapidly giving out and I would not write home for any because then it would seem as if my enthusiasm had given out. Winter was approaching and I was sadly in want of some winter clothing. It seemed as if no one in the whole world cared for me; every one seemed to think only of himself, or herself. It has been suggested that I was homesick at this time—perhaps I was; certainly I was despondent. Soon all my money disappeared in spite of all my economy. Then I had to play the part of the ordinary tramp. That was a hard life; but I lived through it.

Once I walked through a deep snow from one town to another. At the first house to which I came, after having been several days on the road with but little food, I asked for something to eat and drink. The man who came to the door was a rude fellow; giving me a shove, he said: "Get out of here, and mighty quick too. And don't let me see you around here again." At the next house a woman gave me five cents. It wasn't much, but it was enough to purchase a loaf of bread. This loaf was one of the best I ever tasted. Now, my hunger having been satisfied with bread and my thirst with some cold water, I was anxious to find some place to sleep. I wasn't going to sleep in the snow for I wasn't ready to be frozen to death. I stopped at several houses but was sent away from each with varying degrees of roughness. At last I found a resting place. It was a charitable institution for homeless men, for just such men as myself. At this place a man could remain for several days, and have something to eat and some place to sleep, provided that he would earn those by certain odd jobs. I was ready to accept the terms.

The next day was Sunday. On that day I cleaned myself somewhat and managed to make myself a little more respectable in appearance. Then I went to church. I heard a very good sermon, the theme of which was "Our Earthly Pilgrimage." This sermon struck me very forcibly for it recalled to my mind my many trials and disappointments. At the close of the service I waited a few moments to see the people go out and to have a good look at the building. As I was standing in a dreamy

attitude, some one touched me on my arm. Looking around I saw an old woman, who shook my hand and said that she wished to speak with me a moment. She said that her grandson, a very young man, was playing the tramp, as I was doing (for I gave her a few points of my story), and asked if I had not in some of my wanderings met —, giving his name. I was sorry to have to say no. The old lady then asked me to come home with her, and get "something worth eating"—and all because her grandson was a tramp, just like myself. She kept me at her house that night. Seeming to find me at least trustworthy, she kept me longer, giving me certain tasks to perform and paying me for them. She had been living alone until I came. In a week I had become a new man owing to her care.

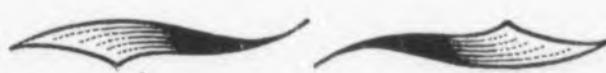
One evening as I was returning home from an errand I heard some one crying. Going towards the source of the sound I came upon a little girl half buried in the snow. The poor thing was well dressed and very pretty but she was now half dead from fright and cold. Carefully I picked her up and carried her to my temporary home. My grandmother, as I now called my deliverer, cared for the child. The next day the girl told her story. Having gone on an errand she had wandered from her proper road and had lost herself. Immediately she had sat down and cried. Then she had lain down on the snow and the wind had soon almost covered her with the white flakes. No one had come by that place before me. So I happened to find her, lying down and crying. We found that she had been living in that town only for two or three days and also that she was about eleven years of age.

The next day there was quite a disturbance in town because a child had been lost. I found out where the home of the child was and took her thither to restore her to her parents. The parents couldn't do enough for me; the father offered me anything. I hadn't done anything to deserve all this but at any rate I took this opportunity of asking for work. Finding that I had a little education he gave me a clerkship in his office. I continued to live with my old grandmother. I had now found some more friends, the little girl and her father and mother. All this was owing to the kindness and true Christian love of that old woman who gave me a home and motherly care; for if she had not done that, I should have been either dead or in some other town with no friends to cheer and help me. I passed the re-

mainder of the winter and the spring as a clerk in the office of Mr. Dickson. I made up my mind to get enough money to return home, and to do that as quickly as possible. I lived now like a gentleman, not like a tramp.

One day in the early spring a tramp stepped up to me and asked for some money. At first I was inclined to be rough but, remembering my adversity, I gave him some money and asked him to tell me something of his history. He was very grateful for the money ; the story he told cheerfully to my sympathizing ear. I did not think of asking him his name ; he mentioned neither it nor that of his starting point. I learned later that he had used the money for refixing himself, and that he had then come to see my old friend with whom I was staying. I was surprised to find him there upon any return. He proved to be her long lost grandson. He was sorry that he had left his grandmother alone and in such circumstances that she had to work in order to support herself. He resolved never to roam again. I found out that he was well educated. I used my efforts to get a position for him. (I would have done anything in order to show my gratitude to his grandmother). We lived for many months as brothers.

My position here was assured, whereas in my native town there was no place open for me. My parents thought that I had better keep the position which I had but they asked me to pay a short visit to them. This I did after I had been away from my parents' home two years. Then I came back to my home in Wyoming for this was really my home. Here I had a brother, here I had one who was as much as a mother to me, here I had friends, here I had a position, here I was happy, and here I found a wife. For I married the daughter of my employer, the girl whom I had rescued long before. What more could I wish ? I was satisfied. Thus that tramping experience ended ; at last I had found a resting place; and never since have I desired to travel farther West.



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Vacation.

This issue of THE MUHLENBERG will scarcely have been read when the Spring vacation will be at hand. Welcome to it. Hold ! Some one asks, "Are vacations beneficial ?" We cannot see how a vacation properly spent could fail in bringing good results. But we must admit that many vacations are so spent that a period of time equal to the length of the vacation is required by some to recover from the effects of that vacation after their return to school or College. Others, again, seem to make their whole course a vacation—from study. To such, of what earthly advantage is a vacation.

To the faithful student vacation comes as the cooling shower on the warm sultry days of summer. The shower, though but brief, passes by leaving everything greener, fresher and brighter. So a vacation, though short as this Easter vacation will be, leaves the mind of the "steady toiler," refreshed, more vigorous, and more ready to analyze a difficult sentence in Greek or to grasp the thought of one of Butler's most complex paragraphs.

Considering not only ourselves as the scholars, but also remembering that our faithful instructors need a respite from their manifold labors, we conclude that vacations, recurring at stated

intervals throughout the year, have strong arguments in thier favor. One of the strongest in favor of a vacation at Easter covering the week preceding it, is the momentous events the season commemorates, the passion, death and resurrection of the Son of God.

* * *

Poets.

In looking through the Exchanges the editor frequently finds original productions in verse, scattered here and there to fill a vacant space, and, not seldom, poems covering several pages. These are frequently quoted, whole or in part, by our *Exchange* editor. They are not all of the highest order nor, on the other hand, dare we say that they are all of a low degree. Whichever they may be they nearly always add something to the general make-up of an ideal College paper,—a paper which reflects the life of the student, body. We do not agree with some who favor eliminating these verses, especially those in lighter vein, even if occasionally they do have a tinge of sentimentality.

Possibly the editor would think differently on this question were his sanctum for once flooded with specimens of the would-be poet's art. This very thing he asks and courts. Where are the poets at Muhlenberg? It really seems as though the line of poetic succession has been broken. The muse no longer descends to tune our lyres! Possibly no one has bid her stay. Fellow students we invite contributions of a poetic nature. Some happy thought may come to you,—put it down in verse. It need not be a classic. We will print it anyway.

Only a few brief lines we ask ;
Only a stanza ;—'tis no hard task—
Only a poem short and bright,
Only a verse—now won't you write ?

* * *

A Cut of the Ciarla Staff.

With this issue we present a cut of the staff which will this year publish the *Ciarla*. They expect to surpass all previous attempts. We wish them success and expectantly await the appearance of 1900's book.

Locals.

The following officers are now serving in the Euterpean Literary Society: President, J. O. Henry, '99; Vice President, Leidy B. Heist, '99; Secretary, Bachman, '02; Corresponding Secretary, Ink, '02; Critics, Beck, '99, and Berg, '99; Chaplain, Schofer, '01; Pianist, Erb, '00.

The officers of Sophronia at the present time are the following: President, A. A. Kunkle, '99; Vice President, Krutzky, '00; Clerk, Landis, '01; Corresponding Secretary, Nagle, '01; Chaplain, Kuehner, '02; Critics, Hausman, '99, and H. A. Kunkle, '99; Editor, Allenbach, '01; Treasurer, Schell, '01; Pianist, Fegley, '00.

Freed, '02, was in Doylestown to get his hair abbreviated.

John Kopp, '99, has an unknown admirer.

Shimer's, '01, favorite song is "Irene, Good Night."

D. E. Fetherolf, '99, has joined the M. C. Bachelor's Union.

H. L. Straub, '00, is taking lessons in fancy drawing. He drew a check last week.

Lewis Trump, '00, is fast falling in love with one of the girls at his boarding house.

Fegely, '02, Lutz, '01, and Drumheller, '01, have rendered trial addresses in Salem's Reformed Sunday School.

C. R. Telford, '03, will be on exhibition in the art gallery in Y. M. C. A. Hall. (Ten cents admission.)

The debates in Chapel every Saturday are very interesting and the boys are making great strides of progress in the line of debating.

A number of the boys were present at the S. S. Convention at Catasauqua on Washington's Birthday. They had both their intellectual and physical wants satiated. The treatment received at the hands of the people of Catasauqua will live as long as memory lasts. Mr. Case certainly took good care of his College mates.

"Of all the days that are in the week I dearly love but one day; And that's the day that comes between Saturday and Monday."—*Author, L.*

We have a young man at college in some respects peculiarly inclined. He is what might be termed an antiquarian. He does not believe in any facial decorations; he is especially opposed to the mingling of art and nature by the fairer sex. He says instead of ameliorating the personal appearance, it deteriorates it. He also believes in spooks and that the earth is flat.

"Playing checkers must be checked in my room," says W. C. Beck, '02.

What relation is Kuehner, '02, to Howard Kunkle, '99?

Dr. Bauman: For what are spectrosopes used?

Miller, '02: To see spooks.

Prof. in Physics: Why is a volt called a volt?

Sieger, '01: After Voltaire.

Dr. Ettinger: Mr. Rubrecht, is there any other book in the Bible written in as good Greek as the Acts?

Rubrecht, '01: Yes sir, the Anabasis.

Prof. of Latin: Some men wear spectacles—

Fritch, '00, (quickly): and others make spectacles of themselves.

The editor wishes to get a lease on Fritch's jokes but as yet has been unable to do so. He asks too much for the copyright.

Interrogations: Why did W. Fetherolf not attend his class banquet? Why do fire sales come when our checks have not arrived? When will we get a new Chapel Choir?

The Sophomores boarded in town a few days before their banquet.

Balliet, '02, has a pipe of which he is very proud. His great grand-father captured it from the red-coats during the Revolutionary war. It has almost reached the zenith of its fragrance.

What is the difference between *incandescent love* and *inclan-descent love*? Referred to Lutz, '01.

The Ciarla will be out as soon as it is finished.



The Sophomore Banquet.

" We can live without poetry, music, and art ;
 We may live without love, we may live without heart ;
 We may live without friends, we may live without books,
 But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books; what is knowledge but grieving ?
 We may live without hope ; what is hope but deceiving ?
 We may live without love ; what is passion but pining ?
 But where is the man who can live without dining ? "—*Meredith.*

So thought the Sophomores when the time was approaching for their class banquet. A committee was therefore appointed who made extensive preparations for this festive event that should eclipse all previous ones. The time and place, Wilkesbarre, February tenth, 1899, having been finally decided upon, matters were kept so secret that all were totally baffled in their attempts to ferret it out.

At last when the class members suddenly dissappeared on the evening of February ninth, the Freshmen knew their time had come to capture some of the banquetters. Accordingly they skulked through the streets on that bitter cold night, when all others were glad to remain indoors, looking for stragglers and watched the railroad stations until all the trains had passed and then came to the satisfactory conclusion that if they had gotten out of town, it was not by these routes.

In the meanwhile, where were the wily Sophomores ? Passing their time, as best they could, in different parts of town and carefully avoiding those who were searching for them with cuffs (not linen), sizes nine and ten, supplied with a new style of links for the purpose.

On the following morning, when the Freshmen were quietly and obediently reciting for Dr. E., the class with some ex-members left in a special car for their destination.

The trip thither was delightful. The country, everywhere covered with snow, made an imposing and pleasing sight to be witnessed from the car window. The wooded mountains, valleys and winding rivers furnished endless pleasing combinations. In the valleys, how imposing the lowering mountains appeared. On their crest, everything below stretched out like a motionless panorama. The river gliding like a glistening serpent, glens, gaps, rocks and waterfalls were causing continual surprise and delight. When the mountains surrounding Wilkesbarre were reached, all

eyes were centered upon this beautiful city in the valley below. Yet it was not for a long time that the city was reached.

After the hotel had been visited the boys went sight seeing as much as the weather would permit. At eight o'clock to the strains of a mandolin orchestra, the class marched into the beautiful banquet hall and partook of a sumptuous feast. After the numerous courses, represented by dishes with unpronounceable names but dainty nevertheless, had been served and disposed of, wit and merriment came with the gastronomical satisfaction. The toasts were witty, interesting and to the point, the toast-master in his element, the diners attentive and appreciative. At last after the usual exchange of autographs and general conversation, the class retired.

The next day was spent in visiting Wilkesbarre's beautiful public buildings and other places of interest such as the magnificent Y. M. C. A. building, public library, etc. It was after four when the train that was to take us home arrived. The trip home was rendered pleasant by singing, games and music by the class orchestra. At eight o'clock, thirty-one tired but pleased young men slipped off a Lehigh Valley flyer, betook themselves to the College building and with their remaining strength made the halls ring with their yells of triumph and then separated with many happy remarks, hoping that many more banquets would fall to their share in the future.

MENU.

Blue Points.		Salted Almonds.
Olives.	Clear Turtle Soup.	Celery.
Cucumbers.	Filet of Sole a La Chambord.	Potatoes of Duchesse.
	Vol Au Vent of Sweetbreads.	French Peas.
Broiled Live Lobster, Drawn Butter.		1901 Punch.
	Roast Teal Duck, Guava Jelly.	Celery Mayonnaise.
Fruit.	Bisque Ice Crean.	Edam Cheese.
	Water Crackers.	Coffee.
	Cigars.	Cigarettes.

TOASTS.

Toastmaster,.....	J. H. Worth
"The Naughty Ones,".....	G. K. Rubrecht
	"Surer to prosper than prosperity Could have assured us."—Milton.
"Snow Drifts,".....	L. Serfass
	"Ringing, swinging, dashing they go, Over the crest of the beautiful snow."—Watson.

"Professor E. Rustico,".....F. B. Gerner
 "Am I a fool, a coward, a knave!"—*Selected.*

"In Memoriam,".....A. L. Benner
 "To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember them."—*Moore.*

"New Arrivals,".....C. E. Bickel
 "Come as the winds come, when
 Forrests are rended."—*Scott.*

"Nostri Magistri".....P. B. Ruhe
 "Thou marshalles't us the way that we are going."—*Shakespeare.*

"Following the Flag,".....G. W. Lutz
 "And the Star Spangled Banner, O long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"—*Key.*

"Muhlenberg,".....T. McH. Yoder
 "Be to her virtues very kind ;
 But to her faults a little blind."—*Prior.*

"Our Lady Friends,".....G. H. Drumheller
 "Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."—*Lowell.*

"A Glance Forward,".....E. J. Wackernagle
 "We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity."—*Pope.*

"Battles on the Gridiron,".....F. P. Reagle
 "Much may be said on both sides."—*Addison.*

"Our Standards,".....D. W. Hamm
 "Emblems of power and beauty ! well may they
 Shine brightest on our borders."—*Bryant.*

"Fond Recollections,".....S. M. Wenrich
 "The leaves of memory seemed to make
 A mournful rustling in the dark."—*Longfellow.*

"Our Late Combat,".....H. E. Shimer
 "Battle's magnificently stern array."—*Byron.*

"Our Banquet,".....J. A. Schofer
 "A wilderness of sweets"—*Milton.*

Personals.

Horn, C., '00, is home at Reading with the grip.

Shimer, 01, spent Sunday, February 18th, with the folks at home.

John G. Hartley, '99, after a much needed rest has returned to College.

Hartley, '99, was best man at the Opp—Sandt nuptials, in Bethlehem, February 16th.

Fritch, R., '00, is executing his much appreciated musical ability at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium.

Warning is offered to Fetherolf, F., '99, not to stand in front of a camera when he manipulates it.

The Misses Blanche German and Mary Parker, both of the Kutztown State Normal School, visited Ink, '02.

A meeting of the Executive Board was held Monday, February 27th. Mostly routine business was transacted.

Flexer, '00, has lately been made Master of Ceremonies at the Sunday afternoon lectures, held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Paul G. Krutzky, '00, after a short stay at his home in Philadelphia, has returned to College, fully recuperated from a slight illness.

Our curators, Hartley and Berg, are glad St. Valentine's Day comes but once a year. They claim they have too much mail to handle.

The late blizzard caused many sad looking faces around the College, as no cars could be run to some favorite places as Bethlehem and Catasauqua.

Schmoyer, '01, being unable to accompany his class to their banquet in a special car, took the "Black Diamond" and arrived in due time for the same.

Fegley, C., Horn, W., Boyer, '00, and Brunner, '02, were among the many who enjoyed the excellent production of Rip Van Winkle, by the Jeffersons.

Ink, '02, has just returned after having attended the funeral of his brother, Jasper, who was a student at the Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Reagle, F., Ruhe, Nagle, '01, and Bachman, '02, are the college curio-seekers. Among their collections can be found many valuable and interesting specimens.

Wanted—by Elmer Williamson, (Squire), a person to perfect and patent a system by which the college pavement can be cleaned more readily when the next blizzard arrives.

Messrs. Allenbach and Gerner, of the Sophomore class, became so infatuated with Wilkesbarre and its belongings, that they remained over a few days after the Sophomore banquet.

Ralph E. Kline, '01, and Moulton McFetridge, '02, have lately joined the Delta Theta Fraternity.

Rev. C. J. Cooper, Treasurer of the College, was elected a School Director of the Second Ward on the Democratic ticket.

Schofer, '01, thinking he would not receive a valentine, sent one to himself. (?)

The voters at college were given the extreme pleasure of riding to the polls in carriages.

As Fegley's, '00, and Hausman's, '99, uncles ran for the same office in the recent election, both concluded they would not electioneer.

Many of the boys enjoyed the excursion which was given by the Senior Guild of King's Daughters, Friday, February 24th.

Through the kindness of our President, Dr. Seip, the Senior and Junior classes were given an opportunity of viewing his large and neatly arranged Library.

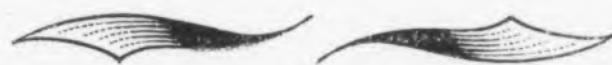
Referred : certain members of the Senior class who make especial pretensions to smartness and honesty (?) would greatly oblige others if they would keep their books closed during certain recitations.

Shimer, '01, and Sykes, '02, were recently initiated as members of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

Rev. Geo. G. Kunkle, '73, of Trevorton, called on his son, Ambrose, of the Senior class, for a few hours on Tuesday last.

Beck, '99, paid his brother, Lawyer Beck, of Easton, a professional call last Saturday.

Kopp, '99, made the debate on "Improper Food in the Spanish-American War," very interesting by having present for inspection a can of the much-talked-of beef. It was sampled by some who agreed that it wasn't so bad and that it would taste good were a person hungry. The results of this investigation were not sent to the Inquiry Board at Washington.



Our Alumni.

'68. A PREACHER'S NEW DEPARTURE.—A clergyman will attend to marriages, baptisms and funerals in families not connected with any church. Clergyman, 3254 North Fifteenth street. Telephone 90-58.

This advertisement appeared in the personal column of a Philadelphia newspaper on Tuesday morning, and it marks the advent into professional life—on a plan similar to that occupied by a doctor or a lawyer—of a minister who is not able to assume a regular charge because of physical disability. The principal is Rev. W. H. Rickert, a clergyman of the Lutheran Church, who, from 1871 until 1886, was pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, of Williamsport.

An affection of the throat forced him to retire in the latter year, and since then he has been a resident of Philadelphia, and has occasionally performed clerical duties. The idea of offering his services as a minister to the public suggested itself to Mr. Rickert a few days ago when he was asked to officiate at a funeral of a person who was not a church member, and the outcome was the insertion of the above advertisement. The retired divine believes that a preacher should be remunerated for his labor the same as any other professional man, and, if his step is a breach of clerical ethics, it will doubtless be atoned by a liberal-thinking public.

Rev. Rickert is connected with the Pennsylvania Ministerium of the General Council of the Lutheran Church, occasionally conducts services, and declared with frankness that a preacher is worthy of his hire, or, in other words, is entitled to make a living by his calling. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1868, being one of the first four graduates of that institution, and also from the Lutheran Seminary, at Philadelphia. He was born at Coopersburg in 1844 and is a brother of Charles Rickert, of this city.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'71. Rev. T. F. Ohl, Mus. D., has been appointed minister to the German Hospital in Philadelphia. His address is 2537 Oxford Street, Philadelphia.

'73. St. John's Lutheran Church, Slatington, Pa., Rev. J. S. Erb pastor, is under going extensive repairs and improvements.

Twelve handsome memorial windows, donated by members of the congregation, have been placed in the church. With the new addition to the church and the other improvements that are being made, St. John's will be a beautiful house of worship.—*The Lutheran.*

'73. The title of one of the recent "At Random Papers" by Rev. William H. Myers, published in the *Lutheran* is "Your Nose to the Grindstone."

'74. On the 21st of February Captain James L. Schaadt was elected Mayor of Allentown, Pa., by more than 700 majority. We congratulate our first Muhlenberg Mayor of Allentown.

'78. At a convention of the School Directors of Lehigh County, held in the Court House, Allentown, on Washington's birthday, Dr. H. H. Herbst, President of the Allentown Board of Control, was elected President of the County Association. He also read a paper of which the *Allentown Chronicle and News* said: "Dr. H. H. Herbst, of Allentown, then spoke very instructively on "School Hygiene." The six classes into which this subject may be divided are; 1. Hygienic selection of site. 2. Character of material used in erecting buildings. 3. Arrangement of rooms. 4. Air in rooms. 5. Temperature of rooms, and 6. The removal of excretory substances. Neglect of any or all of these will invariably be followed by sickness or disease in some form or other. The hot-air system is preferable in heating and ventilating school buildings. Dr. Herbst explained a very simple and at the same time very effective method that may be used in country districts where it is impossible or impractical to provide a more expensive heating and ventilating apparatus."

'79. The Lutheran Concordia congregation of Rochester, N. Y., has decided to purchase a new organ. At the last meeting of the congregation, \$5000 was appropriated for the said purpose, including a new vestry room for church council. Rev. Dr. C. N. Conrad has been pastor of this church nearly seventeen years, and besides building up his own church to nearly 800 families, has organized five churches, and is the author of several printed works.—*The Lutheran.*

'79. Frank M. Trexler, Esq., is the President of the Y. M. C. A. of Allentown.

'80. At the recent meeting of the School Directors of Lehigh County, Dr. George T. Ettinger, the Secretary of the Allentown Board of Control, read a paper on the adoption of text books. We clip the following account from the *Allentown Chronicle and News*: Professor George T. Ettinger, of Allentown, spoke very interestingly on "The manner of selecting text-books when a change is contemplated." "What is new often receives more attention than what is true. Legislators, to prove to their district that they are earning their salaries, think it necessary to introduce a new bill at every session. Educators, to show their mental superiority, think it necessary to publish a book. As a result we have too many poor laws and too many poor books. Changes in text-books should be seldom made, because it is economical and gives pupils and teachers an opportunity to know that book from cover to cover. When changes are made the opinion of the county superintendent and of the teachers should be consulted. Teachers, and not book agents should influence directors." Dr. Ettinger's talk was so interesting that the fall of a pin would have been considered a disturbance by the listeners.

'81. A FINE LECTURE ON CUBA. * The lecture delivered in Y. M. C. A. Hall last night by Rev. J. W. Mayne, under the management of Messrs. Hartman & Weavar, was a treat to those present. His descriptions of the sufferings of the Cubans, of the destruction of the Maine and the charge of the Rough Riders were beautiful word pictures. His peroration was a fine piece of oratory and his hearers left the hall glad that they lived in this land of liberty. The lecture was illustrated by 50 handsome stereoptican views.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'82. Austin A. Glick, Esq., Catasauqua, Pa., has been appointed Notary Public by Governor Stone of Pennsylvania.

'82. This summer Dr. Samuel C. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, will again lecture at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, Mt. Gretna.

'84. Rev. William J. Frick, of Anderson, Ind., is East gathering funds for his church.

'84. On Feb. 12th, Trinity Lutheran Sunday School, at Northampton, Pa., celebrated its first anniversary. Where no Lutheran Sunday School existed a year ago, there is now one of 242 members. We congratulate the pastor, Rev. H. J. Kuder, upon the success of the past year.

'85. At a recent meeting of the Cliosophic Society of Lancaster, Pa., Prof. C. Ernest Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College, read an interesting paper on "The Literature of the West."

'85. Prof. Charles C. Boyer, Ph. D., of the Kutztown Normal School has published a new work on Pedagogy.

'85. At the last city election Francis G. Lewis, Esq., was chosen School Director for Allentown, Pa.

'86. We regret to announce the death of Rev. J. H. Schmidt, of Freeland, Pa., the father of Rev. Nelson F. Schmidt, of Schwenksville, Pa. In the death of Rev. Schmidt Muhlenberg College has lost a warm friend and supporter.

'88. Ralph Metzger, Esq., Allentown, Pa., is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co.

89. Rev. John H. Raker, of Lebanon, Pa., recently lectured in South Allentown, Pa.

'90. Rev. J. Charles Rausch has been elected a School Director of Allentown, Pa.

'94. William H. S. Miller, of the Allentown High School, is a member of the Committee on permanent Certificates for Lehigh County.

'94. NEWSPAPER MEN AS "LABORERS." David A. Miller, one of the proprietors of the *Morning Call*, has been drawn to serve as juror at the April term of Criminal Court. His occupation is designated in the jury wheel as "laborer." Every newspaper man in the country will appreciate this official recognition of the profession.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'94. STORM STOPS A WEDDING. George S. Opp, of Philadelphia, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, was to have been married last evening to Miss Anna Sandt, of Bethlehem, but on account of the blockaded railroads the bridegroom was not able to reach the Moravian borough.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

We are glad to be able to report that the ceremony has been performed and offer our best wishes for the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Opp.

'96. On Feb. 12th, Paul Z. Strodach, of the Mt. Airy Seminary, preached in St. Mark's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.

'97. George E. Kramlich is teaching Latin and Greek in the Kutztown Normal School.

Twelve handsome memorial windows, donated by members of the congregation, have been placed in the church. With the new addition to the church and the other improvements that are being made, St. John's will be a beautiful house of worship.—*The Lutheran.*

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Along the same line of thought as in the foregoing, the *Bucknell Mirror* has an editorial. "We desire to say to the student body that contributions are welcome at all times. We cannot see each one personally and ask him to contribute. If you have anything you think suitable for publication hand it to some member of the staff and it will certainly not be considered presumption on your part."

"Through the generosity of the donor, whose name is withheld, Harvard is to have a professorship of Hygiene, and with it a liberal endowment." *The Mirror*. Let the people understand the importance of following the Hygienic Laws and the physician of the future will not only be consulted when the body is ill, but also as how to keep that body well so that much sickness can be averted.

The *College Student* for February was a Patriotic Number. It is worthy of special mention. The articles are good. Several well written poems and three cuts make it unusually interesting.

"A large number of our exchanges publish short stories now, in place of some of the essays and orations which filled their columns before. On the whole, we consider this an improvement. The ability to write and tell stories well is worth striving for and is too little cultivated as a part of our preparation for life. There is, however, in a few cases a tendency to overdo it and to fill up all that portion of the paper devoted to literary productions with stories. They are very good, indeed, if they are used as seasoning, but they should not be allowed to make up the whole substance of the reading matter."—*The College Days*.

President McKinley has consented to be present at the Sesqui Centennial exercises of the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies at Bethlehem in June.

After 1903 only college graduates will be admitted to the Columbia University law school.—*Ursinus College Bulletin*.

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat,
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand into my soul
Could so great solace bring,
Than that I held last night which was
Four aces and a king.

Literary Notes.

"Expanding America" is the title of a forthcoming volume by Rev. William Elliot Griffis.

A book, which has just been published and which will no doubt be of great interest to many Americans, is the "Story of the Rough Riders" by Edward Marshall.

"Day's Work," one of Rudyard Kipling's latest and most popular works, is said to have sold to the extent of sixty thousand copies in the United States. Another forty thousand have been sold in England and the Colonies.

"Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton, which was so extensively advertised and was accepted by many critics as the romance of the day, has at last appeared. It is a simple romance of crime and mysteries and concludes with a final triumph. Although it may not be considered the production of a genius the careful reader may glean from it many instructive underlying truths.

"How to Prepare for Civil Service Examinations" by Francis E. Leupp, is without doubt a very valuable book to those who are candidates for the several competitive government positions. It gives a complete list of such questions which are likely to be asked in these examinations.

Statistics collected by the Publishers' Circular show that in 1898 there were 410 fewer new books and new editions than in 1897. The total production of the year was 7516, which includes 1758 novels, tales and juvenile works; 732 educational works; 618 on history and biography; 290 books of poetry and drama. The decrease is due to the novelists, but their 1758 books during the year amount to five a day as it is. We can feel sure in predicting a decided increase in the number of books published during the present year. Our recent war with Spain has already had a great influence in this direction and will no doubt continue so throughout the year.

A new and revised edition of the "Scapegoat," a tale of Moorish life, has been issued by Hall Caine. It will be practically a new book differing considerably from the former edition.

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THE MULLENBERG

April, 1899



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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVII.

ALLEGTON, PA., APRIL, 1899.

No. 8.

CARL'S EASTER.

W. H. FEHR, '97.

The first streaks of dawn had begun to purple the sky, as with a yawn I lifted my drowsy head from its cozy pillow and looked out through my chamber window.

What was it that had roused me thus early? No, thank fortune! it had not been that wretched time piece in my neighbor's room, which was accustomed to break loose, each morning, with mighty alarm.

I had actually dreamt that I was at college—but I had returned a few days before, to spend, amid the scenes of my childhood, a brief respite, which, I dare say, I had never before so well earned. It was in my Senior year. No account of any diversions of any sort whatever had been entered in my diary for three long and weary months; none, but those of sober thought, serious contemplation, and close application.

The last evening before vacation, we usually spent in select groups, singing college songs and saying witty things. The meetings broke up usually around midnight with, "Good-night, ladies;" "How can I bear to leave thee?" and some such pretty ditties—whilst, however, a certain number would be necessarily absent, in order to deliver the farewell message in person.

These scenes had come back to me that night. And, just as a deep bass opened, as I thought, with "Awake, pretty Kate, for the hour is late!" I suddenly awoke,—and found myself there, in the old bed-room where, as a child I had seen the same glowing horizon hundreds of times and had heard the same music more than once. It was a beautiful Easter morn in April, and what was particularly significant to me, my twenty-second birthday.

I heard the feathery orchestras in the tall elms of my uncle's yard, making melody at sight of the breaking day. I imagined they were playing a prelude, while Aurora was gently drawing aside the curtain of night.

But yonder, from the old Moravian burial ground, on which sleeps my sainted grandmother, came the music which I had really heard in my waking dream. I was sitting by this time before the open window listening intently and with mingled feeling to the beautiful strains and trumpet blasts swelling across the valley and vibrating in the fresh morning air. I thought that morning a fit emblem of the Resurrection, and I wondered how much grander, more tremendous the music: how much more triumphant the joy of that great Morn when the Lord's own shall be reunited and shall enter into His glory!

I ought to explain, perhaps, before proceeding further, that my mother's father was a soldier. He left home, I am told, at the outbreak of the Rebellion and joined McClellan's army. Mother was then but a girl of ten. My uncle Ed. was four years younger. They all cried when grandfather left, so mother says, but he told them to be calm; that he hoped soon to return. It proved to be what grandma had feared—alas, only a hope! He wrote home occasionally. Uncle Ed. has his letters. When grandma died, and her things were divided, he found them wrapt up among other relics in an oaken chest on the garret. I have seen them. The last he wrote was shortly before the "Seven Days' Battle." Down there, far away, in Dixie land, in an unknown grave, he sleeps.

I could not help thinking of him—whom I never saw, but whose name I bear—and of dear grandma Esther, whom I can picture ever so vividly before my eyes. I confess an unutterable feeling of sympathy crept over me, as I sat there again pondering over it all.

Ten years after the war, I was born—and in the old homestead. I was christened Carl Frederick Ottomar, after my grandfather—as I have already intimated. My father ran the farm, and Ed. assisted. The old tenant was content with a lot adjacent.

On his twenty-fifth birthday Uncle was married. Though but a lad of seven, I shall never forget how he and Aunt Agnes were pelted with rice,—there at that very gate. Well, my uncle Ed. himself took charge of the old place, while we much to mother's reluctance at first, moved to our present home in Colton, sixty miles south.

Since the summer prior to my entrance at Eaton College, I had not been back. Now that I had actually risen to the dignity of a Senior, with the prospects of *magna cum laude*, at graduation ; and conscious that I was, at length, on the threshold of manhood and eligible to citizenship, I determined to spend Easter with Uncle Edwin's in the old place.

The folks knew of my coming, and in view of this, had invited the near relatives and a few acquaintances which I made during former visits.

After breakfast that morning, we took a long drive, Uncle and I, in what the hired man naively calls "the best rig." We were just approaching the Church when the first bell rang announcing Easter Matins. After the services I was made acquainted with the new pastor and had a most pleasant conversation with his daughter who, I learned, was also spending Easter at home. She was attending a Boston art school.

Uncle felt constrained to invite the minister to the house. I felt a thrill of delight, when in accepting, he replied: "I regard the invitation extended also to my daughter."

I had been wise enough not to permit the heart to usurp authority over the head : but why should I have paid more attention to her than to any of the other young woman at the house that day ? Why should I have felt a poignant sensation when those sparkling eyes looked into those of another ? I would not have acknowledged it at the time—but it was plain enough. Actually, hers was the prettiest little face I had ever seen ! Hair auburn, eyes deep blue, cheeks rosy, and a mouth that was constantly laughing. She was simply adorable ! Moreover, Miss Ruth Gordon was accomplished in speech and song ; and it mattered little what instrument was in her hands, it was at once perfectly obedient. Her early environments were most favorable to such culture. Then, she also had inherited that genial disposition of her father, because of which his parishioners were so much attached to him.

After Vespers, I saw her. We were only given opportunity to exchange a few words. But complying with her request, I called the following evening. A kindlier reception or a more delightful time was never shown me. I did not think it proper to make a second call during my short stay at Melrose, although I had been asked ; but I promised, as she left a day before I, to see her off. I kept my promise.

As the train moved out and became a speck in the distance I began to feel lonely. A strange sadness filled my heart. I became thoughtful, and sighed frequently.

On the morrow, I took my leave of the folks at Melrose and returned to my studies. "Ah, how vacation-time does fly!" thought I. It had seemed but a day—that Easter vacation. It proved, however, of great moment to me; for it was the beginning of my first correspondence with one of the gentle *demoiselles*.

The outcome of it has become to me quite clear, and will to others also, when Ruth Gordon announces her wedding-day.

THE REVOLT.

A. B. YERGER, '00.

'Twas morn.

On the brow of a hill, 'midst a wood
I stood.

As the sun arose in the eastern sky,
King Winter sprang up from his bed near by,
 Rejoicing in his might.

A hale and a hearty old man was he;
Full many a day on land and on sea,
With howling tempest, and angry roar,
And sullen mutter from shore to shore,

 Had he ruled from morn till night.
But his hand was like iron and too severe,
And brought to his subjects naught but fear.
They longed for the time when his power would wane,
And fair Spring, his daughter, instead would reign.
Yet the hoary old ruler, defiant and bold,
Encircled the land with his fingers so cold;
He shrouded the sun in a garment of grey,
He stole all the brightness and cheer from the day,
He blinded my eyes with a whirlwind of snow,
And told me in accents most bitter to go.

 All the world has feft his blight.

'Twas morn.

On the brow of a hill, 'midst a wood
I stood.

The sun, early risen, rode high in the sky,
The robin from tree-top to tree-top did fly,
 With merry, rollicking song.

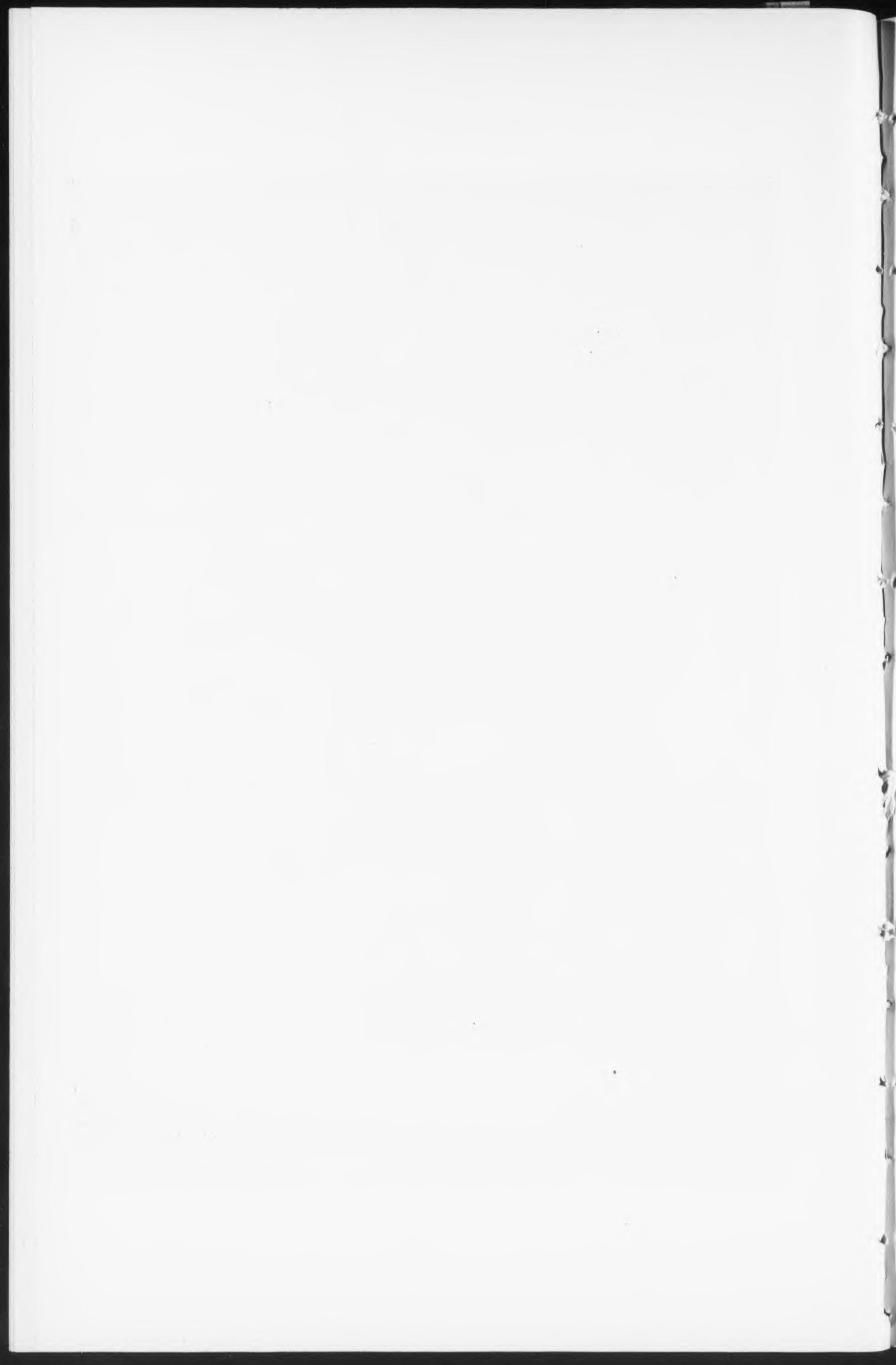
From mountain and valley, from meadow and glen,
Came a rustling and bustling, again and again,



F. R. Bousch. L. S. Trump. W. A. Hausman, Jr. A. G. Beck. J. O. Henry. F. L. Erb.
C. K. Fegley. Willis Beck. A. A. Kunkle. Dr. Ettinger. E. D. S. Boyer.
R. W. Lentz. James Berg.

F. S. Kuntz.

STAFF OF "THE MUHLENBERG."



A patter of footsteps, so dainty and light,
It seemed like the flight of the shadows of night,
Who seek rest from services long.

And then in a twinkling before me appeared,
Moving in ranks by some great power steered,
A countless array of the spirits of air,
Who were lithe of limb and wond'rous fair ;
Their movement as light as a soft southern breeze,
Yet swift as the flight of a gull o'er the seas.
They stooped to the earth, and chanted a song,
Which down and yet downward was carried along

To the ears of the princess fair :

" Oh, maiden of beauty and grace most divine !
We would that the realm of nature were thine.
In rage and in anger the oppressor's strong hand
Has wrought desolation throughout the broad land ;
But now we have bound him in chains by the way,
In hope that a better than he may hold sway.
Awake, thou that sleepest ! Arise ! Arise !
We pray our request thou wilt not despise."

Each voice in the song had a share.

As when rosy morn up the heavens doth climb,
So came the fair maiden, majestic, sublime.
Her eyes had been carved from Heaven's own blue ;
And, save where 'twas touched by the arbutus hue,
Her face reflected the moon's soft light ;
Her rippling hair hid her form from sight,
And shimmered like gold in the sun's bright flood.
In silent wonder her subjects stood.

Great power hath beauty so rare.

Then the queen smiled on them ; her face shone with love
As she breathed forth a blessing which o'er them moved
Like incense from Heaven. Their voices upraise
A great shout of joy, and I joined in the praise ;
" God save the queen from all care."



TRUTH AND OPINION.

WILLIS BECK, '99.

Two definite and distinct powers control the world. The one leads to enslavement and destruction—the other aims at liberty and nobility. The one dwarfs, decays and deadens—the other corrects, civilizes and vivifies. Because of these two opposing forces, the historian's pen has ever chronicled both evil and good. Man is altogether responsible for the permanent and visible blots and stains upon the scroll of the ages. The generating power of the world has ever sought to enfeeble, yea, to annihilate the enemy of advancement and ennoblement. Man has not been left in ignorance as to his best and highest good. The World's Alpha has spoken axiomatically. Truth, the first Counsellor has bequeathed to the world.

Positive norms and standards have ever held man's errors and iniquities in abeyance. Infinitely greater would man's errors and iniquities be, had it not been for positive norms and standards. 'Tis true that man's knowledge is limited—there is much that he cannot unfold ; and yet, he is endowed with an intelligence and moral faculties by which he is enabled to understand those truths that are concealed in revelation.

Why then these antagonistic forces? Surely error and destruction cannot be products of truth! An utter disregard for norms and standards has so often changed man's condition. There are many men who find in themselves life's regulator—what they think ought to be believed. Such persons in their desire for worldly pleasure and honor, enthrone personal opinions and thus dethrone truth.

How many accepted errors were at one time not considered peculiar opinion? During many centuries ignorance was claimed to be the instigator of all moral evil, and philosophy the only remedy for such a malady. The power of the Almighty over the affairs of men was utterly ignored. Under the blinding influence of philosophy numberless crimes were perpetrated in be-half of self-respect. Dreamy character and imaginative minds have, perhaps conscientiously, filled the world with very much that is seductive and untrue. The progress of civilization shows that many of the ancient philosophers were but dreamers. Yet, how tenaciously have men clung to false and unreasonable tenets! Not a little human blood has been spilt in defence of perverted

opinions and thoughts. The rise and fall of many nations have been due to corrupt and misguided opinions. Oh, what a baneful despot *perversion* has been! Oh, how many have been enslaved by this foe of truth!

The opinion of some persons is no more than the expression of their personal feelings, and with others it is a matter of imitation—they merely voice the sentiments of their leaders. Persons of the latter class are not men. Men do their own seeking and thinking. Men know that enslavement of any kind tends to degrade—that man, in order to reach the goal of his moral mission, must make use of his abilities. We must therefore liberate ourselves from every influence that would rob us of our native prerogatives. Let our conscience be guided by those truths which are sustained by that Christianity which sprang from the inspired intelligence of the humble, unlettered Hebrews, then, our natural sensibility will not be petrified; and our emotions and affections will be left in healthy activity. All those minds afflicted with corrupt opinion, will be able to enjoy peace only when it is fully realized that truth is the ideal of perfection.

The Author of Truth would have our development to be pure and untrameded. But how many men have forgotten this divine axiom! Unthinkingly, they permit their minds to be filled with venom. The conscienceless and unscrupulous leader, knows how to enslave them. He appeals to their various prejudices and grievances, and thus by following the dictates of one mind, they accept seeming evidence as being positive knowledge. Oh, how many are thus enslaved by some artful and unscrupulous leader!

Perverted opinion cannot make a guiltless plea to the charge that it is responsible for much of earth's disunity. The Book of books is not the norm and standard of all the present day religious beliefs. Yet none of these says that it is not his guiding star. The majority generally rules. But what serious mistakes would have been made, in both church and state, if prevailing opinion had never been combated. Oh, how much we owe to such solitary heroic men as Athanasius and Luther. Behold Luther standing on that long deserted precipice of truth! From the distance we hear the mad threats of that surging imperial host as they are fast approaching. Now he is commanded to choose a life of sorrow and disgrace, or at once he will be hurled from that lofty pinnacle down into those wild and foamy billows of degre-

dation and death. Does he waver? No! Never was moral courage better displayed than on that day when he, relying on God's word, defied well-nigh the whole world by standing firm as "The Rock of Ages" in defence of opinion—nay, but in defence of truth!

Although perverted opinion is partly responsible for the tarnished history of the world, yet it is man's most blessed and valuable privilege to exercise his mental faculties. Without such exercise, the inventions and advances of our day would never have been achieved. Wrong, therefore is it, not for man to think for himself, but most wrong is it when he refuses to accept established truths and matters of infallability.

O Genesis of Truth, grant that those dark and tarnished pages of history, due to human error and perversion, may not be re-written! O bring Thou us all to Thy truths.

MANNERS AND BRAINS.

FRANK S. KUNTZ, '00.

Not long ago, while speaking to a fellow-student, the following remark was made, "Before I came to college I paid a great deal of attention to my clothing, but now I am indifferent to my appearance." Not only in appearance, but also in manners is this indifference found. It is an undisputed fact that very often the proper attention to dress and manners is not given by educated people. There is a large contingent among the intellectual set, who scoff at conventionality and form. Why this is the case I am at a loss to understand. The educated class have no particular privileges granted to them which permit them to set aside established forms and customs. It is not said that they should servilely follow all the new fads and styles as quick as they are introduced; but there are certain customs which, if not followed, make a person conspicuous and liable to be considered rude.

Our characters are very often judged by the outward appearance. People may not have enough intercourse with us to learn about the more reserved qualities of our characters; but they are greatly influenced by our dress and manners. Emerson says, "Dress reveals the spirit." A neat well regulated dress, therefore, must indicate a well disciplined mind and also the contrary, a slovenly appearance in dress must indicate a disordered mind.

Persons should dress just as well as their means will allow and also see that a certain care and attention is given to a neat and finished appearance. How often do we find persons who pride themselves upon their plainness, as if they were far superior to those who take a reasonable interest in their good appearance.

Manners, in a larger sense, mean the habit, the custom and the outward form and expression of our inward life. They are manifested by acts of courtesy and conformity to the laws and customs of good society. Good manners, like good words, cost nothing but are worth everything. They reveal the secrets of our characters. Just as our face betrays the state of our mind, whether it is in a condition of fear or joy, so manners indicate our training whether it has been good or bad. It does not require much of an effort to salute a fellow-student, yet there are certain students here who pass each other with stolid indifference. This indicates that either such a person is wanting in kindness of disposition or it shows a selfish spirit.

Unmannerly people are found everywhere, so that this period has been called "the age of license in speech and manners." New countries, as a rule, do not pay so much attention to the more æsthetic part of life as older countries. Americans chafe under some of the rules in vogue in polite society of European countries because they have not given much attention to these matters in their own country. As a consequence much inconvenience and embarrassment has been occasioned to American tourists in Europe. On one occasion one of our prominent army officers was not allowed to be presented to Queen Victoria because he had not conformed to the proper manner of dress for such an occasion. This seemed to be a very trivial matter to some, while others wished to consider it an insult to our country. The fact remains however, that if more attention were paid to etiquette and manners and less to mere material prosperity, the people of our country would often be spared from undergoing humiliations of a similar nature.

It is very often the manner of saying a thing which makes it impressive. Manner is an important factor to the success of a public speaker because, in many cases, it is not so much what you say as how you say it. How many fine thoughts have been lost to an audience on account of the miserable manner of speaking them. In contests of public speaking grace and manner are made of equal importance with the thought brought out.

The intellectual class wish to be considered the aristocracy of the earth. Since this is the case they should also be willing to bear the outward marks of what may be called good society. No matter how poor we may be in regard to worldly goods we can all be civil and well mannered. The manners of educated persons are carefully observed and followed by persons who have never had an intellectual training. An educated person, then, is not justified in being indifferent to his behavior. Very often persons remark, "I know how this should be done but it is too much trouble to do it that way." As a consequence a poor example is often given which does a great deal to foster the charge of rudeness against educated persons.

The secret of good manners lies in a kind nature and sympathetic heart. We may not all have these requirements but we can do a great deal to make life pleasanter and happier for our fellow beings if we try. A great deal of sorrow and woe is caused by indifference for the welfare of others. Good manners may be said to be like oil to prevent friction in society. An apology has often averted a threatened conflict. It will certainly be of great advantage to pay attention to cultivating good manners. If we wish to succeed we should bear in mind the following maxim, "The knowledge of courtesy, and good manners is a very necessary study." But knowing how is not all, we should also take the time and trouble to do so, remembering that "The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it."

ASSIDUITY.

G. H. DRUMHELLER, '01.

"Now needs thy best of man"—so spake my guide
 'For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
 Of canopy reposing, heaven is won'."—*Dante*.

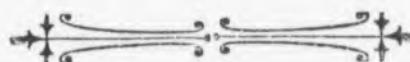
When you were taking that walk in the country and you saw the sunlight reflected from that rippling stream as from a thousand diadems, did not your very soul exclaim "how beautiful!" A little farther on as you saw how the same stream was dammed, how most of it was directed into a narrow channel and finally concentrated on a wheel to drive ponderous machinery, were not your inmost feelings again aroused to exclaim not "how beautiful" but "how useful!"

Thus in innocent childhood we ripple joyously along reflecting with manifold splendor the Son of Righteousness in all His truth and purity ; in youth we collect our forces ; in manhood direct and concentrate them towards some vocation ; and at last, our energy spent, our work well done, we pass into second childhood soon to enter that illimitable ocean of eternity.

All of us as college students are still in that period of youth and, like the mill-dam, are gathering strength for future work. Let us therefore not follow some particular line at the expense of other things but strive first to obtain broad, deep, general information, not only by doing good, honest work but also by not doing whatever would be detrimental. We should avoid side issues such as social calling, theater going, playing games of chance, and reading poor literature, since, like too many leaks, they greatly diminish the power. However, if we must enter society, let us associate with such as will elevate us ; if we go to the theater, let us be sure we will be benefitted ; and if we read, let us read good books. Some, on account of their excellent preparation, can readily have useless side issues and still do their work, but it may only be as a Spring freshet and before long the waters may run low.

We must also guard against the other extreme, getting too much of the mental at the expense of the physical : for just as high water may tear away a very strong barrier so also is mental excess liable to shatter our physical structure. Thus having procured a sound mind for a sound body, we will be prepared to direct all our energy into one side channel, and by and by so concentrate it for the benefit of humanity and the glory of our Maker that some future Antony may truly say of us,

“ This was the noblest Roman of them all.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix’d in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘ This was a man ! ’ ”



"Thy Will, Not Mine, Be Done."

WILL A. HAUSMAN, JR., '99.

The Lenten season o'er,
 Sorrow thou no more,
 But in this joyous Easter season now,
 Do not forget the Lenten prayer, and how
 Christ with it won.
 God gave Him strength : He gives it us. Pray thou
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."
 How oft a trouble here,
 With some indeed severe,
 Finds us at times too weak in faith to bear.
 Yet mental struggle, trials, sorrow, care,
 Can harm us none.
 Let then indeed go up to God this prayer :
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."
 It is not wrong to pray
 To God for Him to stay
 What seems to us, in all our blindness here,
 Ought not to be. For He is always near,
 The Father's Son,
 Who taught the prayer that God would ever hear,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

"SO THAT THE DREAMS ABIDE."

PAUL G. KRUTZKY, '00.

The night glooms apace. Dim twilight yet hovers above the misty shades of yonder mountains, and far out to the west the sun is going nodding farewell to the world. Twilight is the hour for reveries and dreams. The heart in a dreamy languor goes voyaging far away into the past, searching for the memories of long ago. Dreams come of happy childhood far different from present realization. Dreams of our youth when everything was possible and nothing sure, and we loved to sail on that deep sea of divine possibilities, in which the tides ran high and never a light-house told of danger. The night is here. The light of another day is gone, and God grant it, that we can say 'twas not in vain. Night shuts us in with our own soul, and we try to pierce the gloom for the future. We hold our ideals are but dreams, and we seldom reach the goal we plan.

We had our childish ideal, a boyish fancy for a gown and God's word. A doting mother humored us, and as we lisped a prayer at night clasped us close and tight, and we believed it almost true. Ah! those childish thoughts! How far they reached in fancy and saw us realize our dreams. Our minds, yet immature, knew not the work there was to do. To-night memory brings back the childish trials and troubles not then depreciated by repetition. How great was our grief then! How keen our anguish! Yet how pleasant those first great joys! Yes, we had no earlier sorrows, and our joy and grief, the first we had, was all the keener. We've often wondered how first we formed these ideals. They came, we knew not when or how, and have been with us ever since. In childhood we looked with wondering eyes on things we did not comprehend. Fancy leads us back to our first book, when first we spelled its pages thinking all it said was truth. Alas! we've found those fairies were but myths, and all they did but in the book. But as our store of knowledge grew we forgot the fairies and turned to realer things.

In early boyhood we had our ideal. We wanted, perhaps, to arrive at greatness never thinking of the road. Alas! such is the fond dreaming of youth. The rugged road to fame is not so easily travelled. Youth is essentially a period of mistakes, and these mistakes are but lessons learnt for future guidance. We had another ideal too; an ideal in which poverty would never come abreast, but always be a day's sail behind us. A life in which carking care was absent. How soon, indeed, were we disillusioned and found her grim and gaunt ready to become our incubus.

We have our present ideal still the same. We are surer now of ourselves, not so optimistic as in our early years. Early sorrow has eased us of our conceit. As we grew in knowledge and, we trust, in Godly grace, we saw things as they are. The qualities our childish fancy made are still the same to us, only we know them better in relation to other qualities. We've often asked ourselves, whether it were not best to drift among the jetsam and flotsam of mediocrity. But no, why should we stop striving and deem success the only merit? Our reason tells us it is better to strive and never gain the goal, than never to have tried at all. The real success is in the trying, and he who righty tries succeeds as far as lies in human power.

We will not augur for the future. A change may come over the spirit of our dreams, and our ideal like the apple of Asphal-

tum be but ashes to our taste. And as night closes in fast and the stars appear we say with a steadfast faith in Him who is our trust, "If all earthly things must pass away like the dew when the sun appears, we shall be satisfied if only the dreams abide."

We know that when morning comes and the sun escorts another day we have our daily tasks and dreams will not avail. Our life is but the epitome of a day and whether fair or gray 'tis in our own making. The dawn is like our infancy, and childhood as we toddle on towards noon. When the sun is at the meridian we too are in our prime. Then with high hopes and confidence sublime we like Pistol say, "The world's mine oyster," but the opening's another matter. And as the sun goes on its course so does life with us. The prime point past, our course is fast, fast approaching to the sunset which we all must share. And then across the horizon of our day the twilight glows, and clouds are slowly one by one drifting by. The clouds are our deeds whether good or ill. At last, the last faint tinge gives the death knell to the day, and we know that soon our day is over, and we must enter the night of our existence. We shall need no other rosary if our thread of life from dawn to night is strung with beads of love and thought, and

Christ, the serene Light, shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage of Paradise.



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Spring-time.

Spring-tide is here. Nature will soon have put on her vernal garb. Valleys and mountains, dales and hills, will be clothed in a mantle of green. Verdure on all sides meets our admiring gaze. How pleasing and grateful the change from the blustering days of late winter to the calm days of Spring! Plants bursting into bloom and flowers springing up at our very feet tell us of new life, of new birth. Everything is changing. But a few months and the heat of summer will mar the brightness and verdure of this delightful season. Not at all dismayed, we think of the time when our globe will have completed another cycle, when a year hence we shall enjoy these same beauties of nature again.

Not so with the spring-time of life! Once having passed, it is gone forever. It never will return. The fountain of perpetual youth has never yet been found. We will long in vain for "the days of our youth." Joyous but precious is the vernal period of life. Let our mental, moral and spiritual growth be firm and strong so that it may not be withered by the heat of the coming summer nor suffer from the cruel blasts of winter.

A Student's Right—His Duty.

One fundamental maxim of Christian Ethics is that every right involves a duty. Men have certain rights of which their neighbors must not deprive them and which they dare not in any way infringe upon. But by virtue of those very rights men have duties whose performance is as binding upon themselves as the non-infringement of their rights is upon their neighbors.

Every student claims as his inalienable right fair and square treatment at the hands of his professor or instructor. This and similar "rights" they are frequently heard demanding in the loudest tremors. In fact, by some the professor is supposed to have the divine attribute of omniscience so as in no way to go wrong in his estimate of their mental capacity or the merit of their recitations. Any fancied wrong meets with the severest condemnation. Epithets then cannot be found that will apply to the person who has dared, in their conceited estimation, to trample upon their "rights."

But do they think of the duty corresponding to this right—a right which no one will deny them? This duty is fair honest treatment of the professor. This the professor has a right to expect of each and every one. This is his *right*. Cribbed answers and translations read from the inter-lined text with all the sanctimoniousness of a priest or the dignity of a Caesar are acts which witness too plainly how some students fulfill their obligations. What makes it more lamentable is that their fellow students look upon such action in a matter-of-fact way and pass it by with scarcely a look of scorn, not to speak of a word of reproach. Let a professor make a remark, a general remark for that matter, and see how soon he is taken up. He is at once called to account for any reflection, real or fancied, no matter how aptly it may apply.

Again those, whose honor and honesty we would not elsewhere call into question, who pose as exemplary representatives of a Christian institution, stoop to the lowest things in the classroom. In a servile manner they condescend to take advantage of a professor's good intentions and turn his confidence into a means for a furtherance of their ignoble ends.

Fellow-students, we ask fair impartial treatment at the hands of our instructors: let us, in our asking, offer to them treatment in accord with our request and we need not fear but that justice will follow to all.

Acknowledgments.

Something asked for seldom comes with as much good grace as something unexpected and unsought. In this number we take unusual pleasure in publishing several articles that came to us unsolicited. To Mr. Fehr, a former Editor-in-Chief of THE MUHLENBERG, during whose term it underwent some radical changes for the better, we say a hearty "Thank you." We commend his example to his fellow alumni. For those whom the Muse has induced to sing we have kind words of the heartiest appreciation. May their fellow-students follow in their foot-steps.

* * * * *

Through an oversight in our last issue we neglected to state that the credit for the artistic work of the *Ciarla* cut is due Mr. R. W. Lentz, head-artist on the Staff.

Locals.

The class officers for the Spring Session are as follows: Senior Class: Pres., Raker; Vice Pres., Rex; Secretary, Heilman; Treasurer, Klick.

Junior Class: Pres., Beck; Vice Pres., H. L. Straub; Secretary, Statler; Cor. Sec., Koch; Treasurer, Fred. L. Erb; Monitor, A. G. Flexer.

Sophomore Class: Pres., Lutz; Vice Pres., Schmoyer; Secretary, Schofer; Treasurer, Hamm; Monitor, Nagle.

Yerger, '00, being asked, "When does an orange lose its sound?" answered "When you take the peel off."

Mr. Yetter: Here I have an orange. I take the peel off. What have I left?

Trump. '00: A peeled orange.

Erb, '00, is Fegley's, '00, hairdresser.

One of our professors claims that if you crack a joke on wine it is not necessary to crack a bottle.

Yetter: Why does a man go in a curve through the woods?

Koch, '00: Because he would walk against trees.

Why does Krutzky have no *Herbarium*?

He has not enough scientific knowledge and too much promiscuous.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term of six weeks in the Euterpean Society: President, Heilman, '99; Vice President, Koch, '00; Rec. Sec., Freed, '02; Cor. Sec., Beck, '02; Critics, Yerger, '00, and Flexer, '00; Chaplain, Benner, '01, Pianist, Sykes, '02.

Why is Schofer's mustache like a literary man? Because its well re(a)d.

These officers of Sophronia were installed last Wednesday afternoon: Pres., I. C. Steigerwalt, '99; Vice Pres., Fritch, '00; Clerk, Shimer, '01; Cor. Sec., Serfass, '01; Treasurer, Rupp, '02; Budget Editor, Kuehner, '02; Critics, Kuntz, '00, and Krutzky, '00; Chaplain, Wenrich, '01; Pianist, Allenbach, '01.

A little more conceit would raise the class standing of some considerably. (Good recipes as to how to obtain the conceit can be obtained from nearly all late graduates of a near-by Normal School.)

Lutz, '01 gives lectures against Darwin's theory of evolution. He affirms that it is an utter absurdity, that man, so noble, so fair in form and so infinite (?) in reason, could ever have sprung from so uncouth an animal as a monkey.

A rumor increases both in extensy and intensity if let loose among the people at large. Colleges are no exception to the rule and by close study, we might perhaps draw a valuable lesson from what Virgil says. He represents the Monster Fame thus: "It has as many eyes, tongues and ears as feathers, it never sleeps, the sentinel sits on a roof or turret, and delights to report falsehood rather than truth."

Kuntz, '00, being asked the German for Hazleton, answered "Hazzleschwam."

Another new club has been lately organized called the Pennsylvania Dutch Club. The officers are Fegely, '02, President; Gable, '02, Vice-President; Trump, '00, Secretary and Treasurer. A fine of five cents is to be forfeited by any member talking Dutch.

The Freshman Base Ball Club is practicing daily getting ready for the summer campaign.

Wanted—Applauders. Apply to Freshman play committee.

Open Meeting of the Missionary Society,

The large attendance and liberal offering at the annual open meeting of the Students' Missionary Society, held in the College Chapel March 14th, 1899, well attest that there is not a dearth of missionary spirit among our students and their friends. The principal feature was the excellent address on a well chosen subject, "The Missionary Labors of the Apostle Paul." The program was as follows :

PROGRAM.

Reading of Scripture.

Piano Duet,.....*Selected.*
Misses Florence Schoch and Edna Erdman.

Address of Welcome.

Howard A. Kunkle, '99, Pres. of Society.

Vocal Solo—"Trusting in Thee."

Miss Grace Frederici.

Recitation.

Miss Daisy Geidner.

Violin Solo,.....*Rondo by Sphor.*
Richard Neubert, accompanied by Mrs. Bertha Readinger.

Address.

Rev. C. F. Hoppe, '85, Bethlehem, Pa.

Cornet Solo.

Clarence Bickel, '01.

Secretary's Report.

Geo. H. Drumheller, '01.

Piano Duet.

Misses Florence Schoch and Edna Erdman.

Silver Offering.

Vocal Trio—"Savior Breathe an Evening Blessing."

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Hagenbuch and Miss Helen Straehly.

Lord's Prayer.

Benediction.

Personals.

Rev. C. J. Cooper paid a flying visit to Philadelphia.

Heckel '02, spent a few days during Easter recess with his classmates, Geiger and Sykes, at Norristown.

Many of the college men were glad to greet Gomer Matthews, '97, middler at Mt. Airy, while upon a visit to his Alma Mater.

Rev. F. Wackernagel, '94, of Millersville, son of Prof. W. Wackernagel, visited College last week. He spent an afternoon with his old Society, Sophronia.

Lewis A. Ink, '02, was one of the class confirmed by Rev. S. A. Repass, D. D., on Palm Sunday, in St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

Lentz '00, during his Easter vacation made a business trip to Easton.

While the family of Prof. Dowell is sojourning in the West the Professor will board at Penn and Walnut.

Koch and Kuntz, '00, were among the many to change their boarding houses, thinking no doubt a change in spring is good for the health.

Mr. Williamson has received a letter from Marvin Kleppinger stating that he is now the captain's clerk on the ship Montgomery.

One of our Junior friends has lately become interested in a shoe advertising scheme. We would advise all of his friends to keep a good watch on him so as not to become buncœd by him.

Messrs. Allenbach and Gerner, '01, have not as yet gotten over the infatuations of the fair sex of Wilkesbarre.

Messrs Beck, Buchman, Kunkle, '99, Fegley, Erb, Kuntz, Bousch, '00, Kline, Shimer, Wackernagel, '01, and Beck, '02, were among the invited guests of the Euterpean Glee Club to a social gathering given in their hall, April fourth.

Prof. Dowell has decided to accompany the Seniors on their geological trips to New York City and Virginsville.

Clarence Bickel, '01, on leaving College was given a farewell supper by his classmates. A very enjoyable time is reported.

Messrs. Erb, '00, Bickel, '01, and Freed, '02, read interesting and instructive papers at the March meeting of the Missionary Society.

Joseph Schantz, of Lafayette College spent a few days with his friend, Shimer, '01, last week.

Wœrth, '01, had the misfortune of being sick during the Easter recess but we are glad to note that he is again able to resume his work.

Rothenberger, ex '01, will shortly enter the employ of Ashbach & Co., the leading Music House of the Lehigh Valley. His exceptionally fine musical abilities will certainly not detract from the popularity of the firm.

Krutzky, '00, has returned with a code of instructions brought directly from the "City of Brotherly Love" which he intends to give to some of his lady friends when he finds it necessary.

"Alas! Boyer has returned."—Dr. W.

Lentz, Bousch, '00, and Wackernagel, '01, greatly enjoyed the early morning Easter service at the Bethlehem Moravian Church.

Applegate, ex-member of 1902 has written a very pleasing song entitled, "I'll ne'er forget thee." Mr. Applegate was a member of Company D., 4th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, who were stationed in Porto Rico. The song seems to be very much appreciated by the lovers of music.

Dr. Wackernagel: I want to speak to a pope, Mr. Trump.

Miss More of Reading and Miss Weaver of Macungie were shown the Buildings of Muhlenberg by their genial friend, Fritch, '00.

In print: A book by which a man can become witty. All orders are taken by Fritch, '00.

A terrible sight to behold—Boyer's mustache.

Bernard Repass, '98, a student at Mt. Airy Seminary, at home over the Easter Recess, was heartily received by his many friends at College.

It is rumored that Prof. Yetter is about to accept a position as Professor of English at the Kutztown State Normal School.

Fritch, '00, and Hartzell, '99, will give all particulars needed concerning co-education at Cornell.

Seiberling, '99, and Miller, '02, have lately been taking long drives in the evening air mainly, we think, for their health.



Our Alumni.

'72. The congregation of Rev. A. D. Potts, Ph. D., Petersburg, Pa., recently tendered their pastor a donation party.

'72. The members of Grace Lutheran church, Macungie, Pa., after the erection of a handsome church building are very anxious to have services twice each Sunday and so desire to be separated from the other churches at present embraced in the charge of their pastor, Rev. M. O. Rath.

'74. W. A. Lichtenwallner, Esq., for twelve years a resident of South Dakota and later two years at Milwaukee, who returned to Allentown last October, will open a law office on the second floor (front room) of 524 Hamilton street. Mr. Lichtenwallner is a son of the late Wm. C. Lichtenwallner and is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of 1874. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of South Dakota in 1885 and 1887, and for six years president of the Town Board of Harold, that State. While a resident of Milwaukee he was court reporter for the Milwaukee *Journal*.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'76. Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., who succeeds the lamented Dr. Richards as Professor of English at Muhlenberg, also succeeds him as Staff Correspondent to the *Lutheran*.

'78. Dr. H. H. Herbst is the Medical Examiner of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., for their Allentown District.

'81. D. M. Kuntz, Esq., of Easton, and Miss Georgia E. Warner, of Philipsburg, N. J., were united in marriage on Tuesday, by the Rev. D. M. Kuntz, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Congregation, Nazareth. Miss Elizabeth Kuntz played the wedding march. The ceremony was private, only the immediate friends of the contracting parties being present.—*Nazareth paper*.

'83. Rev. R. Morris Smith, Baden, Pa., is the Secretary of the flourishing Lutheran Liturgical Association of Pittsburg.

'84. It was Rev. Wm. J. Finck, of Anderson, Ind., that came east to collect funds and not Rev. Wm. J. Frick, as the types made us say in our last issue.

'84. At the last meeting of the Lutheran Liturgical Association of Pittsburg Rev. Elmer F. Krause, of Leechburg, Pa., read a very

good paper on "The Architecture of the Chancel" and Rev. A. L. Ramer, Ph. D., '92, of Scranton, Pa., sent a paper on "Altar Vestment and Ornament." Both papers are published in the last number of the *Lutheran Church Review*.

'84. Rev. Geo. M. Scheidy, Scranton, Pa., has been called by St. Joseph's Lutheran congregation, South Allentown, Pa.

'85. From the *Kutztown Patriot* we clip the following: DR. BOYER'S NEW BOOK. Last Friday was the regular monthly meeting of the board of trustees of the Normal school. Among the items of business transacted was the adoption of a new text-book in methods of teaching. The book chosen for use in the Normal school is a new work recently completed by one of the members of the faculty, Rev. Dr. C. C. Boyer.

The book is entitled, *Principles and Methods of Teaching, a Manual for Normal Schools, Reading Circles, and the Teachers of Elementary, Intermediate, and Higher Schools*.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, the mechanical dress of the book is all that could be desired. The typography is very pleasing.

Speaking of the table of contents the thought occurs that Dr. Boyer is to be commended for the index placed at the close of the book. This will be found, most certainly, to be one of the desirable features of the volume. In this, as in other matters, quite a contrast with the average school book is presented. In this connection reference should be made to the appendix, another valuable feature, in which is given a long list of reference books for collateral reading. While not exhaustive as a bibliography of methods, it will be found very useful to many teachers as a trustworthy guide to the selection of books on methodology for the teacher's private professional library.

A valuable feature is the embodiment in the manual of the conclusions of the celebrated committees of the National Educational Association—the Reports of the Committee of Ten and of the Committee of Fifteen.

The newer additions to the elementary school curriculum, color-work, drawing, manual training, physical culture, and other exercises, have received attention and a full discussion as to their history, purposes, and methods of being taught or practised. In this respect, and because so much is contained in one volume, the new book is, without doubt, far in advance of its predecessors.

Although a very wide range of subjects is covered in this new book, it is thoroughly consistent and scientific. Resting on the conclusions of psychology, as set forth in the introductory chapters, Dr. Boyer's methods of teaching are both rational and practical. These are results at which an author of such recognized teaching power would be expected to aim.

Dr. Boyer is to be congratulated upon the completion and merits of this book and the school upon the fact that at least one of its professors has entered the field of authorship with so fair a prospect. We trust that this is but the beginning of a literary activity among our educators on the hill which shall make their names as illustrious elsewhere as their labors are valuable here.

The Patriot congratulates Dr. Boyer on his new work, which places him in the front rank of authors in this line. It is a source of satisfaction to this section to have such a writer in its midst and it is an element of strength to the Normal school to have an author of such ability on its faculty.

- '85. Dr. Howard S. Seip has been appointed a member of the Allentown Board of Health.
- '87. The last number of the *Lutheran Church Review* contained a very interesting article on "Early Days of Prof. Matthias H. Richards, D. D.," by his son, Rev. John W. Richards, of Lancaster, Pa.
- '88. Rev. George Gebert, Tamaqua, Pa., contributes a very readable article on "The American Pulpit" to the last number of the *Lutheran Church Review*.
- '90. Rev. James B. Werner has been elected a member of the School Committee of Lexington, Mass.
- '90. After quite a stay in Chicago, John J. Yingling has again taken up his residence in Allentown.
- '94. The *Morning Call* of Allentown will soon take possession of its new home on Sixth Street formerly the America Hose House. This building was bought and completely refitted by the owners of the *Call*, the most prominent of whom is D. A. Miller.
- '95. Rev. Fred C. Krapf, Elizabeth, N. J., has been elected Second Vice President of the Luther League of New Jersey.

'95. We understand that William J. Schmidt is now a Corporal in the American Army around Manila.

'96. REV. FRED E. COOPER CALLED: St. Mark's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, last evening unanimously decided to call Rev. Fred E. Cooper, son of Rev. C. J. Cooper, Treasurer of Muhlenberg College, as its pastor. He will accept the call and will assume his pastoral duties after his graduation from the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy in May, and ordination. He graduated from Muhlenburg College in 1896. Rev. Mr. Cooper's father began his ministerial life in South Bethlehem 29 years ago. He was for sixteen years pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church at that place.

Rev. Fred E. Cooper left this morning for Lancaster to assist Rev. John W. Richards in his Easter services and communion.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'97. Ira W. Klick is teaching Latin and Arithmetic in the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown, Pa.

'97. A POPULAR CANDIDATE: John F. Stine, of Upper Macungie township, has announced himself as a candidate for prothonotary on the Democratic side. Mr. Stine is a young man well equipped for the responsible duties of the office. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1897 and has been in the lumbering business since. He will make an exceptionally strong candidate because of his popularity both in this city and in the country districts. He is accommodating and will not hesitate to go more than half way to do a favor and one strong element is that he has not grown above those about him. The commonest laborer is his friend just as much as he whose fortune is large, and this is, perhaps, the secret of his great popularity. His wide acquaintance and his long line of "freundschaft" are also in his favor, and, as he is in the field to win, he will undoubtedly make a good showing—*Morning Call*.

'97. We had a pleasant little call from Gomer B. Matthews, of the Mt. Airy Seminary.

'98. We were also glad to see Charles G. Beck a student in the same institution. "Charlie" reports that he is well pleased and looks as if Theology agreed with him.

Among Our Exchanges.

"In the course of his college life, every student encounters numerous advantageous facilities for developing and augmenting his intellectual faculties. Although his daily routine of study and instruction is, perhaps, the most potent factor which is conducive to his success in the battle of life, nevertheless there are various other departments of work, which also tend to add to his culture. One among these, which is worthy of mention, is the experience that he may gain in outside literary work, not only by exercising his abilities in the literary societies, but also in contributing to the college papers. From such sources many of the men who have engaged in literary and journalistic work after leaving college, have received the preliminary practice which has enabled them to successfully exercise their abilities in these broader fields. Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis are the names of two college men which immediately present themselves to our minds in this connection. Eight or nine years ago Crane was engaged in writing sketches for *The Lafayette*. As for Davis—fourteen years ago he was editor of *The Lehigh Burr*. The literary spirit of the college should be reanimated by the examples of these two men, who may be cited as prominent instances of successful writers, who have taken advantage of writing while at college."—*The Lafayette*.

The writer of the "Unpunctual Girl" in *The Mirror* seems to understand her theme perfectly. The whole article is worth copying but space will not allow. A part however can be given. "For instance—she ensconces herself in the most comfortable chair in the room and soon loses herself in a book she is just dying to finish; she reaches two pages from the last, when she is brought back by a cling-cling to the stern reality of life. She hesitates for an instant between love and duty and finally gives into love—woman-like—but there is no comfort now—she grabs the book with both hands, her eyes start out to meet the words half-way, she holds her breath, but all in vain, she is sent for. She leaves the heroine 'hanging over a precipice, with the villain still pursuing her,' and goes to class ten minutes late."

An excellent article on "Popular Election of Senators" appears in the February *Minnesota Magazine*. The author shows the advantages and disadvantages of election of Senators by Legislatures, and also the advantages and disadvantages of popular elec-

tions of the same. He firmly though fairly throws the weight of the argument in favor of popular election of Senators.

The *Gettysburg Mercury* contains a most pleasing college story, "The Old Campus." Stories like this, where the scene is laid at college, having students as the characters, are particularly interesting to our readers.

The last issue of the *Bucknell Mirror* was a Literary Society Number. It contained well written histories of the Literary Societies of Bucknell and also several articles on society work.

The *Sibyl* has again found a place among our exchanges. Its contents are good. Its neat appearance is a special characteristic of the paper.

We were seated in a hammock,
One balmy eve in June ;
And the night was hushed in silence
'Neath the guidance of the moon.
I had asked her just one question,
My heart was filled with hope,
But her answer never reached me,
For her brother cut the rope.—*Ex.*

Little grains of quinine,
Little drops of rye,
Make the grip that's got you
Lose its hold and fly,
It will surely help you
If you'll only try
To not forget the quinine
When you take the rye.—*Ex.*

High grades by Seniors reached and kept,
Were not attained by main and might ;
But they while Sophs. and Freshies slept
Were riding ponies in the night.—*Roanoke Collegian.*

Literary Notes.

"Old Chester Tales" by Mrs. Margaret Deland has been considered by many as one of the most popular and interesting books of the day. The stories carry the reader back to those times when all the conveniences and inventions which we enjoy to-day were still lying dormant in the minds of some of these very

people. The author's style is very commendable, though simple; very striking and polished, producing a very lasting impression on the minds of the reader.

"A young French writer, M. De Brahm, has been arguing with much force that we need a new mark of punctuation. He calls it the point of irony. It should be a conventional sign analogous to the exclamation point, to be agreed upon among all cultivated nations, and which authors and editors could put at the beginning of a passage in order to serve notice in advance on the reader that it was a 'writ sarcastic.'"—*Public Opinion*. This might be a timely suggestion since such a mark would enable the reader to grasp the real meaning of the passage at first sight.

The April number of *Harper's Monthly* contains a very timely and interesting article entitled "Honor To Whom Honor Is Due," by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum. Our late war seems to be the incentive which prompted the author to write on this subject. It is only too true in such times that honor is sometimes bestowed on those who least deserve it and on the other hand those who actually bore the brunt of the engagement and knew just where and when to act are seldom heard of or even mentioned in history.

Friends of Mr. E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo" and "The Vintage," will no doubt be glad to hear that he has about completed his latest work entitled "The Capsina," which is considered to be a better production than "The Vintage."

Charles Dudley Warner has written a new novel, entitled "That Fortune," which is to be a sequel to "A Little Journey in the World" and "The Golden House." The novels will constitute a study of contemporary New York through what is equivalent to three generations of social and money evolution.

"When Knighthood Was In Flower" by Edwin Caskoden, (Charles Mayor) is claimed to be one of the best romances printed for some time. It is a love story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII. The book is a plain tale of royal life characteristic of those times containing many interesting historical facts and happenings. Judging from the remarkable portrayal of the characters it is very evident that the author must be a devoted student of English history. The work is now being dramatized for Julia Marlowe.

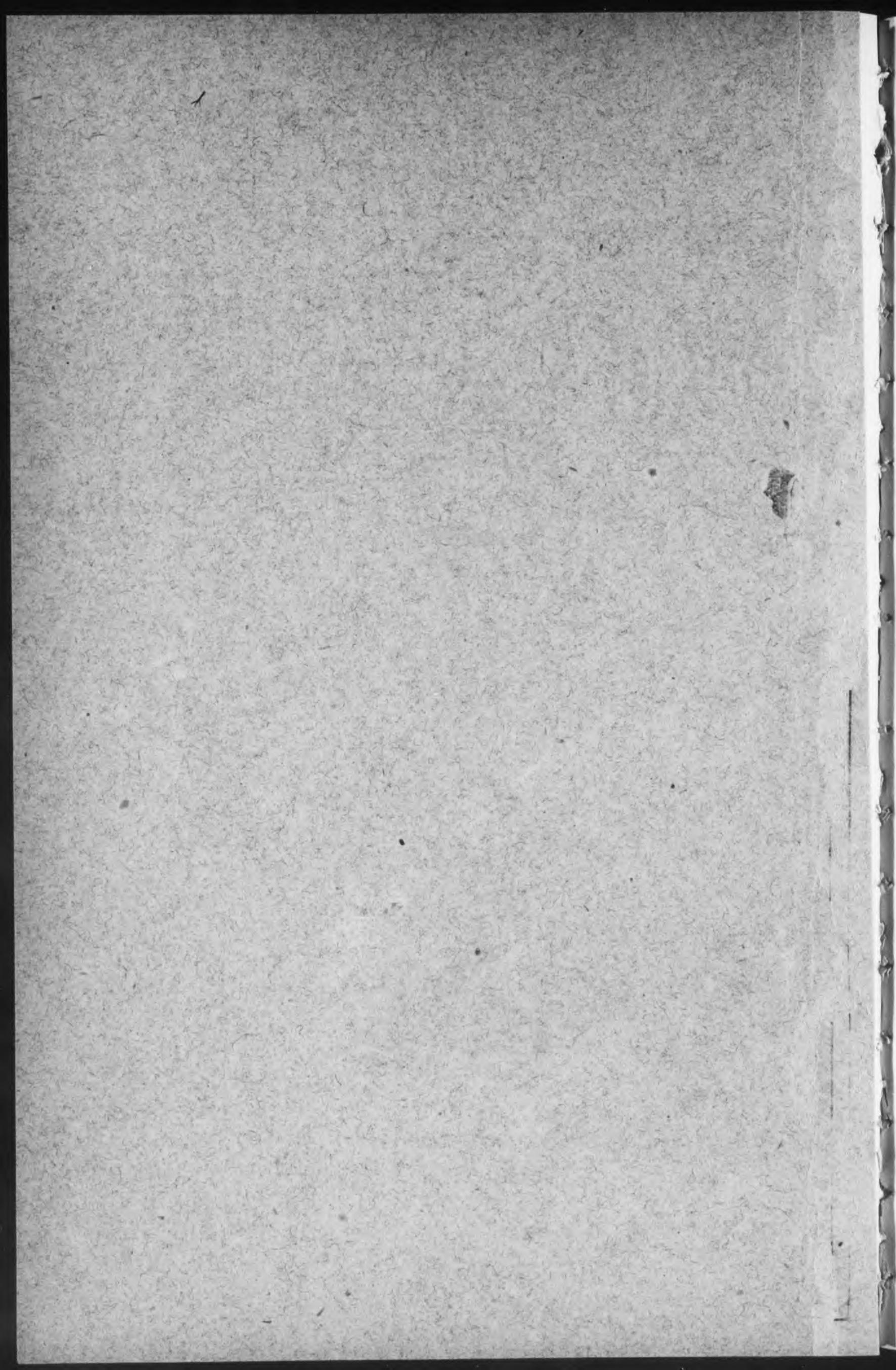
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THE MULLENBERG

May, 1899





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A CARD.

The Business Managers take this means of once more bringing the matter of subscriptions to the notice of delinquent subscribers. In order to meet the payments for the rest of the year it will be necessary to have more money than is now on hand. We thank those who have been so prompt in payment and kindly ask those still in arrears to favor us by remittance of the amount of their unpaid subscriptions.

Received

THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY, 1899.

No. 9.

THE TOUGH SUPER.

C. KRAUTH FEGLY, '00.

"We've won ! every one ! won, won, won ! rah, rah, rah, Ogo-liah ! Tig-e-e-r !!! Whoop, lah, bif, bum ! We've won, won, won ! What a time there'll be ! Whoop ! Hurray ! ray, ray ! Wo-ow !!! Ugh ! "

The enthusiastic individual who was thus making his way across the campus sat down suddenly upon the turf. A big burly senior was standing over him.

"See here, Kid Warley, what's the use of all this racket ? This is only a base-ball game ; it ain't any bloody old football victory. D'you hear ? "

"Yes. But say, Jocks, it was great. No runs—ninth inning two men out and three bases full—and old Blase knocked one clean into—and they all came in ! Ray ! Ray ! Ugh ! "

"Choke off, I say ; it's only baseball.—Say, Kid, are you going to the show to-night ? "*Sporting Countess*—"it'll be fine. The teams 'll be there and then you can let yourself loose in season, like a gentleman."

"No—o, I don't think I can, Jocks. You see I daren't spend—"

"Sorry—So long, Kid."

Left to himself, Ralph Warley sat in a brown study for a while. Suddenly he jumped up, and started toward the town, on a run. "I'm going to do that, if Gorleks will let me."

* * * * *

The first two acts of "*Sporting Countess*" had not been disturbed overly much by the student crowd. But when the racing scene of the third act came off ; and the winning jockey happened

to wear a cardinal hat and jacket, the horses nearly stamped at the roar that rose from the pit. After that—well the collegians wanted to be kind to the company which so loyally displayed their beloved cardinal, yet it was a kind of kindness not calculated to improve good acting and smooth stage work.

The fourth act opened with a horse sale at Tatersal's, London.

"Here, young fellows, right on here, hiss when I hiss; yell when I yell," said an actor just before curtain bell, pushing several stage hands before him. In the wing, just to the side of the entrance a young man, equipped with pad and pencil was interviewing the leading lady. Although bright, and with a merry twinkle in his eye; the reporter, being quite small, was not at all prepossessing in appearance. So the actor swept him unceremoniously upon the stage with the rest of the "sups." E'er he had time to escape, the curtain rose, and he had to make the best of it. Pulling his cap to its toughest angle, he hid as best he could behind the other boys.

The villian was bidding upon the horses, and a syndicate of friends of the ruined hero was bidding in opposition. At each raise the villian made, a chorus of hisses and cat-calls from the supers left nothing to be desired for effect.

"Dear me, what a remarkably tough looking character that one boy is. Do you suppose that is natural, or is he posing?" asked a young lady in the audience, of the gentleman by her side.

"It's very probably natural as that crowd is only supers. That cap looks familiar though.—Why, I declare if it isn't Kid Warley, one of our students. Pardon me just a minute, 'til I let the fellows know. I thought I'd know that cap anywhere." He began a system of most remarkable facial contortions, directing them toward the section where the main body of students was seated. "Now it's all right, thank you," he said a minute later.

"I do not understand what you mean."

"Wait, and see."

Meanwhile the sale on the stage was progressing: suddenly the villian turned and said, "I should like to know if this bidding is bona fide."

"Be assured it is," said a cheery, far away voice from the wings.

"Who answers that?" demanded the villain.

—Now at this point, the "Sporting Countess" was to create a grand climax by bounding in upon the stage, all radiant, declaring "I, the 'Sporting Countess' say so," to the utter discomfiture of the villain.

On this particular evening the climax was somewhat wanting in effect. The actors all did nobly, speaking their parts, and looking "utterly discomfitted" but—

Just as the villain snapped out, "Who says that?" a roar from the pit drowned everything else out. The rest was pantomime as far as the audience was concerned.

"Rah-rah-rah! Ziglywah! Waglyjah! Ogoliah! Tiger!! Kid! Kid! Kid! Warley! Warley! Warley! Super! Super! Sup! Speech! Speech! Spe-e-ch!!!"

The curtain went down amid the racket but that didn't stop it for a minute. Preparations went on behind scenes for the last act but there seemed little likelihood of there being much chance for the actors. Then the manager burst upon the stage.

"Who are those rascally fools yelling for? It's none of the actors, sounds like Warley, or Kid."

"I'm afraid, sir, it's for me."

"What the deuce tricks are you up to again, you little devil? How did you get in here, and how'd they know it?"

Warley explained very hurriedly. Outside the yelling rose and fell uninterruptedly.

"Well, then, out with you, and shut 'em up!" The manager drew back the curtain.

"Before the curtain?"

"Yes, and quick too. It's the only way to save the roof from going off."

"Whew!"

"Come on, blame quick."

The curtain rustled and Warley stepped out. The noise redoubled; then stopped as suddenly as it began. He looked straight down to where his college mates sat and said, "I'm ashamed o' you fellows. You're a disgrace to the college and yourselves, stopping the show for such a little thing."

Jock Spor must needs lead another yell for that bright sally. Then Warley resumed.

"Now I want you to shut off and let the show proceed. It

was all a mistake anyhow. I was back there inter—. Well I'll not explain here but anyhow who wants to know all about it just apply to Ralph Warley, 62 West, after this thing's over. Now mind what I tell you. Shut off and let the show proceed. Don't be a set of blooming fools, its only baseball."

He gave a quick glance at Jocks, and vanished behind "the rag."

There was prolonged cheering for a minute or so; and then the show proceeded.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

HOWARD E. SHIMER, '01.

"Though conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of the soil."—*Cowper*.

The natural qualities essential to a good talker are a clear, active intellect, sympathy, and fluency of speech. All persons possess these, but each in a different degree. Some are therefore naturally better talkers than others; but these qualities are capable of indefinite development; and, though we can not all hope to attain the highest excellence of conversation, we ought, at least endeavor to speak WELL.

This is truly an intellectual age. Accordingly our ambitions have induced us to take a college course. In the class-room we endeavor to do justice to ourselves and our instructors. There is one part of his nature, however, which a college student often neglects to develop. He fails to cultivate the art of conversation. Shabby or unclean clothes do not improve the looks of a handsome man or a handsome woman; so the best abilities are shown to a disadvantage through a poor style of conversation. A man is not judged by what he knows, but by what he is able to impart to others.

Conversation is often treated trivially. On the contrary, it is a very serious matter. We ought to distinguish clearly between good conversation and gossiping. It is not necessary that we should tell all that we know, or open our hearts fully to every one with whom we may come in contact in society; but a frank, open, communicative disposition should be cultivated.

In order to converse well, one must have a command of words. This is possessed in different degrees by different individuals. Some are full of matter, but are not able to tell what they know with any degree of fluency and ease; while others, who have but a small stock of ideas, are ready and voluble in speech. The faculty of language is susceptible of being improved or developed to an astonishing extent. Talk, *seek* and *make* opportunities for engaging in conversation and public speaking. Our literary societies endeavor to yield some of these opportunities. Committing to memory also improves language. Poems, extracts from speeches and the like may thus be appropriated with great advantage.

To *talk* well, one must *think* well. Our ideas as well as our words should be so arranged that the connection between them shall clearly appear. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. . . . There are talkers who have what may be called *jerky minds*. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death." We must strive, then, to acquire methodical habits of thought.

An unpardonable fault of many a person is, that he considers himself merely as an individual, ignoring all the obligations he owes to society. By associating with good society, a certain something is gained which would otherwise be kept from our possession. The conversation of well-informed persons furnishes means of storing our minds with useful facts and thoughts, of which we should not fail to avail ourselves. We can hardly fall into the company of any person so poor in knowledge that we can derive no benefit from his conversation. We endeavor to master a subject completely, but the merest smattering is better than no information at all, because the smattering will enable us to understand the remarks of others, and to profit by them, while any one attempting to converse in good society without, at least, the elements of genial knowledge, must soon stumble and go wrong.

A person's knowledge or ignorance of etiquette props out very prominently in conversation. The Golden Rule applies to the art of conversation as well as to anything else. We ought listen as we would be listened to and speak as we would be spoken to. We can be equally too timid and too forward in conver-

sation. Nothing is more impolite than inattention ; nothing becomes so obnoxious as egotistical talk.

Often, in the attempt to keep up a conversation, untruths are resorted to and, very frequently, in regard to things that do not concern one either one way or the other. Equity requires us to be truthful and honest in what we say ; to regard sacredly the rights of others in all things. Slander is a vice so vile and ugly that it need merely to be mentioned as something hateful to every pure and virtuous mind. We ought carefully avoid the petty tattle that may possibly lead to it.

Exaggeration, which is but another word for lying, is also a great flaw in conversation. Such speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to their rightful meaning often leads one to disbelieve facts, to miss-report conversation, and to magnify statements in matters in which the literal truth is important to be told. The persons who indulge in this habit do not intend to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different meaning from that given to them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.

Great care should be exercised in choosing subjects upon which to converse. Every subject likely to give needless pain should be studiously avoided. Each person has a right to his opinion and a claim upon us for a proper treatment of those opinions. They may not be our own ; they may be utterly different from our own. Nevertheless, they must be respected. Holmes illustrates this nicely in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." "There are, at least," he says, "six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in a conversation between two persons. Each person is distinguished by three personalities first, the real person, known only to his Maker; second, the person's ideal, never the real one and very unlike him; and third, the second person's ideal-first person. . . . Only two of the personalities are taxed ; only two can be weighed on a platform scale ; but the other four are just as important in the conversation. . . . No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time."

But one may have the richest stores of information, inexhaustible funds of anecdote, the best habits of thought, and the most brilliant wit, and yet fail in conversation through ignorance of

the fundamental rules of the language he speaks, carelessness, or the use of slang. The best story may be spoiled by being inelegantly told, and the finest witticism be changed into a low jest by an ungrammatical word. A college student's grammatical consciousness should never allow him to use the English language incorrectly.

MOB VIOLENCE.

WILLIAM M. HORN, '00.

But lately, I read of an example of mob violence, expressed only too cruelly by brutes upon a brute. For a man to disgrace himself by committing such crimes as Sam Hose did, renders a man far below the most degraded state of humanity, but the crime which the mob committed was hardly less to be censured.

It is true that the law in *some* cases is too slow in acting, but surely it will not be improved by men who commit an altogether unwarranted murder. There is a certain class of people, who are very irascible, and when enraged, they become more like the lowest forms of animals than men. The spirit shown by the low white men is far from exemplary, and instead of intimidating the Blacks, will enrage them beyond control.

I was reading Victor Hugo's "Bug Jargal," which contains a fine description of the insurrections of the Blacks in the French West Indies, and of its causes, which terminated in the murder of the French Residents there, and the establishment of the only Negro Republic in existence. It was just such wanton cruelty which made those Blacks rebel, and we shall surely have just such trouble, if the Lynch Law, if such we may call it, is allowed free sway.

I cannot believe that the majority of those men realized, to its fullest extent, the immensity of the crime which they have committed. The perpetrators may not be discovered or meet with justice at the hands of Earthly Law, but they will, and they cannot escape it, meet with a just and eternal judgment at the Judgment Seat of God.

There are always, and everywhere, men whose passions can be inflamed easily, and when inflamed will make them stoop on the impulse of the moment, to do those things of which they will be ashamed hereafter. No excuse can be offered for those

who commit the same awful crime, which they so cruelly condemn in another. I believe that many of those, who participated in this inhuman murder, have come to their right senses, and have been appalled by the awfulness of the crime which before seemed to them so insignificant.

And now this case ought to serve us as an example of the inexpressible value of self-control, and moral power. If those men had been able to control themselves, they would have brought no such disgrace upon themselves, or upon their families.

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a City."

When the Negro is allowed to have as much liberty as a white man, he transgresses beyond his bounds, and steps into license. Nevertheless, this will not excuse the white man for lowering himself to the same level. It is the lack of education which narrows a man's views, and leads him to see things in one light, but by a broadening of his views he can be made to think long before he acts, and when he *does* act to act as becomes an American Gentleman. Those white men, the instigators of this outrage to humanity, cannot be condemned too severely, and no punishment is too severe. Cases of this kind should be punished most severely, to serve as an example for those who might otherwise follow in their footsteps. It may be, and it will be, a difficult matter to bring the Lynchers to justice, but no pains should be spared, or the representatives of the people will be obliged to answer for their neglect of Duty in the "World to Come."

From youth on, great care should be taken to develop and train the moral sense of man, so that even to mention such an occurrence would shock him as much as if he had been an eye witness. Our people are becoming too lax in their moral habits, and this will lead to more serious consequences. What we need are men of strong intellectual power, with ability to distinguish their duty, and with courage to do it, and then the number of crimes will be lessened, and a decided benefit will fall to the tax payer. They will not need so many officials to preserve order, and the money can be spent in other more useful ways, as education, and in charity funds.

Then again the County officers of the Jails ought to be censured for their fear of mob violence. It may be a most difficult

thing to do, but certainly no Jailer, who has public trusts in charge, is justified in surrendering his keys to the leaders of a mob.

If our citizens would only apply the Golden Rule to their lives, what a model Country this would be.

CHOOSING A MASCOT.

G. WELLINGTON LUTZ, '01.

A mascot is anything that brings good luck,—if there is such a thing as luck.

A *Talisman* is anything that produces extraordinary effects, tending toward shielding one from evil.

A mascot *may* be a talisman. It may have the form of a dog like that of the 71st New York, which regiment was accused of cowardice at Santiago ; it may be a little black pig like "George Dewey" the pride of the 4th Pa., which ate up not only the profuse but a good deal of produce of the entire regiment, until they felt like eating *it* up. After an exciting trip of over four thousand miles, this little mascot was exhibited at the Great Allentown Fair last September. Wondrous, the luck it brought to its benefactors ! Or if *color* has anything to do with it, a mascot may be a *white* little pig, like the one owned and paid for by a private in the same regiment with his arrest as a deserter and forfeiting his wages to the amount sufficient to buy a half a dozen of the same kind at retail prices. What luck ! Still others hold on to a mascot or talisman, in the form of a little bag filled with asafoetida on the 17th day after the Vernal Equinox, two years after the first leap year in each decade. This they wear on their breasts as a *charm* against disease, at the same time unintentionally charming everybody near them into a state of miserableness by the stench.

Rheumatics carry the horse-chestnut in their pockets. Washington is said to have had a peculiar kind of bean in his mouth while in battle, thereby making himself invulnerable ! The hypocrite has the left hind foot of a winter-solstice born rabbit, thirteen months old, hanging from his watch chain. The fiend smokes his cigarettes. The fool wears his one eyed spectacle, the dude his cane. The odd old lady has a twenty dollar gold piece

for a breast pin, two tens for ear rings, while the nice young lady wears, on the third digit of her left hand, the luck-stone. Surely some of these mascots just enumerated produce extraordinary effects. "What fools we mortals be!" Which of these or what other mascot ought we to choose? Absolutely one that will stand the test of time : all these, like the idols of the Egyptians, of the Babylonians, of wicked Ahab and Jezebel before Elijah, shall pass away, just as the earth shall pass away on that Great Day.

No, my friends, a mascot must not necessarily be in the concrete but rather always in the abstract. Rather a quality, a product of the mind, subordinating our physical nature. A product of the mind forever developing and thus preparing us for the culminating events of our lives. A product governing every action of the body and soul, causing the two to work and act together in perfect harmony ; that quality in human nature that enables one to know himself, his own diminutiveness, his unworthiness to claim recognition of his God, his perfect realization of other creatures, fashioned by the same God, who are not only his equals but often his superiors,—that mascot is *Humility*.

Jesus Christ began His Redemption of the world by humbling Himself to be born of a virgin.

For three years He practised it.

On the eve of His crucifixion, He made it an object lesson to His disciples by washing their feet. As a result of humbling herself by anointing and wiping the feet of Him with her hair, Mary won a legacy never bestowed on woman before. The proud, wealthy and influential Saul, became a Paul only, by humbling himself and acquiring true humility. What a career he has led ! The model minister, missionary and Christian,—all in one.

Humility is *the* essential thing requisite for a successful Christian life, taking into consideration any vocation in life whatsoever. The natural pride of man must be crushed. A haughty spirit must fall ; mischievous conduct and malicious desires subdued ; stubbornness eradicated. The spirit of revenge, the result of weak intellects and corrupt morals, must be transplanted by a spirit of forgiveness and sympathy.

"Stoop," said the old man to Benjamin Franklin as he was about to enter into a house, having a low entrance. Benjamin did not *stoop* however, and as a result he bumped his head against the crosspiece of the low doorway. He learned a great lesson,

and probably, as he himself asserts, this together with similar incidents helped to shape his brilliant future. Many a time, after this incident, did he stoop and humble himself. But it was he who "stood before kings."

How we admire that great musician who at the age of seventy-five humbly confessed how little he knew about music! The great mechanic who was most happy to live secluded in an humble home, knowing that his wonderful genius was but a small gift bestowed upon him for a little while, by that source of all wisdom! England's greatest statesman, at the age of seventy, was happy in humbling himself as if he were a child in understanding, by repeating at night the simplest of all child prayers,—"Now I lay me down to sleep." How can we but love such men!—characters of true humility. Yet a few, miserable so-called scientists and philosophers have polluted the minds of many with their *human* reasonings, bowing neither before a God or man. Behold their miserable end! Man's mind in this world is not developed to such a degree as to understand God's Heavenly mysteries. The musician, the mechanic, the statesman, all humbled themselves and lived in true humility, because of the consciousness that their work was divine. They had learned the great lesson, —know God, know thyself, know thy neighbor. Govern thyself accordingly.

Holland says :

"Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we must build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount to its summit round by round."

Begin with *Humility*.

"NOSTRI MEDICI FUTURI."

THOS. MC H. YODER. '01.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear discussions about the future ministers, but very seldom do you hear anything about the welfare of the young men who some day may shorten or lengthen your lives, as the case may be. Whether the M. D.'s who own Muhlenberg as their Alma Mater, have ever distinguished themselves as to merit praise, we are not at liberty to state, but with

your good will, we shall allow *Nostri Medici Futuri* to hold your thoughts for a moment.

Remove the scales from your eyes, and look with me, as through a telescope, into the misty future, and behold a number of young men who received the title B. S. from their Alma Mater, but are now among the leaders of Medical men, having hung out their shingles in various parts of the country.

Several have not fully realized the ambitions of their student days, which were, that some day their services as a physician, might be worth at least twenty-thousand dollars a years. They will have to lay a good many in their graves, before they will have reached that princely salary.

Shifting our instrument a little, we observe a stately looking young man moving about in a large Western Hospital. Looking closer, we see that he is none other than the young man, who, when a student, loved to tell us how he would handle the instruments when he became an M. D.

Again turning the lens, we discern a young man who once delighted in tantalizing crabs before he ushered them into eternity. He no longer enjoys this cruelty to animals, but, as some one has given him the five-thousand dollars he so often wished for, he is busily engaged in pnrsuing a higher course in a large German University, and the popular German beverage has increased his weight considerably.

We also notice that the other young men are doing very well, and are a credit to the college from which they graduated.

Later on we see most of these young men seated at a banquet in a fashionable hotel, the occasion being an alumni reunion of the Muhlenberg Medical Society. The topics discussed were the good times that were had when these medicos were but students and serving their apprenticeships.

One of them related, how, when not thinking about going coon hunting the next day, he would thunder out Muscularis Muscosal to many of the questions the able instructor would ask him. Another refreshed their memories with the incident that happened when they were allowed to test their scalpels on a fish. There was some lack of space on the dissecting table, and the sliced muscles accidentally found their way into an adjacent coat pocket. The owner's face gleamed with sunlight when he found out how generously he had been treated, and in a neat address a-

bounding in beautiful figures of speech, he thanked the donors. For the remainder of the week he had fish sandwiches, which he said 'were most excellent, and he was often heard singing, 'Get Your Money's Worth'.

At another corner of the banquet table a young doctor takes his colleagues back to a very beautiful day in Autumn, when one of the boys, while looking for the teeth in an Amphibian, suddenly discovers the "Solar Plexus" where he thought the teeth should be. This greatly astonished his good-natured tutor, from whose eyes were seen tittering smiles, and he gave him a somewhat dubious look, because he had always been taught differently.

Nearby another young man is eager to relate, how, when dissecting oysters, one of the boys after finishing his dissection, and being a lover of the Molluscano, lowered his specimen to his gastric region, exclaiming that it tasted as good as those he had eaten at Delmonico's. He further told of the experience one had upon his first attempt to chloroform a feline. After killing it a half a dozen times, it continued rendering its solo.

Later on, thinking a light lunch would make his work more pleasant, he made a sandwich of pickled rabbit; the alcohol barrel being close by, he was not without anything to drink. But alas, while hugely enjoying his lunch, the "boss" stepped in, and informed him that this was not the Gast House, but was a Christian Institution, and if he were ever caught at such a misdemeanor again, he would have to take up the Classical course.

Other reminiscences just as interesting followed. We have not the space to relate them. Let me close with the hope that Muhlenberg's *Medici Futuri* may be an honor to the Institution from which they graduated, and thereby to the Biological Course of which they were members.



THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

A Fixed Purpose.

"What are you going to do next year?" is a question which is now frequently being put to the Seniors." "I don't know," is often the answer. Still further, another asks, "What do you intend to do in the future?" The answer comes from some, "I have not yet fully decided." The question naturally arises in our minds, "Ought not a Senior at College have pretty definite aims for the future?" We hear so much about this *definite aim* in life, as if all depended upon it. We dare not question that a fixed purpose, tenaciously clung to, is of inestimable value. But we fear that many, who know what they will be engaged in another year, do not have this fixed purpose. The young man who has the ministry in view and pays no attention to the history of his Church and makes no effort to learn or understand its doctrines and Catechism, can hardly be said to be seriously in earnest, although he may know that he will be at the Seminary next fall. The young man aspiring to the legal profession, who scarcely sees his logic during his course, can hardly expect to over-illuminate the profession of law by his talent, yet he may know that another year will find him in a law office or at a law school. Scarcely can

that medical student have a definite aim, who pays only passing attention to his biological work, yet because his father is a M. D. another year will find him at a Medical school. No, a fixed purpose, upon which so much depends, does not necessarily belong to those who happen to know, as far as man may know, where the immediate future will find them.

Yet nothing is more important than singleness of aim. Why some accomplish so much compared to others is simply because they have a definite purpose ahead. Then they become so intent upon the accomplishment of that one sole end that all intervening difficulties disappear—difficulties that would have caused many a one without that well-defined purpose to turn, give up their course, and enter another line of work, there to meet with a similar experience. Be a minister, be a lawyer, be a doctor, or be a teacher: but be only one; you cannot be all.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done:
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.—*Meredith.*

* * * * *

The College Annual.

Since our last issue the *Ciarla* has appeared and the Juniors, especially the members of the Staff, are looking happy. And well they may for from all sides come complimentary remarks. We think we are voicing the sentiments of the majority—could prejudice be laid aside for a moment—when we say that it is the best annual ever published at MUHLENBERG. It is bound in dainty white and gold which already speaks for its neatness. A number of new features have been added. It contains groups of all the classes, the Juniors however having single cuts, thus making it, to some extent, a more individual class affair, a very commendable feature. The '00 *Ciarla* is without doubt, an honor to the Class that published it. At the same time it reflects credit upon the institution whose students are capable of producing such a volume. The Board of Editors deserves much credit for the general excellence of the book.

Locals.

Dr. B.: When is the subject not expressed?

Zerwick, '02: When it is understood.

Krutzky, '00, will have an auction to sell all his essays and other productions at the end of this term.

Part of the profits made by the management of the 1900 "Ciarla" will be used to purchase a subject, for dissection, for the Biological students.

Our Little Minister—Solomon Wenrich.

One of our boarding houses has discontinued to serve chickens on the table twice a week on the claim that it is cruelty to animals to kill chickens. This decision has caused quite a stir among our young men studying for the ministry.

Dr. Bauman had the seniors out several nights studying the stars by means of the telescope. But these astronomical trips are at an end for the present as L. Fritch disabled the telescope. The professor had pointed out a certain star which they were studying and had directed the telescope to that star but when the professor was not looking, Fritch turned the telescope on a star many miles further away from the earth and strained the telescope.

The room of Geiger and Sykes contains seventeen pipes. One for each bug in the room.

Many of the students are troubled with sore throats.

Lutz, '01, lost his voice one afternoon. The next morning he had it sent by mail with a bunch of violets.

Dr. B.: When is a fraction called a vanishing fraction?

Apple, '02: When it disappears.

The Sophomore's are beginning to go out on botanizing trips.

Straub, '00 was walking in his sleep the other night. When asked what he was looking for, he answered, *a precipitate*.

Biological students believe that dead men do not reveal any tales.

Berg, '99, claims that, "Goat milk ought naturally make good but-ter."

An Old Wiseacre—A decayed wisdom tooth.

Policemen assist each other by clubbing together.

Kuntz, '00, claims to have some "*Financial Views.*" I guess he was in bank up town and looked through the windows at the cash inside.

Lindenstruth, '02, has many ties but the most becoming is modes(ty).

Job must have been of a very happy disposition. He fairly boiled over with humor.

Why is the train that leaves for Reading every day at 12.50 hard to catch? Because it is ten to one if you do catch it.

Why is Miller's, '02, bed too short for him? Because he lies too long in it.

Fritch, '00, says the reason "the boy stood on the burning deck" was because it was too hot to sit down.

The mosquito will soon show the American people whether hides are free or not.

"Can a minister marry himself?" was asked sometime ago. If he does he gets a deuced poor wife.

Heist, '99, lost his voice but it is not said that he has a *leek* in his throat.

Drumheller, '01, has written a book on Table Manners. As he is quite an authority on the subject, we predict for the book a bright future.

Dr. W.: Who spoke to Zachariah in the Temple?

Kistler, '02: Judea.

Koch, '00, takes buggy rides on phaetons.

The 1900 *Ciarla* is out and awaits your approbation. For sale for \$1.00. \$1.25 by mail. Send in your order to the business managers of the *Ciarla*.

Dr. W.: Who announced the birth of Christ?

Kistler, '02: The Angel.

Dr. W.: What Angel?

Kistler, '02: The Angel Angelo.

Kistler has many friends and they all come to see him. He is kept busy every Saturday and Sunday showing them around the University.

The Seniors will have their final examinations on the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth of this month. They are busily engaged preparing for them.

Through Glase's inexperience in operating shower baths, he was almost drowned lately at the Y. M. C. A. bath rooms.

Our Freshman are doing some fine ball playing. They have been defeated by the Kutztown Normal team in a close game and when they went down to Perkiomen Seminary, they almost gave them a shut-out. If they stick together and keep up in practice they will be hard to beat. Keep it up boys and keep up the record of Old Muhlenberg.

At a recent meeting of the Sophomore Class the following Staff was chosen to publish the *Ciarla* next year. They will make a desperate effort to surpass 1900's excellent book. Editor in Chief, Lutz; Associate Editors, Rubrecht, Schell, Schofer, Gerner, Ruhe and Shimer; Artists, Serfass, Fetherolf, J. M., Raether, and Yoder; Business Managers, Woerth, Benner and Hamm.

The Freshman Class elected the following officers for this term: Pres., Geiger; Vice Pres., Miller; Sec., Heckel; Cor. Sec., Sykes; Monitor, Kistler; Treas., Freed.

Flexer, '00, had such a sad look upon his face the other day and on being asked what was the matter he exclaimed, "Oh I am suffering with a severe attack of dyspepsia caused by too much ' food for thought '."

ALPHA TAU OMEGA ENTERTAINS.

Alpha Iota Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity gave a euchre on Friday evening, April the Seventh, at their house, No. 9 South Fifth Street.

The rooms were tastefully decorated with the fraternity colors, sky blue and old gold, and the floral decorations were Easter lillies, tulips and palms. After the Euchre, dancing was indulged

in to the strains of Ruhe's orchestra. A tasty buffet luncheon was served by the "Hotel Hamilton" service. The prizes and tallies were mounted with the handsome fraternity monogram. They were won by the following: First ladies' prize, morocco purse, Miss Grace Hersh; second ladies' prize, fraternity paper cutter, Miss Linda Cooper; ladies' third prize, fraternity hat-pin, Miss Sadie Belle Blank; first gentlemen's prize, sterling silver fraternity match safe, Prof. J. Richmond Merkel; second gentlemen's prize, fraternity grip tag, Mr. Allen Heyl; third gentlemen's prize, lapel button, Mr. J. Ralphus Freed. Those present were: Misses Bessie Baker, Cora Clauser, Bertha Wenner, Annie Seip, Elizabeth Repass, Ida Sefing, Helen Walker, Janet Kuntz, Helen Keck, Bessie Hartzell, Leila Kauffman, Sadie Belle Blank, Elsie Guth, Elda Butz, Edna Schock, Lula Slough, Caroline Cooper, Mame Hagenbuch, Bessie Dreifoos, Linda Cooper, Marie Schaeffer, Florence Van Buskirk, Grace Hersh, Hattie Blank, Nina Ruhe, Adele Kauffman, Emma Kleppinger, Stella Boyer, Katie Dresher, and Mrs. Ira Wise. Besides the active members of the fraternity these Alumni members were present: B. Frank Rinn, Marcus Hottenstein, Prof. J. Richmond Merkel, Adolph Aschbach, Roy Applegate, Allen H. Heyl, G. Fred Kuhl, Irwin Rothenberger, and Ira Wise. The patronesses were Mrs. M. C. L. Kline, Mrs. Louis Soleliac, Mrs. Robert J. Berger and Miss Bertie Bonneville.

JESUS AS A TEACHER.

The college chapel was filled to overflowing, on Friday evening April 28th, when Dr. N. C. Shaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Schools, spoke upon the subject *Jesus as a Teacher*.

The Dr. is a very pleasant talker and all present enjoyed his lecture to the full extent. A few of the points which the lecture impressed upon our minds were the following:

That in all the encyclopedias of pedagogy there is not a single caption for Jesus Christ; nor in the vast realm of pedagogical literature is there a single book devoted to Christ.

That the sum and substance of the science of teaching is gathered into Christ's injunction to Peter, "Feed my lambs." The assimilation of the food we eat furnishes an analogy of the true process of education. Mere memorizing is not learning but only after we have let the facts soak into our inner selves so that

it comes forth from our brain as new ideas, new purposes, new actions, has it become knowledge.

Christ's teaching went beyond the intellect into the heart. That is why he was so successful; why he moved so many men to ask, "What shall we do to be saved?"

He teaches us a triple life: The life of *faith*, the life of *hope*, the life of *love*.

F.

A Trip through the Wonderland of America.

The second lecture of the spring course was delivered by Rev. C. L. Fry, '78, of Lancaster, Pa. His subject was *A Trip through the Wonderland of America*.

The pleasure and instruction derived from Rev. Fry's lecture were augmented by the fact of his being an alumnus. It was like some member of a family describing his travels to the rest; we almost felt as though we had accompanied the lecturer. In his treatment the lecturer departed from the hackneyed form of the ordinary lecture of *travel*, and his vivid and spicy picturings of the scenery and pleasures proved a veritable appetizer for vacation rambles.

We were shown the advantages of an American trip for sight seeing over the guide-beleagured, custom-house-beset routes of the Continent. The route lay through the Great Lakes, and across the Bad Lands out to Yellowstone Park. Much as had the beauties of the lakes, and cities, and the desolation and solitude of the Bad Lands impressed us, we sat spell-bound while listening to the colossal, awe-inspiring wonders of our great National Park. Terraces, geysers and canyons were each visited in turn, each bringing us new and greater surprises. Space forbids us to detail these grand sights but we would do the lecture injustice not to mention the great pleasure derived from his word picture of the sunset glories of the grand canyon, with its vast depths, its waterfall, and above all the Chaotic coloring of its adamantine cliffs. On the return trip we stopped with our guide at Salt Lake City, long enough to attain a slight insight into the strength and tyranny of the Mormon hierarchy. Rev. Fry's characterization of the Mormon religion, its theology, and its menace to the political institutions of the nation was very vivid. Just before the close of the lecture, we stopped at Omaha; visited the Indian exhibit

and witnessed a war dance of twenty-three different tribes. This is a religious rite of the Indian nations and a most blood-curdling act of devotion it is, judging from the picture we said, through the eye of the lecturer.

Rev. Fry closed by saying that after one had taken such a trip as the one to and from Yellowstone Park, he was overwhelmingly impressed with the vast grandeur of our nation's boundaries, scenery and resources, so that his prayer to God would be that even when a thousand years had rolled away, our nation's ensign might wave o'er it all.

SENIOR GEOLOGICAL TRIPS.

TO CRYSTAL CAVE.

The Seniors, as a class, have enjoyed few things more than the trip to Virginsville, a small village beyond Kutztown, in Berks County. Some went by rail to Kutztown and thence by carriage to "Crystal Cave," the chief object of interest. But most drove in double and single teams the whole distance from Allentown, about twenty-three miles. We need hardly state that a drive through the country on a bright fresh morning, such as the eighteenth of April, was refreshing and invigorating and that it was immensely enjoyed by all. 'Tis needless to say that the return trip in the evening was equally pleasant.

The class was accompanied by Prof. Dowell who by his congenial disposition added a great deal to the pleasure of the trip. "Crystal Cave," surpassed the expectations of most of the Seniors as they did not expect to find a natural wonder, so great, so near Allentown.

The party penetrated the cave to a distance of over a thousand feet. The various limestone formations are shown to perfection, beautiful stalactites and stalagmites being found throughout the cave. Several hours were spent in viewing the arched roofs and deep caverns, many of which have never been explored. Upon the return, a number of the class visited the Keystone State Normal School, at Kutztown, and were very nicely received by the Principal, Dr. Hancher, and by Prof. Boyer, a graduate of our College in the Class of '85.

TO NEW YORK.

The second geological trip of the Senior Class was taken on Saturday, May sixth. Prof. Dowell again supervised the trip. On reaching the city of Greater New York, the class at once proceeded to the Central Park Museum of the Natural Sciences. The object of the trip being geological most of the time was spent in viewing and examining the fossil remains and mineral collections. After a careful study of the text, it was a great privilege to see in stone and rock some of the *animals* whose names we had only seen before.

The magnificent specimen of tree coral was admired more than any other one. Can such beautiful things grow beneath the sea!

The collection of mounted mammals also received a great deal of attention.

The visit to the Museum was certainly enjoyed by all. Shortly after noon the party dispersed and in groups took in the various points of interest in the great city of New York, many not returning to Allentown until Sunday evening and Monday morning.

As it was the first time several of the party had been to New York, some very amusing incidents happened, but we will refrain from mentioning them. The Seniors have greatly profited by these trips and regret that the close approach of the end of their college days prevents them from taking any more, as a class.

Personals.

Dr. Repass presided at the meeting of the Allentown Conference, held at Slatington, April 25. Dr. Seip also was present at several sessions and addressed the conference.

Rev. C. J. Cooper has been very busy of late in behalf of the Jubilee Fund. He has visited Reading, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, and various other places.

Gensler, '96, senior at Mt. Airy Seminary, paid a visit to College. We are glad to note that he has been elected Dr. Ochsenford's successor at Selinsgrove.

Prof. Merkel of the Academic Department accompanied the Seniors on their geological trip to New York.

Myers, ex'02, has moved to Allentown. On a short visit to college recently, he stated he would again enter college.

Moyer, ex'01, has again entered college and we are all glad to see his pleasing countenance with us once more.

Brode, '01, has left college to enter the employ of S. J. Brobst and Co., Printers and Booksellers.

Mr. H. Esterly, of Reading, visited Messrs. Horn, '00.

Rev. Riysley, of Montgomery, one of the first students at Muhlenberg College paid a visit to Gable, '02, and in the course of his visit related to some of the students many pleasing anecdotes of college life while he attended college.

Alas, alas, Yerger, '00, has at length uttered a German thought.

Prof. Rothermel, professor of Natural Science at K. S. N. S. recently paid a visit to all the Kutztown students at college.

Misses Williams of Hokendauqua visited Fegeley, '02, and Shimer, '01.

Erdman, '98, is the possessor of a new Newfoundland dog which is of a very good breed. He had the same at college lately for inspection.

Miss Mary visited Trump, '00.

Miller, '02, who has been sick with a disabled neck is again able to be about.

Many of the music loving students attended "The Bride Elect" at the Academy, April 7th.

Allenbach, '01, paid another visit to Catasauqua and to his misfortune had to walk home.

The axe recently buried by Kuntz and Koch has again been resurrected by Trump.

A. A. Kunkle, '99 lately attended the marriage of his brother at Leacock, Lancaster Co. He also visited the Norman School at Millersville, at which institution he graduated with the class of '95.

Freed, '02, has been practicing palmistry of late and will in the near future hang out a shingle.

Koch, '00, has been appointed assistant professor in the Chemical Laboratory. (?)

Glase, '02, spent Sunday at home.

A laboratory term,—Blowpipe Trump.

Dr. Bauman advised the Class of '00 not to examine the spring styles of ladies' hats for concord of colors.

Found—a young man who can teach K—y something.

Mr. Wackernagel, '01, of Muhlenberg College son of Rev. Prof. Wackernagel, was the guest of Rev. J. Little of Hokendauqua.—*New Era*.

Kuntz, '00, (with an intellegent look) : Some people cannot kill chickens. What is the cause?

Dr. Seip: Oh I guess they must be chicken hearted.

Sykes, '02, claims that he will never forgive the fellow who put him off the Base-ball Field at Kutztown.

Erb and Beck, '00, are the most interested pair of Base-ball fiends we have.

Messrs. Horn, '00, spent Sunday at their home, Reading, Pa.

Ray G. Peter, ex'00, has not lost his love for his class as a recent visit showed. He is not attending the American Business College.

The dancing fever has stricken quite a few of the young men and every evening will find some of our students trying to trip the light fantastic.

Koch, '00, enjoyed a very pleasant drive through the Lehigh Valley lately.

Rubrecht, Gerner, Drumheller, and Shimer, '01, and Fegley, '00, have recently taught St. Michael's English Bible Class.

Beck, '99, spent Sunday, April 7th, with his friend John Beck, an ex-student of Muhlenberg, at Poughkeepsie, where he is now taking a course in Eastman's Business College.

The "Little Minister" was very well patronized by the students.

The delegates to the Central Luther League Convention held in Freemansburg, May 12th of college were, McCollough, Kunkle,

H., and Buchman, '99, Fegley, Bousch, '00, Wenrich, Kline, R., '00, and Beck, '02.

Jerry Kunkle, of Broadheadsville, visited his brother Kunkle, H. A., '99, and accompanied the Seniors on their geological trip to New York.

Fritch, L., and Heist, '99, were not able to accompany their class to New York on account of illness.

Our Alumni.

SONS OF MUHLENBERG DINE: The fifth annual banquet of the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College was held Friday evening, April 21, at the Bingham Hotel. The toastmaster was Rev. F. F. Fry, Class '85, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, and the responses to toasts were made by the following speakers: "Our Philadelphia Boys," Rev. Theodore L. Seip, D. D., President of the college; "Ciarla." Rev. G. A. Kercher, class '93; "The Power of Music," Professor George S. Opp, class '94; "Our New Professor." Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., Professor elect of the English Language and Literature, Muhlenberg College; "Our Trustees," Rev. G. F. Spieker, D. D., Burkhalter Professor of Church History, Mt. Airy Theological Seminary; "The New Voice in Education," Dr. Edward Brooks, Superintendent of the Philadelphia public schools.

There were forty-three guests. It was decided to invite the wives of the members to attend the banquet next year. The follow officers were elected: President, Evan B. Lewis; first vice-president, Rev. John Waldelich; second vice president, Rev. George A. Kercher; secretary, Professor George S. Opp; treasurer, Rev. George C. Loos; Executive Committee, Professor O. G. J. Schaadt and S. N. Potteiger.

'71. Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. Dr., Philadelphia, contributed to the *Lutheran* a series of articles on "The Inner Mission of Germany and its Lessons for America."

'72. From the *Chronicle and News* of Allentown we clip the following notice of a very successful society in the congregation of Rev.

Myron O. Rath : AN EXCELLENT SOCIETY. The Lutheran Missionary Society of Grace Lutheran Church, Macungie, is in excellent standing and good financial condition. It has a membership of 141. Amount of money collected during the year, \$108.95 ; making a total of \$816.45 ; paid out to church building committee, \$700 ; for the support of the society's adopted boy in India, \$30 ; collections, \$1 64 ; total, \$731.64. Balance on hand, \$84.81.

73. In the same religious weekly, *Lutheran*, Rev. William H. Myers, of Reading, Pa., continues his "At Leisure Papers."

'73. On May 2nd, the Directors of the Public Schools of Allentown re-elected Erancis D. Raub Superintendent for a term of three years at \$1500 a year. Dr. H. H. Herbst of '78, was the Chairman of the meeting and Dr. George T. Ettinger, of '80, acted as Secretary.

'74. In case Hon. Edwin Albright of Allentown receives the Democratic nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court there will be a vacancy on the bench of Lehigh County. Of the many names mentioned for the position that of Marcus C. L. Kline, Esq., of Allentown, has probably as good support as any. It is, however, said that Mr. Kline's ambition is to go to Congress from the Berks Lehigh District.

'76. Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., our professor-elect of English, is contributing to the *Lutheran* a series of articles on the "Organizers of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania."

'78. In the preliminary announcement of the next session of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua we find that Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Lancaster, Pa., will deliver a series of "Travel Talks."

'79. George D. Krause, of the firm of Krause & Co., Lebanon, Pa., is a member of the Building Committee of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua.

'79. At a recent sale of valuable property in Allentown Frank M. Trexler, Esq., bought a fine home opposite Walnut Street, west of Eleventh.

'80. *The Pennsylvania Chautauquan* is kind enough to make the following announcement: Dr. George Taylor Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, in charge of the LATIN DEPARTMENT during the last seven assemblies, returns for the eighth season to the great delight of his many friends.

'82. The same paper says of Dr. Schmucker: It is with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that we announce the fourth consecutive re-engagement of so eminent an educator and scientist as Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., of West Chester Normal School. He will be with us the entire season as lecturer and a member of our Faculty, offering a course in SYSTEMATIC BOTANY and ZOOLOGY, with special reference to the biological side of these studies and their relation to food supply. His public lectures: "Some Old Friends;" "The Weaver Family;" "A Co-operative Community;" "A Diminutive Musician;" and "Old Ocean," will be enthusiastically received by a large circle of admirers.

'82. While crossing Manatawny bridge on his bicycle, Rev. L. J. Bickel, of Pottstown, was thrown and severely bruised — *Phila. Record.*

'82. From the *Lancaster New Era* we clip the following interesting item in regard to the Commissioners' Report of Lancaster County, Pa. "The annual statement of the county finances for the year 1898, recently issued by the County Commissioners, shows that the expenditures for the year footed up \$362,746.37. Of this amount, the largest single item of expenditures was for the support of our charitable and penal institutions, aggregating \$104,858.57.

The next largest item of expenditure, as shown by the report, is that of the Court. To run the Court during the year cost the county \$63,660.52, showing a large and gratifying decrease, however, as compared with the preceding year. The saving this year in the expenditures for criminal business aggregates the large sum of \$28,434.45, not including the amounts paid for stenographers, jurors and tipstaves, as they are lumped altogether.

All these costs, before payment was made, passed under the supervision of County Solicitor Hassler, who, in the exercise of his duties, stopped the duplication of cases and the payment of a large number of witnesses not legally entitled to compensations. About as many cases were disposed of in Court 1898 as in 1897, although there were more returns to Court in 1897, owing to the duplications. In passing on the bills, County Solicitor Hassler made his contest principally on Court costs. Every return, before any costs were paid on it, was examined

and written directions given to the Clerk as to what costs should be paid. Pursuing this method, costs were refused in all duplicated cases and only such costs paid in which the returns showed that the services had been actually rendered. Exceptions were taken by interested parties to some of these rulings, but when the matter was legally tested the questions were invariably decided in the county's favor.

The report throughout is most creditable to our County Commissioners and their faithful and able Solicitor, indicating as it does careful house-keeping and a commendable regard for the county's financial interests."

The same paper makes the following editorial comment: From no single act of legislation will Lancaster county probably derive more direct and immediate benefit than the act repealing the law providing for the election of County Solicitor by the people and lodging the power of election in the County Commissioners. Under the old law the Solicitor, while inadequately compensated, was also under too many political obligations to those with whom he came in direct official contact to be able to give the county the full benefit of his services. Our present County Solicitor, A. B. Hassler, Esq., while striving at all times to be fair towards the county's claimants, is never unmindful of the interests of the taxpayers, whose legal representative he is, and the fact that during the past year he has been largely instrumental in saving to the county the large sum of over twenty-eight thousand dollars in the way of reduced court expenses speaks volumes for the success of his efforts. In the absence of a County Controller, Solicitor Hassler admirably fills the bill of legal adviser to the watch dogs of the county treasury, the County Commissioners.

'83. At a recent meeting of the Allentown Conference, held at Slatington, Rev. J. H. Ritter made an address on "Missions."

'84. Prof. C. Ernest Wagner and wife, of Lancaster, will sail June 3rd, for a three months' tour to Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

'84. Rev. G. M. Scheidy, of Scranton, has accepted the call to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Lutheran Church, in East Allentown, succeeding Rev. J. S. Renninger.

'85. MOHR'S ELECTION SURE: Returns from 831 I. O. O. F. lodges give assurances that Wilson K. Mohr will be elected Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. Out of these lodges Mr. Mohr received 4019 votes; Conley, 86; Wiley, 1395; Steel, 2271; Meyer, 1608; Sawyer, 136; Beer, 124.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'85. At the recent meeting of the Allentown Conference mentioned above Rev. E. A. Yehl, of Bangor, made an address on "Education."

'86. J. J. Snyder, Esq., will again deliver the Memorial Day oration for General Hector Tyndale Post, No. 160, of Philadelphia. This is the fourth year Mr. Snyder has been thus honored.

'91. Rev. M. J. Bieber, Binghampton, N. Y., is Secretary of the Luther League of New York State.

'93. William Rick, who graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1893, was married on Thursday to Miss Carrie Vanderslice Lawshe, of Lewisburg. The bride is a daughter of Albert Lawshe. The groom is an attorney-at-law well established at Reading. They will be at home after May 11, at No. 1502 Perkiomen avenue.—*Morning Call*.

'94. NEW LAWYERS: O. R. B. Leidy, Malcolm W. Gross, Max S. Erdman, Joseph C. Slough and J. H. Stofflett on Saturday afternoon passed successful examinations for admission to the Bar, before the Examining Board, consisting of John Rupp, Robert E. Wright, J. L. Marsteller, Hon. James S. Biery and J. S. Dillinger.

Messrs. Erdman, Gross and Stofflett were admitted to the Bar to-day, but Messrs. Slough and Leidy will not be admitted until June.

Mr. Erdman is a son of ex-Congressman C. J. Erdman and graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1894. His father was preceptor.

Mr. Gross is a son of ex-Postmaster G. T. Gross and read law in the office of Hon. Edward Harvey. He graduated from Muhlenberg College, in 1894.

Mr. Slough also read law in ex-Judge Harvey's office and is also a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1896. He is a son of Dr. F. J. Slough.

Mr. Leidy is a native of Boyertown, graduated from Muhlenberg in 1896 and obtained his legal education with Major M. L. Kauffman.

Mr. Stofflett's home is at Northampton but he read law in the office of F. M. Trexler and Frank Jacobs.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'94. May 21 and 24, the beautiful new church of St. John's Ev. Lutheran Congregation, Hamburg, Pa., Rev. Harry C. Kline pastor, will be consecrated. A very elaborate programme of exercises has been prepared.

'94. The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Biery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Biery, of Shamrock, and Max S. Erdman, son of ex-Congressman, C. J. Erdman. Mr. Erdman was at last term of court admitted to practice as an attorney at law.—*Morning Call.*

'96 HAS ACCEPTED THE CALL: Mr. J. F. Snyder, who some time ago received a unanimous call from Grace Evangelical Lutheran Congregation, of East Bangor, Pa., has accepted and will take charge after his graduation from the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mt. Airy, in May. Mr. Snyder is a graduate of Muhlenberg College of the class of '96, and a son of Jacob Snyder, the contractor, of 513 North Tenth street, Allentown.

Among Our Exchanges.

A most excellent article on questions "On the choice of a Medical Career," appears in the April number of "The Mount Holyoke." The discussion deals with the questions that confront a woman about to study medicine. The ideas of the writer as to the proper preparation are especially worthy of quotation. They apply to the male student of medicine as well. "Fair mental ability and a good preliminary education are essential. There should be the power of logical thinking and a good degree of independent judgment. The preliminary education best fitted for

the student of medicine should include as thorough a knowledge as is possible of Chemistry, physics, and biology. The knowledge of plant and animal life will be of the greatest aid in understanding the life processes of the higher type. But it should not exclude the groundwork of a good general education in other lines. As has well been said, 'He who knows nothing outside of medicine does not know medicine.' And in my work as a teacher of *materia medica* I have found many a student handicapped by ignorance of the principles of arithmetic or English to say nothing of the rudiments of Latin. Some knowledge of Greek, though not essential, is valuable; it makes clear the origin of many a long word that must else be mastered by sheer memory. Since, too, we study the minds and hearts of our patients as well as their bodies it becomes clear--and more clear the longer we practice the art of medicine--that no culture, no knowledge of literature, politics, or art, will come amiss as a part of our furnishing. One who would do good work in medicine needs the spirit of helpfulness and a broad and loving sympathy that can care for the unlovely and unattractive among suffering humanity. We must never forget that medicine is an art as well as a science, and manytimes sympathetic insight will accomplish what pure scientific application of remedies will fail to touch. There is no field where good common sense is of more value than in medical work. For the vast majority of women the profession of home-making is the true one; and it has always seemed to me that home-making is a calling worth studying and preparing for. The study of medicine does not unfit a woman for the more common duties of life; but notwithstanding some shining exceptions, I do not believe the two can be combined. Either is in itself too engrossing to leave time or strength for properly fulfilling the duties of the other. She who chooses should think well before deciding between the life of the home, where responsibilities and cares are seldom unshared with others, [and that life which she in larger measure molds for herself when heavier burdens must be borne alone. For the life of the physician is pre-eminently one of heavy responsibility and often requires steady nerves and cool, rapid judgment.

" Every one from the learned divine in his pulpit down to the ignorant demagogue on the street corner can picture in vivid colors the demoralization and horrors of politics. Political con-

ventions are portrayed as reeking in tobacco, whiskey and corruption. Elections are represented to be a farce, and many are led to believe they are commonly conducted by means of shotguns. Political parties and office holders are pictured as existing only to swindle the masses out of their millions of hard-earned cash. Indeed, these critics would have us believe our country exists only as a field for the spoilsman and that we are all his shares. There is another side to the picture—one that is brighter and more hopeful. Political parties are the real power in successful government. This is true, not only for modern times, but history proves parties to be the necessary antecedent of successful government in any age. Only since the world has had party government, has it had good government: and even today, we find the people self-governing in those countries alone in which party rule prevails. Rather than decry our political system we ought to foster it. Although our parties may be far from perfect, they are still our Ship of Hope. They may produce Platts, and Quays, and Chandlers, and Crokers, but these are merely the shine collected on the surface of pure politics hiding for a moment the sparkling waters beneath. There are sore spots in the political body of today, but we gain nothing by idly looking at these: rather should we constitute ourselves physicians to heal them. Shame on the American who allows the few evils of the system to blind him to its usefulness"—*Minnesota Magazine*.

The College Folio contains a very pleasing story entitled "Uncle Dick's Chivalry." Some of our exchanges have been decrying the fact that stories are taking the place of essays. They even go so far as to say that a story is more easily written and requires less thought than an essay. We do not believe that our Journals should have all stories and no essays but we would take issue with those who say that the story-writer uses only his imagination. Logical thinking is as essential in the writing of a story as it is in the writing of an essay.

"Influences of Erasmus and Luther on Education," is the subject of a well written paper in the *Juniata Echo*. The writer very ably presents how these two great leaders were striving for the same end by different means.

Literary Notes.

Emile Zola's new novel entitled "Fecondite" (Fruitfulness) will shortly make its appearance in this country. The work is a very timely one and instructive to all. The writer's aim is to emphasize the fact that the home, and its traditions, is the only sure foundation upon which a nation can build securely. This very fact is regarded with too much insignificance in our present times. Many homes are not made places of instruction and enjoyment, but are regarded simply as places of shelter from the forces of nature; and thus the home and its surroundings loose all the moment which the word itself ought to convey to the minds of the young especially. The purity of domestic life, the author declares, is the keystone of power and civilization.

Harper's Monthly for May contains a timely article entitled "The Birth of the American Army" by Mr. Horace Kephart. This article should be especially interesting to all loyal American citizens. Not only does it give a very excellent account of the army from its very beginning; but it also gives a description of the equipments in use by the soldiers at that time and the evolution of these to the present.

"The Mormon Prophet" by Lily Dongall, is a very striking and interesting work. It is an excellent historical novel depicting the actual beginnings of the Mormon religion, stating facts probably unknown to the mass of readers regarding the founder of the sect and also giving its essential articles of faith. On account of the recent trouble, which was occasioned in Congress by Utah sending a Mormon representative. this book should prove doubly interesting as it will give the people in general a more thorough knowledge of the Mormons.

In this age of civilization one hardly expects to read of a country where people of different nationality are tortured and imprisoned when traveling there. However H. H. Savage Landor has given us a very minute and interesting discription of his travels in such a country in his book entitled "In The Forbidden Land." It is an account of his travels in Thibet, not only interesting but also instructive, affording the reader a very good history of the country, its people and customs.

"An Incident and Other Stories" by Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliot is a very entertaining work. Miss Elliot is a keen observer of life having also a remarkable talent for reproducing vividly such scenes and events as have come to her notice. This is one of the special features which make this work very attractive.

McClure's Magazine will in the near future contain a serial written by Mr. Tarkington who is regarded as a new young American novelist. Mr. Tarkington graduated at Princeton in 1893.

Germany, it is said, publishes one periodical per 12,902 of the population. Austria has one paper to every 72,290 persons.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has written a new romance of the ocean entitled "Idylls of the Sea" dealing with many sides of the seafarer's life.

"Imperial Democracy" is the title of a new book by David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, which is to be published next month.

Count Leo Tolstoi has given the profits of his novel "Regeneration," which amount to \$15,400, to the Dukhobortsy sect, which has settled in Canada.

A question, which is often asked by many readers, what books shall I read that will be of benefit to me, is very properly answered by Richard Burton in his work entitled "Literary Likings." This production seems to have been made after much matured and well ordered deliberation. His likings are for the best and most wholesome literature with an excellent discrimination of authors. However, some whose taste for literature does not run in such a deep channel as he maps out will no doubt disagree with him; but we must acknowledge that the person who wishes to have a thoroughly cultivated mind will profit by reading the work.

The May number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* contains a very interesting article entitled "The Anecdotal Side of George Washington" by the well known writer Paul Leicester Ford. The stories reveal some of the admirable traits of character which the Father of our Country possessed.

Vol.
XVI.

No.
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THE MULLENBERG

June, 1899



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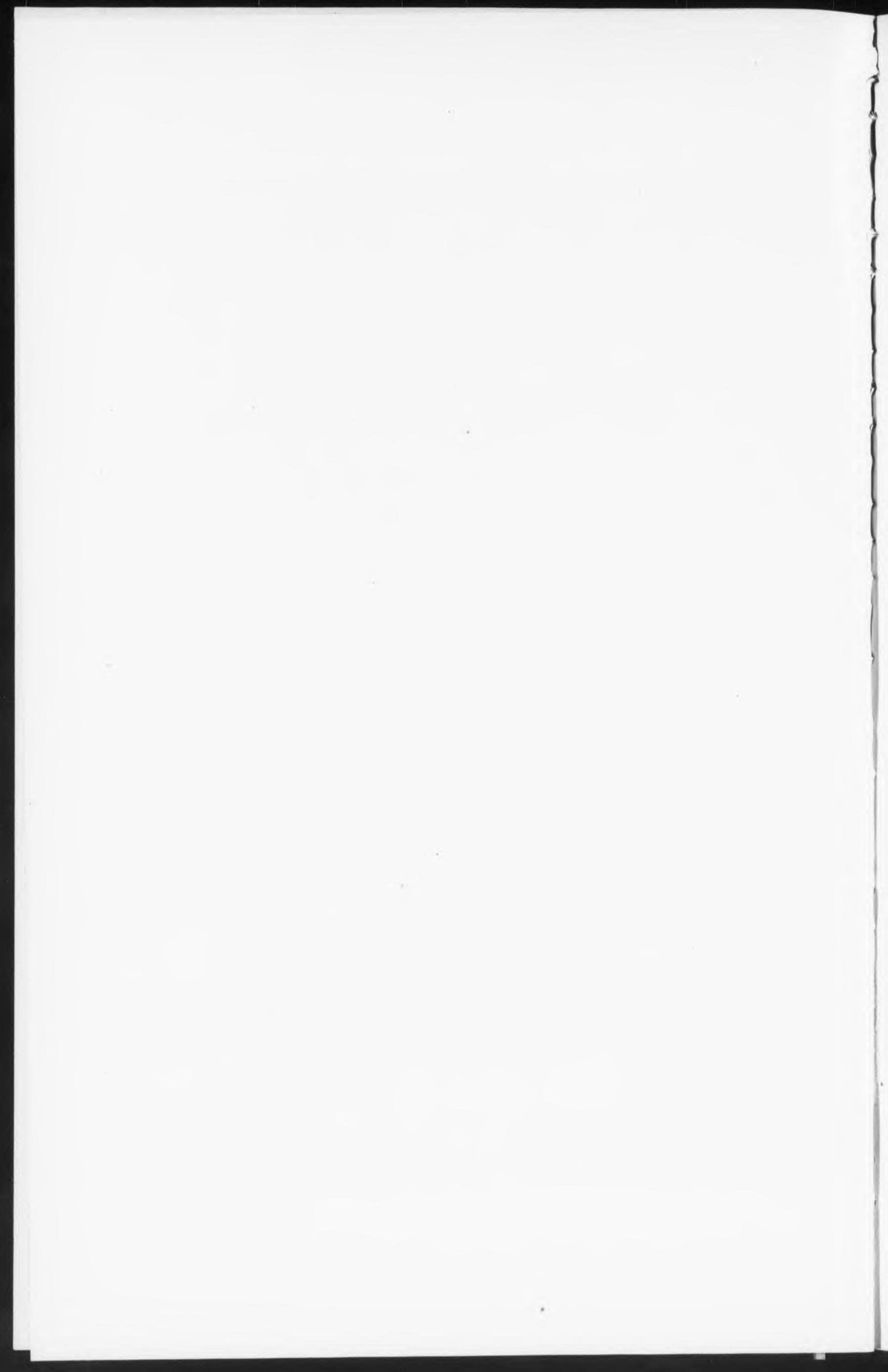
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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVII.

ALLEGTON, PA., JUNE, 1899.

No. 10.

FOURTEENTH BACCALAUREATE SERMON,

BY PRESIDENT T. L. SEIP, D. D.,

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, ALLEGTON, PA.,

JUNE 18TH, 1899.

Text, I Peter V: 6 — 11.

We invite your attention to the Epistle for the day — first Peter, the fifth chapter from the sixth to the eleventh verse; especially to the following words: *Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.*" 6 verse.

The Apostle here speaks of humility, and couples it with the exaltation in due time of those who posses and practice it.

Men everywhere in civilized communities naturally wish to improve their condition. They desire to be exalted. The young especially are filled with bright hopes of the future, and aspire to rise in the world and make for themselves an honorable name. But many fail to pursue the right way and to aim at the right kind of exaltation. Mere human pride and ambition often leads to effort that attracts popular applause, and for a time covers men's names with a false lustre. Such effort, it is true, may result in an exaltation, but not of the kind mentioned in the Epistle, the only kind that will afford real and lasting satisfaction. Even in the attainment of exalted worldly position and abiding earthly fame, men need the discipline of suffering, and are obliged to humble themselves; to toil long and painfully in the lower stations, in order to fit themselves for the difficult tasks of the higher positions.

It is very true that "in the gospel kingdom is evinced a remarkable law of ethics, which is well known to all who have given

their minds to the subject. All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in this world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue. Again, virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasure; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure's sake are selfish, not religious, and will never gain the pleasure, because they never can have the virtue." Many put themselves in training for, and aspire after higher places in the world's activities, to which they are never called. They forget that "promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south, but God is the judge: He putteth down one and setteth up another." "Except the Lord buildeth the house, they labor in vain that build it; it is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow; for so he giveth his beloved sleep." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Our text sets before us the right way to secure the right end. Its theme is

THE BLESSINGS OF HUMILITY.

1. God gives *grace* to the humble. In the verse preceding the text, the Apostle declares that God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Then follows the exhortation, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God that he may exalt you in due time." Men by nature are proud. They pride themselves on their own achievements; on their intellectual acumen; on their manhood, their virtue, their honor; on their superiority over all other creatures.

Many, like the Pharisee of old, exalt themselves, in their own conceit, above their fellows, and thank God that they are not like other men. They show a spirit directly opposed to that which is inculcated in the text. Their exaltation can last only for a time, while health and wealth, worldly success and prosperity attend them. But when adversity, the infirmities of age, sickness and death overtake them, as they will sooner or later, their joy is turned into sadness, their exaltation into humiliation from which there is no rising. The Spirit of humility leads to very different results. We have the opposite of the Pharisee in the publican, who "standing afar off would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. The Lord said, I tell you this man went down to

his house justified, rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Through pride Satan fell from his high estate as an angel of light and of God, and became the embodiment of the powers of evil and of darkness—became a devil, because he wished to be equal with God. Through pride our first parents fell from their state of innocence, and entailed upon their race the evils of sin and death, because they wished to be equal with God. Through humility the fallen sons of Adam must again return to their right relation to God and become the subjects of his grace. For God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.

But what is meant by *humility*, and who are the *humble* here spoken of? The Apostle Paul answers this when he says: "For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." The proud is he who thinks more highly of himself than he ought, while the humble are they who think soberly of themselves, who regard themselves what they are—miserable sinners, devoid of righteousness before God and unable to attain it save by grace. And this grace is a blessing of humility, "For he giveth grace to the humble." That is, God will not deal with them after their sins nor reward them according to their iniquities. He will be merciful to them for Christ's sake. The grace here spoken of is the forgiveness of sin. Christ came into the world to save sinners. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Those who are too proud to confess their sins, who think they are righteous, have no part in his redemptive work. God resisteth the proud, because they do not humble themselves before him and confess their utter nothingness in his sight. But the humble confess and repent of their transgressions, and are saved by his grace. They humble themselves under the mighty hand of God, and are exalted in due time.

2. God *cares* for the humble. In the second verse of our text the Apostle adds: "casting all your care upon him: for he careth for you." The importance of this blessing of humility may be seen when we consider the variety of cares that beset men every-where. No man, however exalted or lowly his station, is free from care. Indeed the more elevated and important the

position which a man occupies, the greater are the care and responsibility attending it. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The young with their life before them, full of hope and courage, with a buoyancy of spirit that often causes them to venture "where angels fear to tread," soon learn from experience that the places which they most covet are most attended with care. Even in the very beginning of their career anxious thought for the morrow often consumes them. Those who are farther on, yea in the midst of life's battle, have learned the same lesson repeatedly, and to the aged and infirm, corroding care is an old and close companion. How miserable are those who in their pride endeavor to carry all these cares themselves, instead of casting them on the Lord.

Perhaps the only period that is comparatively free from care is childhood. We call it happy childhood. And why? Simply because little children are so free from care. They do not worry about the future. They take no anxious thought for the morrow, what they shall eat or drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed. All these cares they cast upon their parents. Even when the hand of a father chastises his child, it soon forgets its pain. Nor does it question its father's love after its chastisement any more than before. We all, like children, are under the training of our kind, heavenly Father.

This life is a period of trial, of training, of probation. Afflictions are imposed upon us by the mighty hand of God, for our good, for our discipline, for our correction. It is through many tribulations that we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. The true gold in our nature must be separated from the dross by the fires of affliction. The rust of sin must be filed from our souls by many gnawing cares and trials. The wheat must be threshed from the chaff in our characters by the chastising blows of his mighty hand. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons." We are humbled under the mighty hand of God, he sends trials and cares upon us, not to make us miserable, but to prepare us, so that he may exalt us in due time. We have some special fault that needs correction: he sends trouble for this purpose, and not to ruin us. He afflicts us not in anger, but in love, not to pain us, but to humble us, and make us his dutiful children. In addition to the special afflic-

tions that are sent by God, men are often distressed by the cares and anxieties of this earthly life. The future seems uncertain to them. They fear they may lose their health, their friends, their property, or their means of livelihood. They are anxious and fearful and full of cares. In fact it is impossible to live without cares, many of them petty, and many so painful that they are hard to bear. Troubles often come double, and men's hearts quail for fear. Many are destitute of what is essential to their proper subsistence, while all fail to possess some things which they deem necessary to their happiness. There are few whose wants are entirely supplied. Many also lack the ordinary comforts of life, even though they are not absolutely destitute. These things cause distress; and black care sits upon the brow of multitudes, and they eat their bread in sorrow and bitterness. Others are weighed down with the cares of business and professional life, with the anxieties inseparable from the various pursuits in which men strive for maintenance and success. Untoward circumstances at times make their best efforts fruitless. Disappointments discourage them, and they are borne down by the gloomy cares and alarming prospects before them. This indeed is a dark picture, without any light to cheer the proud, self-contained man of the world. But to the humble child of God, who casts all his care on the Lord, these dark clouds have a silver lining. He knows that his heavenly Father is dealing with him as with a son, and with his Lord he has learned to say, "not my will, but thine be done." He knows that "like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear him." He knows that "all things work together for good to them that love God." It matters not how great the care, the burden, may be. He knows that he may cast *all* his care upon God. For he careth for him. Our Lord himself says: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith. Therefore take no thought . . . But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

3. *God gives to the humble victory over Satan.* The Apostle further says: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world."

The Bible here, as in various other places from Genesis to Revelation, speaks of that great adversary of our souls, the devil. There are many who ridicule the teaching of Scripture on the subject of a personal devil. Rationalists hold that it is contrary to the goodness of God to allow an evil power of such scope and sway, a person of so vast and ruinous an influence, to exist in the world. But the same argument would disprove the existence of all sin and evil, of all pain and suffering on the part of God's creatures. For if it is not consistent with his goodness to allow the one, it certainly is not in harmony with it to permit the other. And yet who does not know that evil not only exists, but *abounds*. Who has not felt the pangs of woe on account of the evil which has been inflicted upon himself, or with which he has been brought into contact! Who has not experienced suffering of some sort at the hands of wicked persons! If it is not contrary to God's goodness to allow evil and misery on the part of his human creatures, in short to tolerate the existence of wicked men, why should it be inconsistent with his benevolence to allow the same thing in the angels, or to tolerate the existence of Satan. The truth is there are some things that human reason is too weak to comprehend. If we had the intelligence of the Deity, we might understand what he can do consistently with himself. Not otherwise. What seems really inconsistent is the fact that, as a general thing, those who profess to believe least in Satan, have the most to do with him; are his most willing servants. Satan could desire nothing more favorable to his cause than to persuade mankind that there is no such power as himself. It would be his shortest step to victory. But here as elsewhere, the Christian can

follow the example of his Lord and say, "It is written," that "your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour." From the first accounts of the human race to the last, from the fall of our first parents in Eden till the final separation of the good from the evil, the inspired writers never forget the fact, that there does exist a vast, personal power for evil that is none other than the devil.

In our text he is represented as a lion seeking for his prey.

The Apostle in thus depicting the adversary doubtless had in mind the fierce persecutions of the Church of his time by the Jews and the Roman government, when men, women and children were hunted to death after having suffered untold miseries and nameless barbarities. These sufferings of God's humble children under the proud minions of priest and emperor were of a different kind from those which the adversary of souls now for the most part instigates against Christians. It is rarely that he now appears in this form to hunt men to a violent death in testimony of their faith. He comes more frequently as an angel of light, or as he did in the temptation of our Lord, to seduce men from the right path by the allurements of sin and pleasure, of power and wealth. But he is chameleon-like, and can present himself in any form to entrap the unwary, the negligent and the proud. He adapts his arts and allurements to every individual soul; knows our infirmities and assails us where we are weakest. If we were left to our own strength to fight the battle alone with him, we should soon be overcome. But thanks be to God, the great adversary of our souls has been conquered by the Captain of our salvation, our Lord Jesus Christ. If we follow him as good soldiers of the cross, and fight the good fight of faith; if we are sober and vigilant, and resist the devil, he will flee from us as he did from our Savior. The victory will be ours.

We are exhorted by the Apostle to "resist steadfast in the *faith*." This Apostolic injunction could not have been more pointed, if it had been written especially and only for our times. It is the *faith* of Christians that Satan particularly assaults in these latter days. He knows that, as long as they are steadfast in the *faith*, he has no hope of leading them captive to his will. Therefore he attempts to shake their *faith* in God and the Bible by philosophy falsely so called, by a rationalistic theology, by a faulty, materialistic science, by bitter persecutions, by temptations

peculiarly trying to their infirmities. He knows that if he can draw them away into apostacy, if he can rob them of their humble faith, the very foundation of their moral and religious life will be destroyed, and they will fall an easy prey to him. With faith in God and the Bible destroyed from among the people, what foundation is left for the maintenance of our social fabric, of public and private morality, to say nothing of a religious life. Remove from the hearts of the masses faith in God and future retribution, and what security have we for our lives, our property, our liberty ? An eminent statesman has well said that, if there were no God, the State would be compelled to invent one to secure social order and the safety of its subjects. But only the fool hath said in his heart there is no God. No sane man who has given any attention to the evidences for the existence of a Deity, in nature within him, and above and around about him, will say in his *mind*, his intelligence, that there is no God. It is only in his heart, his feelings, his wishes, that the fool says there is no God. Whatever men may desire, they know better.

We know in whom we have believed.

But Satan is wily. He attacks men's faith as the surest way to overthrow their moral and religious life. Some doubt like the fool because they are foolish ; others because they love darkness rather than light and their deeds are evil ; others again because they cannot understand the mystery of suffering. When the Christian is under sore affliction, Satan suggests doubts as to the goodness of God, and thus attempts to shake his faith. Therefore the Apostle urges us in the text, to resist steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren who are in the world. This is a consolation. It is a common thing to hear people in affliction complain that their troubles are greater than other men's ; in fact each one is tempted to think his own trials the severest. But this is not so. The Apostle comforts us with the assurance that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren. They have the same weak, human nature, the same adversaries, the same cares and trials as we. Every Christian is a target for Satan's arrows, and must suffer from this cause. We can not do otherwise than follow in the footsteps of our blessed Lord, his Apostles and Prophets. They suffered infinitely more than we can think, even unto death. We may console ourselves with the thought that however thorny and

rugged our pathway in life may be, we will have goodly company, struggling over the same difficult road to the mount of exaltation and glory beyond.

4. *God prepares the humble for his eternal glory in Christ Jesus.* The Apostle adds: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." Peter in concluding this Epistle offers an earnest prayer in behalf of humble Christians, prefacing it with the declaration that they had already been called unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus. The ineffable glory which was his own, he hath promised them through his meritorious work and intercession. The apostle prays not that they might be exempt from all sufferings, but that their distress might be shortened: that after they had suffered awhile, the God of all grace would perfect his work in them; stablish them against all wavering in faith and duty; strengthen the weak, and settle them on the one foundation Jesus Christ. When the apostle prays that God would perfect them for his eternal glory, he indicates the fact that we must aim at a perfect Christian life; that our Christianity must be an entire, complete, rounded thing. The Christian dare not render a divided service, now with the world, now with God's people. He can not serve God and Mammon. The children of God must ever remain a separate and peculiar people. St. Paul says: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial?" II Cor. VI. 14 15. They must aim at a perfect service, while the God of all grace, alone, can make *them* perfect. In like manner God must *establish* them; render them firm against all doubt and yielding to evil. He must be firm in battle who would overthrow the enemy, or take the walled citadel. But he that ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city. In the conflict with sin and Satan, mere human firmness can not prevail. God must stablish and strengthen us or we are lost. The conflict is not a single battle, but a campaign for life. Therefore *strength* to endure, as well as firmness to stand and resist must be sought from on high. Finally God must *settle* us, *ground* us on a firm foundation. The structure of our faith and Christian character

must not be built upon the sand, but upon the rock. Otherwise the winds and floods of sin, raised by the powers of darkness, will come and overthrow it. But if it be built upon the foundation of God's word, settled upon Jesus Christ, the rains may descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, and it will not fall ; for it is founded upon a rock. So long as Christians humble themselves under the mighty hand of God, so long as they cast their cares upon him, so long as they resist steadfast in the faith ; so long will the God of all grace perfect, establish, strengthen, settle them. In view of these blessed truths, we can well join with the apostle in ascribing "to him glory and dominion forever and ever."

My young friends of the graduating class !

It is characteristic of ingenuous youth to look forward to the future with the brightest anticipations, to aspire to great achievement and to high place in the world. We do not suppose that you are exceptions to this rule. It has been the aim of your teachers during the years that you have spent under their tutelage, to develop and train your powers, to educate you in such manner that your aspirations might be noble, and your aims in life worthy. We have endeavored to form your characters by a harmonious training of your mental and moral powers so that you might be best fitted for the mission to which God in his providence may call each one of you. We have not held before you the glittering prizes of a mere worldly ambition to excite you to successful effort. We have rather presented to your view as examples for your imitation, the lives of the noble and the good, but above all the character and teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the only perfect example. He is your true human Ideal, as well as your divine Savior.

Viewed merely as man, no other man in the world's history can be compared with him. The history of the world centres in him. The ancients looked forward to his coming, and for over 1800 years civilized nations have looked back to the date of his birth as the pivotal epoch in the world's history. No other man ever spake as he taught, or ever achieved what he wrought. And yet he was the most humble of all, so that he was known as the meek and lowly Jesus. He humbled himself even to an ignominious death that the nations might be exalted. We can not urge upon your attention, in these closing words of our instruction to

you, anything more important than the exhortation to follow his example of humility. The young student's life has dangers peculiar to it, one of which is the temptation to pride of intellect. A little learning is a dangerous thing. Men are tempted by half-learning, by a superficial knowledge, to fall into grievous error both in science and religion. They may be led by their ignorant pride to look upon themselves as emancipated from the old faith, or as they might prefer to call it, the superstition of their fathers.

The truly learned are in no such danger, for they are truly humble. Men need the lesson, therefore, that we have endeavored to present to you this morning from the Epistle for the day. If you would rise to the full height of your mission in life, if you would be truly great and good, and aspire to the noblest position in this world and the next, follow the exhortation of the apostle in our text: "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time."

Your lives are before you. Let me urge you to strive, by God's blessing, to make them noble. You can best do this by working in the lowly spirit of the Master, by using every effort to serve him and your fellow-men. Cares will come to you as they come to all; disappointments, and dire distress, it may be. But cast all your cares upon God, for he careth for you. Be sober, be vigilant against the powers of darkness, and resist them, "steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world. But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To whom be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."



VALEDICTORY.

EDGAR J. HEILMAN, (First Honor.)

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness,
So, on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,—
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

A ship is plowing the ocean wave in the darkness of the night. Save for the washing of the waves, silence reigns supreme. Suddenly a light flashes on the curtain of the night, like some pale star on the horizon's verge. A steamer is approaching. It comes nearer, a signal is shown, a trumpet call is heard, the steamer passes on, the lights disappear, silence follows and the ship is alone with the night upon the ocean's bosom.

The poet's skillful touch has given us an admirable picture of a student's life. He comes, perchance, from some distant section of the state to assume the duties of a student's career. He becomes acquainted with his fellow-students and some of these become his intimate friends. The ties of friendship grow stronger as the days, months, and years of his college course pass on. The end of the last year approaches and he begins to realize that time is, indeed, relentless. The last day has come and the bonds of affectionate friendship are snapped asunder with a ruthless hand. The student departs and new scenes appear before his eyes, new friends surround him. Time, before so relentless, now becomes the great healer. The stream of life continues to flow smoothly on its uninterrupted way. The recollection of his college days becomes dim and hazy. Like the ship upon the ocean's broad expanse, his college friends have passed on with "only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

But who shall say that, though the steamer passes steadily on its way, it exerts no influence on the ship which it passes? May not the light, piercing the gloom of the night, and the trumpet call through the darkness, have left their impress upon some wakeful passenger? May not the metal of the one ship have attracted the compass needle of the other, even though it be ever so little, from its true bearing? What great results may not spring from such small influence!

Some skeptical hearer may say that surely no great results can spring from such slight causes. But nature teaches otherwise.

Some of the greatest events have been brought to pass by causes that are hardly perceptible. An acorn may lie for years in some dry place without any change. At last it absorbs a drop of water and immediately it sprouts and from it springs the mighty oak that defies a thousand whirlwinds. A western railroad skirts some bold rocky cliff. A careless hand throws from a passing train a tiny seedlet. The seedlet falls upon some moist ground at the foot of the bluff and grows there. One tiny rootlet enters a crevice of the rock, and, as it slowly assimilates moisture, it expands, and with the strength of some Olympic god, it forces apart the foundation stones and the entire face of the mountain comes thundering down. A train comes speeding on its way, carrying its precious freight of human lives. It crashes into the debris of the fallen mountain and a score of souls are hurried into eternity. How little does the owner of that careless hand know its share in the awful catastrophe.

The pages of history tell the same tale. On the day before Waterloo, Napoleon, put a simple question to his peasant guide. The peasant shook his head, and in accordance with that negative Napoleon laid his plans. Waterloo came and with it the downfall of the greatest genius of his age. That shake of an unknown peasant's head may be said to have been the immediate cause of the downfall of an empire.

As with the events that take place in the great world around us, so alas it is with the events of our comparatively secluded college world. As the ships cannot pass one another upon the ocean without mutually affecting one another so no student can pass through college without receiving impressions that shall affect him throughout his entire life, yea throughout eternity. The pictures of college life that the student so gladly hangs on the walls of memory gradually fade away and make room for later pictures, but the silent influences of those three or four years passed within college walls, guide his life and control his every thought, word and deed unto his dying day. In this way our colleges and universities control the destiny of the world more truly than do the crowned and sceptered heads of royalty. The day is past when any contest can be waged between mere brute strength and mental power. Today brute strength is the willing slave of mental power, the undisputed sovereign of the world. What a responsibility does the knowledge of this fact place upon the

shoulders of those who are at the head of our institutions of learning! What a responsibility likewise does it place upon those who come forth from these schools and go out into the world to help to mould its destiny.

We, who stand today at the commencement of real life, recognize this responsibility and, as we face life's vast obstacles looming mountain high before us, we lament our own weakness and gather courage to enter life's theatre, only from the remembrance of the fact, that the omnipotent Creator forgets not the least of His creatures. Yet it is with an uncontrollable feeling of sadness that we end our college life, for this severing of our college connections compels us to part with you,

Kind Citizens of Allentown:—Your kindly friendship we prized beyond measure. Your generous interest in our affairs was as a beacon light to lead us to a higher plane of life. Many of us will go to distant homes, but even the anticipation of a happy return to home and kindred, cannot keep from our hearts the sadness brought by the thought that we are leaving you behind. Our best wishes go with you as we sadly take our leave.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:—In you we recognize the custodians, to a great extent, of the welfare of our beloved school. You deserve our thanks for the conveniences with which you have surrounded us and we pray of you, with all due respect, that you may use all the power of your giant intellects and generous hearts for the furtherance of the future welfare of our Alma Mater. In this, your noble work, we wish you God speed.

Gentlemen of the Faculty:—As we come to take leave of you, we look in vain for the form of your beloved co-worker, Dr. Richards. His clear intellect, his forceful logic, his almost unrivalled fund of information, his pleasing voice, his sparkling wit, his polished manners—all these fitted him peculiarly for the place which he held. Well may the heart of every true son of Muhlenberg be filled with sadness at the remembrance of so great a loss, for when the Angel of Death touched that great man's soul and bore it away on pinions of love to a happier world, it robbed the crown of our Alma Mater of one of its rarest gems. He, as well as you all, touched our lives and made them better and fuller and nobler than before. As we journey on through life your precepts and example will be of inestimable value to us. That your cup may ever

be filled to the brim with Heavenborn happiness is our wish for you as we sadly say farewell.

Our Honored President :—In this land of liberty one of our worst tendencies is to misjudge those in authority. How often do we abuse our freedom of speech by railing at those who are set over us. But you, Revered Doctor, have merited, and, I am proud to say, have received only words of praise. Before we came to college we knew you by your widespread fame as a scholar and a teacher. We looked up to you as the lowly look up to the great. But after we came to college, we learned to know you as you are—noble, generous, kind and true. Our highest aim shall ever be to live such lives as you would have us live. If we do that then it shall be well with our souls. May you ever fare well.

Fellow Students :—In leaving Muhlenberg College we feel that we are leaving it in hands abundantly able to take care of its reputation. The class rooms that will know us no more will still smile kindly upon you. A few short years and you too will enter life's arena. May the honor of our common Alma Mater then be as sacred to you as it is to us. That your class yells may be no less musical than were ours is our last wish for you as with heavy hearts we leave you to take our places in the ranks of those who are fighting life's battles.

Dear Classmates :—Words are wholly inadequate to express our emotions as we realize that we too must part. Well may the eye be dimmed with unbidden tears and the speech be broken with rising sobs on this sad, sad occasion. For four long years we looked forward to this day but now, that it has come, it brings us only pain. Today we realize, as never before, how strong are the bonds that bind us into one common brotherhood. But, O My Classmates! Shall we be as the ships that pass in the night? Shall it be with us “only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence?” God forbid! May our petty differences be forgotten and our affection for each other grow stronger as the years go swiftly passing by. Then, when the last roll-call shall summon us to the great beyond, may we all be gathered, a harmonious band, to do reverence to the Lord of lords and King of kings. And now as we too sorrowfully say farewell, let our last resolve be to hold each other's welfare as dear to ourselves as our own. Classmates Farewell!

LATIN SALUTATORY.

AMBROSE A. KUNKLE, (Second Honor.)

“Cives atque amici: Alius annus praeteritus est. Mihi delectatio est, in hac occasione, plurimum vos omnes salvere jubere. Hodie, tricensimo secundo et scholastico anno nostri Collegii exeunte, maxima classis adhuc ad gradum admissa e Muhlenbergiense vos salutat. Nostri dies in collegio praeteriti sunt, et nunc vos adesse hodie ad partem habendam cum nobis in hoc coronante eventu nostri collegii curriculi, invitavimus. Læti sumus vos honoravisse nos præsentia vestra in tanto numero. Pro hoc maximas vobis gratias referrimus.

“Ut sculptor, priusquam statuam cœlet, in animo imaginem perfectam figurat, ita per quattuor annos, vitæ consilium formabamus quod annis futuris perficiemus. Nostri doctores professoresque nos sustentaverunt et quantum in se fuit, pro nobis fecerunt. Hoc consilium, sic maturatum per eorum administrationem, conatu nostro perficiatur, ad nostrum ipsorum existimationem, et ad nostræ institutionis famam, et ad Dei gloriam.

“Pauca verba, et concludam. Non diu volo vobis in aliena lingua dicere. Speramus facta nostra, hodie saltem, vobis omnibus placitura esse. Si ita fuerit, et nos dignos vestra æstimatione judicaveritis, plausum date; si non, nolite nos reprehendere.

“Iterum plurimum vos salvere jubemus. Doctores, professores, comites collegii, cives, amici et amicæ quibus certissime placere volumus, omnes mei auditores, vos omnes salutamus.”

PARALLELISM OF PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE.

VICTOR J. KOCH, (Junior Prize Oration.)

The perfection of an art consists in the employment of a comprehensive system of laws, and in the production of effects that seem to flow forth spontaneously, as though uncontrolled by their influence.

Such is the great art of nature; and he who would study it with success, must trace out its various laws, collect its separate phenomena, and arrange them into general classes. This, in many instances, we are able to do; and in such cases we obtain a

tolerably clear insight into the nature of things. But, so *vast*, so *unbounded* is the stage before us, so complicated is its machinery, and so closely does one fact follow up and press upon another, that we are often bewildered and lost in the mighty maze, and are incapable of determining the laws by which it is regulated, or of arranging the phenomena of which it is composed.

The Zoologist, in order to assist his inquiries, divides the whole animal creation into eight or ten types. These he again divides into Classes, Orders, and Suborders. But he is perpetually finding, in each of his inferior divisions, many cases which he knows not how to arrange, since he occasionally meets with animals which by their construction, seem equally to defy all artificial method and all natural order.

Such being the perplexity and seeming confusion that extend through the whole chain of animal life, it is not to be wondered at that we should at times meet with a similar embarrassment in distinguishing between animal life and plant life, and between plants and minerals.

Among plants, in like manner, we often meet with instances of individual species that are equally doubtful, not only *as to the kind, order or class to which they belong*, but even *as to their being of a vegetable nature of any kind*, till their growth, their habits, and their composition are mutually examined.

Plants, like animals, are produced by ordinary generation; and though we meet with various instances of production by the generation of buds and bulbs, the parallelism, instead of being diminished, is only drawn the closer; for we meet just as many varieties of propagation among animals. The vital fluid of plants, like that of animals, instead of being simple, consists of a complex substance.

From the common current of vitality, they secrete a variety of substances of different, and frequently of opposite powers and qualities. As in animals, so also in the vegetable realm, it is often observed that in the very same tribe, or even individual, some of its members secrete a wholesome aliment, others, a deadly poison. As the viper pours into the reservoir situated at the base of his hollow pang a fluid fatal to other animals, while in the general substance of his body he furnishes an antidote for the venom of his jaws, so the Indian Cassava, secretes an oil extremely poisonous in its root, while its leaves are esculent; though the root may,

by exposure to heat, be deprived of its poisonous oil, and is then one of the most valuable foods in the world. Again the tubers of a potato plant are wholesome, while the leaves are poisonous.

Plants, have a wonderful power of maintaining their proper temperature, whatever be the temperature of the atmosphere that surrounds them. Like animals, they are found to exist in most astonishing extremes of heat and cold, and to accomodate themselves accordingly. Wherever the *interest* or *curiosity* of man has led him into climates of the *highest northern latitudes*; wherever he has been able to exist himself, or to trace a vestige of animal being around him: there, too, has he beheld plants of an exquisite beauty and perfection; *perfuming*, in many instances, the *seeming dead* and *silent* atmosphere with their fragrance, and embellishing the barren scenery with their colors.

It is said that animals of certain character, have a stronger tenacity of life than plants of any kind. Experiments show that the common water newt has been occasionally found imbedded in large masses of ice, perfectly torpid and apparently frozen, but still alive; and that the common eel when equally frozen and torpified, is capable of being conveyed a thousand miles, and on being carefully thawed, may be restored to as full a possession of health and activity as ever: the torpitude in these cases may be compared to that of deciduous trees during the winter months; during which season, if proper care be exercised, they may be removed to any distance and transplanted without the least inconvenience.

All the most succulent plants of hot climates are of an aerial nature. Such are several of the palms and canes; and the greater number of plants that embellish the arid Karro fields of the Cape of Good Hope. Succulent as these are, they will only grow in soils or sands so sere and adust as to yield no moisture, and are even destroyed by a full supply of water or by a rainy season. Hence the ablest naturalists are of the opinion that they derive their nutriment from the surrounding atmosphere. There are some animals that appear to derive nutriment in the same manner. The sloth never drinks, but imbibes by its cutaneous absorbents, and trembles at the feeling of rain. Thus we have the unfolding of that grand and wonderfully comprehensive system, which, from the first moment it begins to act infuses energy into the lifeless clod, draws forth form and beauty from unshapen matter, and

stamps with organization the common dust we tread upon. A *nice*, and *delicate*, and even rising gradation from shapeless matter to form, from form to feeling, from feeling to existence, from existence to life.

Here, placed on the summit of this stupendous pyramid, Lord of all around him, the only being through the whole range of the visible creation endowed with a power of appreciating the magnificent scenery by which he is encompassed, and of adoring its almighty architect, is man.

When we examine the facts revealed in Nature and survey its manifold and diverse phenomena and objects, the minutest as well as the greatest, we are impressed not only with the similarity of plan in animal and plant growth and organization, and with the dependence of animals on plants, vegetable organisms in turn on inorganic substances, and the interdependence of all, but also with the wonderful harmony and beauty of the whole realm of nature and its dependence on a higher Power, the nature of Whose being is beyond human comprehension: this Power being not only the Almighty Architect, who forms and moulds the whole with all its parts, but also the Omnipotent Ruler and Vigilant Preserver, Who governs and watches over all with provident and loving care.

“ There’s not a flower that decks the vale,
There’s not a beam that lights the mountain,
There’s not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There’s not a hue that paints the rose,
There’s not a bird around us flying,
But in its use some beauty shows
God’s love to us, and love undying.”



THE MUHLENBERG.

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.)

Editorials.

The thirty-second scholastic year of our College is o'er. Another class, the largest in her history has been graduated from Muhlenberg. Twenty-seven young men have been added to her Alumni and are about to embark upon the untried ways of life. This journal's kindest wishes go with them. May success in its truest sense be theirs. May their voyages, as far as possible be over calm seas and attended by favorable winds. May strong and noble characters be proof against all boisterous seas and adverse winds and guide them at last into the haven of eternal peace. Farewell to *Ninety-nine*.

* * * * *

With this issue the present staff retires. It wishes to extend its sincerest thanks to all those who by their support and contributions, added to the general excellence of our *Monthly* during the past year. Although much depends upon the editorial staff, equally as much, if not more, depends upon the encouragement given it by the student body. It is to be regretted that so often those who have served the *Monthly* most and best are denied responsible positions on its staff. "Honor to whom honor is due" should be the motto in choosing the members of *The Muhlenberg staff*.

The editor is very grateful to those members of the staff who by their aptness, promptness, and ready assistance, have made his work lighter and more pleasant, especially to Mr. C. K. Fegley, who during his absence took charge of the Commencement issue. With these few words *The Muhlenberg* staff of '98-99 would bid adieu.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

A more ideal day for a baccalaureate sermon could not be imagined, than was accorded to the class of '99. This no doubt was the reason why so large an audience of students and friends assembled in St. John's Lutheran Church at the morning service. The seniors in cap and gown, preceded by Drs. Ettinger and Dowell, slowly marched up the aisle, during the opening voluntary; and occupied seats in the center block. The chancel was beautifully decorated with an immense bouquet of laurel in the baptismal font and a spray of roses upon the altar. The sermon which was listened to with close attention by the class and congregation will be found printed in full in this number. Excellent music by St John's large choir added to the beauty and impressiveness of the services.

MONDAY, JUNE 19.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

Probably the most enjoyable event of the Commencement Week was the reception given to the Senior Class by the President of the college, at his home in the west wing of the college building. The members of the class began to arrive at about eight-thirty o'clock and were received as they entered the parlor by Dr. Seip and his family. The young ladies who assisted at the reception were: Miss Caroline and Linda Cooper, Miss Elizabeth and Mary Repass, Miss Adelaide and Rosa Richards, Miss Edith Schnurman, and Miss Jessie Hausman. It was the last social event in which the class of '99 participated and the anticipation of a good time

was fully realized. The class was most admirably entertained and it was with regret that three of the members were unavoidably absent from the kind hospitality of the President. Both vocal and instrumental music were enjoyed. At ten-thirty a delicate lunch was served. The hour was already late when the guests took their departure with the thought that surely the Dr. must have kept the best part of the college course for the Monday evening of Commencement Week.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20.

FRESHMEN PLAY "DEMON OF THE DESERT."

After the worriment of the examinations on Monday and Tuesday, the undergraduate of the Junior and Sophomore Classes turned with a sigh of relief to the much talked of Freshman play. Each year radical changes have been made in the character of the play presented by the freshmen but this year's departure was the greatest change of all. Owing to certain misunderstandings the class of 1902 was compelled to purchase a play instead of producing an original effort. It was in making this selection and purchase that the play committee, in the opinion of THE MUHLENBERG, made a mistake. Instead of purchasing a rollicking comedy where breaches of acting would scarcely be noticeable and from which the audience would get what it looked for—a good, hearty laugh, the committee procured for the class a sort of melodrama called "*The Demon of the Desert*." College boys are college boys and a play dealing with college life and fun would be much easier for freshmen to present, and much more enjoyable to the audience than some mystic, shadowy ghost-full play whose characters are nearly all Arabs, Devils, and the like. The class is to be complimented upon the special desert scenery with which it set the play, and also upon the acting of its *dramatis personæ*, especially those who had the comedy parts. Below will be found a synopsis of the play together with the cast and list of patronesses, larger this year than ever before.

The Sophomores stole a march upon the Freshmen by distributing to the audience an apologetic card of explanation, printed in green. The contents of this card, consisting of an apology for the play, seemingly signed by the class of 1902, and some hits upon idiosyncrasies of various freshmen, furnished the audience much

amusement during the waits between acts. Despite the violent thunderstorm just prior to the hour for the play, a very large audience greeted the class and accorded generous applause to the actors. There was an entire absence of special singing and dancing, such a pleasing feature of other freshman-play nights, which made the waits between acts very tedious. For this there is little excuse as the class of 1902 has ample special talent among her members.

SYNOPSIS.

Act. I. A part of the Great Desert.

Act. II. Scene 1. Bazaar and Market-place in Cairo. Scene 2. Public Baths. Scene 3. Apartment in the Cadi's Palace. Scene 4. Interior of a Turkish home. Scene 5. The Divan. Scene 6. Front View of the Divan.

Act. III. The Desert. Grand Transformation.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Dwangee, the Arab.....	Warren Geiger.
Muley, the Accursed.....	Roy Applegate.
Amshach, Demon of the Desert	William M. D. Miller.
Quickset, Jr.....	E. Albert Bartholomew.
Quickset, Sr.....	Frank K. Singiser.
Shazenan, the Cadi.....	Albert K. Heckel.
Mironz.....	Quincy A. Kuehner.
Fezoum.....	George S. Fegely.
Seyd, a friend of Dwangee.....	Lewis A. Ink.
Maloch, a friend of Muley.....	Gerald B. Balliett.
Giles Washbud, Quickset, Sr.'s servant	Walter G. Sykes.
Traveller.....	Jacob Kistler.
Parizade, Spirit of the Well.....	William H. Pascoe.
Hanimed, otherwise Zobeide, attendant on Quickset, Jr.....	Samuel E. Moyer.
Chaseme, Guardian of the Well.....	Clarence D. Heckenberger.
Maimoune, her mother.....	Joseph L. Weisley.
Haidee.....	Moulton E. McFetridge.
Kardin } Arab Girls {	Edwin K. Kline.
Pogloe }	Charles L. H. Glase.
Arabs, Guards, Fiends and Fairies, by members of the class.	

Stage Director, Charles C. Reichard.

Klingler's Orchestra.

Scenery and Costumes by C. C. Reichard.

PATRONESSES.

IN URBE.

Mrs. Homer Adams, Mrs. Edwin Albright, Mrs. Emma S. Appel, Mrs. G. C. Aschbach, Mrs. A. Barnes, Mrs. J. A. Bauman, Mrs. J. H. Bender, Mrs. C. J. Bortz, Mrs. F. H. Bousch, Mrs. D. M. Buckalew, Mrs. H. E. Crilly, Mrs. M. H. Diefenderfer, Mrs. E. A. Donecker, Mrs. Philip Dowell, Mrs. J. Edward Durham, Mrs. Benj. K. Hamm, Mrs. Frank Hersh, Mrs. I. B. Huebner, Mrs. M. L. Kauffman, Mrs. Herbert Keller, Mrs. S. S. Keller, Mrs. M. C. L Kline, Mrs. J. D. Knouse, Mrs. R. H. Kressler, Mrs. George Kuhl, Mrs. J. B. Lewis, Mrs. J. H. Pascoe, Mrs. Geo. W. Singiser, Mrs. E. J. Rapp, Mrs. S. A. Repass, Mrs. Gertrude M. Rabenold, Mrs. Henry Rex, Mrs. C. T. Ritter, Mrs. George Roth, Mrs. Alvin Rupp, Mrs. John Rupp, Mrs. James L. Schaadt, Mrs. T. L. Seip, Mrs. Alex. S. Shimer, Mrs. R. Peter Steckel, Mrs. Wm. Wackernagel, Mrs. D. L. Walker, Mrs. Ira Wise, Mrs. J. M. Wright, Mrs. R. E. Wright, Mrs. John N. Yingst, Misses Florence Steltz, Mary L. Appel, Bessie K. Baker, Mamie Bortz, Sallie Brobst, Caroline J. Cooper, Edna G. Erdman, Grace Frederici, Mary German, Martha Huber, E. J. Keck, Blanche G. Keck, Violet Kline, Mae M. Loux, Anna Meyers, Jennie Renner.

EX URBE.

Mrs. D. M. Applegate, Catasauqua, Mrs. F. A. Balliett, Coplay, Mrs. H. Balliett, Ironton, Mrs. Elmer D. S. Boyer, Vera Cruz, Mrs. Paul Broadbeck, Catasauqua, Mrs. D. G. Derry, Catasauqua, Mrs. H. N. Fegley, Mechanicsburg, Mrs. Oscar J. Fegely, Hamburg, Mrs. S. L. Freed, Doylestown, Mrs. H. H. Frey, Oley, Mrs. J. W. Fuller, Catasauqua, Mrs. John Gable, Numidia, Mrs. A. W. Geiger, Norristown, Mrs. Charles Goersch, Jeddo, Mrs. Jos. Heckenberger, Catasauqua, Mrs. Frank Ink, Stone Church, Mrs. Joseph S. Jacoby, Hamburg, Mrs. Hiram Koch, Nazareth, Mrs. J. J. Kuntz, Freeland, Mrs. J. F. Lambert, Catasauqua, Mrs. B. B. Lynn, Catasauqua, Mrs. Jos. McFetridge, Hokendauqua, Mrs. F. P. D'Miller, Columbia, Mrs. J. Moyer, Catasauqua, Mrs. Leonard Peckitt, Catasauqua, Mrs. David Price, Catasauqua, Mrs. M. P. Reagle, Hokendauqua, Mrs. A. K. Shanor, Allegheny City, Mrs. M. Alice Steward, Catasauqua, Mrs. W. A. Sykes, Norristown, Mrs. Wm. Weisley, Catasauqua; Misses Mary Zerweck, Bethlehem, Otilia Beitel, Catasauqua, Elizabeth R. Brunner, Reading, Edna T. Edwards, Catasauqua, Lizzie Frederick, Catasauqua, Sallie L. Glase, Oley, Lillian I. Hartley, Philadelphia, Lulu Kleinert, Philadelphia, Dora Kostenbader, Catasauqua, Stella Siegfried, Catasauqua.



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21.
JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST.

10. A. M.

Owing to a misunderstanding between the professors in charge of the contest program, the places of the different speakers were entirely changed. The discussion of this change, and final agreement of the men to speak as per program delayed the opening of the exercises. THE MUHLENBERG begs leave to suggest that greater care be taken in the future so as not to confuse the contestants by programs not arranged as the class understood.

The class being small—eighteen—occupied but one row of seats in the front of the stage. After the class, the faculty, and trustees had entered, Rev. E. T. Horn D. D. of Trinity Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa., offered the prayer and then the following program was carried out, Klingler's orchestra furnishing the music:

MUSIC. Overture—"Melodramatic,"	Hardy
Voices,	Charles K. Fegley
The Antisemitic Movement,	Frederick R. Bousch
MUSIC. Caprice—"Entre Act,"	Stimson
The World's Immortal Pioneer,	Frederick L. Erb
Parallelism of Plant and Animal Life,	Victor J. Koch
MUSIC. Waltz—"Confidence,"	Waldteufel
Opportunities,	William M. Horn
Work and the Ideal,	Paul G. Krutzky
MUSIC. Medley—"On Popular Airs,"	Beyer
The Mission of Research,	Franklin S. Kuntz
Heroism,	Abraham B. Yerger
MUSIC. March—"Soldiers in the Park,"	Van-Baar

Rev. John Kuder, of Lehighton, pronounced the benediction.

We refer with pleasure to the high grade of orations which the contestants delivered, and also to the finished and polished style of delivering. The interest with which our students enter into all of our literary contests is a thing of which we feel proud. While at larger and better schools, contestant after contestant has to be prompted, MUHLENBERG has not for many years seen anything but a momentary halt in the delivery of the orations. The judges on this occasion were Rev. G. A. DeHudson, of Catasauqua, T. W. Saeger and R. J. Butz, '87 of Allentown, Pa.

The members of the Class of '99 who ushered the friends of

the Juniors to seats in the Academy of Music were: A. A. Kunkle, Edward Raker, Frank Buchman, Willis Beck, Luther Fritch and Nathan Fritch.

MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The Trustees of the College met in the college chapel on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. An unusual amount of business was transacted as will be seen by referring to the routine as given below. It will be noticed by the Treasurer's report that the college is still laboring under a debt—a thing which severely handicaps all efforts at advancement in facilities and apparatus. It is to be hoped that the next report will show a very large decrease if not an entire liquidation of this debt.

President Dr. S. A. Repass, of Allentown, called the meeting to order and the following members answered to their names: Rev. James L. Becker, Lansdale; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Hon. C. J. Erdman, Rev. S. A. Repass, D. D., Thomas W. Saeger, Hon. E. S. Shimer, Allentown; Rev. Jesse S. Erb, Slatington; Jacob Fegely, Pottstown; Rev. Henry S. Fegely, New Tripoli; Rev. Edward T. Horn, D. D., Reading; Rev. John H. Kuder, Lehighton; Hon. F. E. Melly, Rev. Theo. E. Schmauk, D. D., Lebanon; Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., Selinsgrove; John Seabold, Lehighton; Rev. J. A. Seiss, D. D., L. L. D., Rev. Prof. G. F. Spieker, D. D., Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D. D., Philadelphia; Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D. D., Myerstown; Rev. J. H. Waidelich, Sellersville; A. W. Geiger, Norristown.

The officers and committees were all re-elected, as follows: President of the Board, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass; Secretary, Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss; Treasurer, Rev. C. J. Cooper; Executive Committee, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, President; Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, Secretary; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Rev. J. S. Erb, Hon. C. J. Erdman, James K. Mosser, Alfred G. Saeger, Thomas W. Saeger, Rev. J. D. Schindel, Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, Hon. E. S. Shimer; Examination Committee, Rev. C. J. Cooper, Rev. J. S. Erb, Hon. C. J. Erdman, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, T. W. Saeger, Rev. J. D. Schindel; Committee on Degrees, Rev. Drs. Seiss, Spieker, Repass, Schantz and Horn.

The Treasurer's report showed the following: Receipts, permanent fund, \$28,573.94; balance uninvested \$6,430.14; current fund, \$17,129.20; expendituree, \$16,785.77; balance, \$343.43; amount received from jubilee fund, \$10,625; total endowment, \$155,780.28; total debt, about \$35,000.

Bethlehem Lutheran congregation, of Philadelphia, of which Rev. George C. Loos, is pastor, has pledged itself to endow a congregational scholarship of \$1000 and has already paid in \$100. This congregation is only two years old, is already self-sustaining and is the youngest congregation in the synod to assume a scholarship. Its pastor is a graduate of the Class of '94. The Trustees passed a resolution of thanks.

Nathan D. Martin, of Allentown, Class of '90, donated \$50 to the Alumni fund.

The executors of the estate of the late Tilghman K. Kline paid his bequest of \$500, less the collateral inheritance tax.

Mr. C. A. Von der Smith, of Lancaster, a member of Trinity Lutheran Church, Rev. C. L. Fry pastor, has endowed the college with a \$1000 scholarship. The beneficiary will be named by Mr. and Mrs. Von der Smith during their lifetime and after their death the privilege will pass to the college.

The Executive Committee elected Dr. John Lear, of Allentown, instructor of biology, vice Dr. R. E. Albright, resigned.

The salaries of Dr. Ettinger and Prof. Dowell were raised so as to equalize them with the rest of the members of the faculty.

The faculty conferred the degree of A. B. upon the Class of '99, with the exception of F. A. Fetherolf, R. K. Hartzell and W. A. Hausman, Jr., who took the scientific course and received the degree of B. S.

SOPHRONIAN REUNION.

Sophronia Hall was filled to overflowing when Dr. W. W. Wackernagle called the meeting to order and opened by singing the National Hymn. Rev. Fred. Doerr, '92, read the Scripture lesson and offered prayer. Luther Serfass, '01, sang a bass solo and Irvin Nagle, '01, read a characteristic essay on "Slang." Several letters from absent members were read by the chairman of the reunion committee. Following this the speeches by Alumni and honorary members were given close attention; they were interspersed with college songs, Allenbach, '01, presiding at the piano. The following Alumni responded to the chairman's call: Rev. G. G. Kunkel, '73; Harry Lantz, '97; Prof. J. Yetter, '96; Leo Wise, '92; Ira Erdman, '94; Rev. Warren Nickel, '94 and D. A. Miller, '94. The honorary members who spoke were: Rev. Preston De-

Long, Prof. E. E. Campbell, O. S. Henninger and Rev. M. Ludwig. During the session sociability was greatly furthered by a bountiful distribution of lemonade punch and pretzels. The meeting was closed by singing of the "Vesper Hymn," and benediction by Rev. J. A. Scheffer, '72. The committee in charge of reunion was : Fegley, '00, Chairman ; Kuntz, '00 ; Horn, '00 ; Nagle, '01 ; Wenrich, '01 and Kuehner, '02.

EUTERPEAN REUNION.

Euterpea's reunion committee had tastefully draped the hall with bunting and decorated it with palms, for the event. Dr. G. T. Ettinger, '80, presided at the session. James Berg, '99, welcomed the Alumni and friends, and recitations and songs by members of the Society and the Society Glee Club comprised the fore part of the program. When it came to the reunion speeches by the Alumni, the following members responded : Rev. W. H. Meyers, '73 ; Rev. W. J. Bieber, '77 ; Prof. Merkel, '92 ; Gomer Matthews, '97 ; Rev. C. C. Snyder, '91 ; Rev. W. U. Kistler, '94 ; Rev. W. N. Weaver, '96 ; Rev. Charles Kistler, '95 ; Rev. Charles Spieker, '92 ; Prof. J. A. Bauman, '73 ; O. R. B. Leidy, '96 ; E. J. Heilman, '99 and Prof. Reber of East Stroudsburg. The committee in charge was : Erb, '00 ; Rubrecht, '01 ; Ink, '02 and Fegley, 02.

ALUMNI PROMENADE CONCERT.

8 P. M.

The "Alumni Prom," of '99 will be set down as the banner Prom for many years until the growing popularity of our Alma Mater and the spreading interest in her Alumni Association makes the Prom of some future year a still more enjoyable event. Early in the day, "Squire" and his able assistants erected the band stand and eight o'clock in the evening found an immense crowd of students, trustees, faculty, parents, friends and towns-people ready to listen to the music of Allentown's famous band, under Prof. Klingler's leadership. Promptly after the old bell had rung "study hour" as it has done from time almost beyond the recollection of the oldest grad, "the band began to play" and it played on for two seemingly short hours. The music was excellent and the ef-

fect of the music, the moonlight, and the crowds, as viewed from the Hall windows was enough to make any grad or undergrad vote *Old Muhlenberg* a grand old place and vow never to miss commencement and the Prom. as long as life and pocket book remained. The boys escorted their friends through the buildings, chapel, recitation halls and dormitories, enjoyed the moonlight on front and back campus, and "many a quiet nook"; and generally ended their strolls in the society halls where fun and frolic reigned supreme, and dancing was to be enjoyed until the last sweet strain had died away. Then gradually, but surely, as night came down upon it all and the hours passed swiftly by, the *Muhlenberg girl* and her student friend, the parents and their student boy, the faculty and their wives, passed off the campus up the moonlit street toward home; the lights in the East and West wings disappeared and silence settled down over college hall and campus, while a solitary senior out by the '82 stone smoked his pipe and sighed, and smoked and sighed again—the "Alumni Prom" of '99 was o'er.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.
COMMENCEMENT DAY.

CHAPEL EXERCISES.

A great deal of interest always centers around the last chapel service of the term, and the service this year was no exception.

After the regular morning vespers and prayers, President Seip announced the promotions and conditions. We noticed a large percentage of small conditions read off this year, a fact which we take to be encouraging, showing as it does, that our college is bound to turn out thorough men and only those who have fully fulfilled the requirements. Then before the close of the service came that important traditional event—the picture presentation. Each class as it leaves its Alma Mater presents a framed picture of its members, to be hung upon the chapel walls. D. Elmer Fetherolf presented the picture in behalf of the class. He made a masterly little speech, referring with much feeling to the vital changes in the faculty, which the class of '99 was called upon to witness. Dr. Seip accepted in behalf of the Trustees and College authorities and assured the class of an honorable place for their class picture upon the chapel walls. Ninety-nine's pictures—taken and framed by

Mathews—represent what is newest and most up-to-date in the college line of work. The picture is large, each man's name being inscribed under his picture.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Junior ushers, Charles Fegley, Frank Kuntz, Arthur Beck, Raymond Lentz, Victor Koch, Fred Erb and George Deisher, had their abilities taxed to the utmost in handling the great crowd which assembled in the Academy on Thursday morning. The class of ninety-nine is the largest class ever graduated from *Muhlenberg* and the audience which assembled to listen to their closing exercises was in keeping with the size of the class. Every seat in the lower house and balcony was taken and a fair audience was perched way up on the gallery when the class marched upon the stage to the strains of Herbert's *22nd Regiment March*, played by Klingler's Orchestra. After Rev. Dr. Laird, of Philadelphia had offered prayer, the program following was strictly adhered to. We regret that tradition and lack of space makes it impossible to print the substance of each senior speech. With all respect to former classes, we make bold to assert that no speakers for many years have conducted themselves so well and received such close attention from the audience. Probably no Latin Salutatory was ever delivered with clearer voice and better enunciation than that with which Mr. Kunkle delivered his, and had not Mr. Raker's voice failed him, his oration, "The Golden Egg," would likely have taken the palm of the morning. We cannot mention other orations individually but repeat that they all proved very interesting and even instructive to the audience because delivered with such an amphasis and spirit as though it were the Junior contest over again.

MUSIC. Overture—"Northern Lights,"	Schleppergrell
Latin Salutatory,	Ambrose A. Kunkle, (98.5) Second Honor
MUSIC. Medley—"Popular Pebbles,"	Boettger
Our Dawn,	Frank N. D. Buchman, (97.17)
A Double Lens,	Wm. A. Hausman, Jr. (96.33)
MUSIC. Waltz—"The Serenade,"	Herbert
German Oration,	Jonas Oscar Henry, (97.9) Third Honor
MUSIC. Gavotte—"The Lady of the White House,"	Bollag
The Golden Egg,	Edward Raker, (97.33)
The World's Governor,	Willis Beck, (96.24)
MUSIC. Descriptive Fantasia—"Gypsy Life,"	Le Theire
Valedictory,	Edgar J. Heilman, (98.64), First Honor
MUSIC. March—"Jolly South Carolina,"	Vollmer

President Seip then conferred the degree of A. B. upon the members of the senior class except upon Fred A. Fetherolf, Will. A. Hausman and R. Keelor Hartzell who received the degree B. S., having completed the Scientific Course. He also announced the conferrment of the following degrees : The degree of Master of Arts upon the members of the class of 1896, as follows : William Penn Barr, Frederick E. Cooper, George W. Genszler, George A. Greiss, Samuel I. Henry, Marcus S. Hottenstein, J. Frederick Kramlich, Oren R. B. Leidy, Esq., Milton U. Reinhard, Jeremiah J. Schindel, Joseph C. Slough, Esq., John F. Snyder, George T. Spang, William A. Steinbicker, Marvin H. Stettler, S. A. Bridges Stopp, Paul Z. Strodach, Samuel G. Trexler, L. Domer Ulrich, William Marion Weaver, Edgar P. Xander and John M. Yetter.

Also the degree of Master of Arts upon Rev. F. K. Bernd, of the faculty of the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, and formerly pastor of Jordan Lutheran Church, South Whitehall township.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. Charles J. Cooper, Financial Agent and Treasurer of Muhlenberg College, and upon Rev. J. D. Schindel, of this city, pastor of the Lutheran congregations at Mickley's, Coplay and Egypt.

President Seip also announced and distributed the class prizes as provided by friends and Alumni of the institution. We append the list, with the names of such committees as were not mentioned before.

SENIOR CLASS.

Amos Ettinger Honor Medal, presented by Prof. Dr. G. T. Ettinger, to that member of the class having attained the highest average grade in all studies, to Edgar J. Heilman, of Allentown.

Butler Analogy Prize, \$25 in cash for the best examination in Butler's Analogy, to Frank N. D. Buchman, Allentown ; Committee — Revs. J. F. Pollock, W. D. C. Keiter and W. R. Hofford, D.D.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Clemmie L. Ulrich oratorical prize, presented by bequest of Clemmie L. Ulrich, of Annville, \$25 in cash for the best speech as to matter and manner at the Junior oratorical contest, to Victor J. Koch, of Nazareth ; honorable mention, Paul Krutzky, Philadelphia, and Franklin S. Kuntz, Freeland.

German essay prize, a set of books offered by a friend of the college, for the best German essay by a Junior, to Paul Krutzky, of Philadelphia.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Eliza Botanical Prize, \$15 in cash, offered by W. A. Passavant, Jr., of Pittsburg, for the best essay and illustrated herbarium on "The Forest Trees of Lehigh County," to James A. Fetherolf, of Kempton.

PHYSICAL CULTURE PRIZES.

Ten dollars in cash offered by Dr. H. H. Herbst, to the student excelling as to the knowledge of subject and proficiency in drill, to W. J. Seiberling, of Hynemansville.

Five dollars in cash offered by Dr. Herbst, to the Freshman excelling in the same, to Lewis A. Ink, Stone Church.

GERMAN PRIZES.

Books offered by Seniors to Sophomores for the best German declamation: first, Howard E. Shimer, Shimerville; second, Allen L. Benner, Shoenersville; third, Solomon M. Wenrich, Reinhold's.

Books offered by Juniors to Freshmen for the best German declamation: first, J. Ralphus Freed, Doylestown; second, T. L. Lindenstruth, Mauch Chunk; third, George S. Fegley, Hamburg.

After the usual announcements President Seip pronounced the benediction and the exercises closed with the singing of "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

The ushers were kept busy during the exercises delivering the floral tokens which friends of the members sent them. Nearly every member of the class was remembered by one or more bouquets. The color of the flowers lent a pleasing diversion for the eye from the universal black of the caps and gowns of the graduates. President Seip was presented with a magnificent floral basket by the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.

After the exercises all wended their way to the commencement dinner, served in the Preparatory School room, an account of which will be found elsewhere.

THE COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

The ladies of the Lutheran Churches in Allentown with their usual kind interest in *Muhlenberg*, again provided the commence-

ment collation in the "Prep" schoolroom. The matrons aided by the young lady friends of the college, prepared and served to Alumni visitors, faculty and students a bounteous repast, after the conclusion of the commencement exercises at the Academy of Music. Admission was by ticket and those not fortunate enough to procure admission to the first tables, were obliged to hunger and thirst for what seemed an intolerable time. Yet when we obtained admission, the bright tables and smiling attendants made the meal very enjoyable. Bright and pretty waitresses bedecked with college and fraternity colors, attended your every wish and left not one ungratified. Not the least fun came when the students turned the tables and served their fair friends. Their appetites being sated, the campus, the dormitories, rooms and society halls gave many a place for farewell words and promises. As evening fell, the trains bore Alumni, departing seniors and undergraduates homeward. Great thanks are due the lady friends of our Alma Mater for the kindnesses in providing such an enjoyable event as a fitting close to the week's festivities.

NOTES.

PRE COMMENCEMENT AFFAIRS—SOPHRONIA'S FAREWELL RECEPTION. On Monday, May the 30th, the Sophronian Literary Society, gave the annual farewell reception to her Senior members. The society hall was prettily decorated and festooned with the Society Colors—White and Blue. Robert Fritch, '00, welcomed the guests and members of the society rendered a short program. Refreshments were served and Ruhe's Orchestra furnished dance music for the rest of the evening. Mrs. Dr. T. L. Seip, Mrs. Dr. S. A. Repass and Miss Hattie Seip were the patronesses. Guests were present from Allentown, Hokendauqua, Coplay, Reading, Catasauqua, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Sunbury. These receptions have served to strengthen the Society spirit a great deal and have benefitted the student members very much. At the same time they served to spread the name and fame of our *Alma Mater* by bringing her students into contact with the young people of the city and surrounding towns. We hope they may be continued.

ENTERTAINED HIS SENIOR FRATERNITY BROTHERS. On Friday Evening, June 16, Luther Fritch, '99 entertained the senior mem-

bers of the Alpha Fan Omega Fraternity at his home in Macungie, Pa. The gentlemen assure us that they spent an enjoyable time at their brother's home, but being a fraternity affair, the rest of the evening's proceedings must remain a matter of conjecture to the uninitiated. Messrs Seiberling, Raker, Buchman, Fetherolf, Hartzell, Fritch, N., Trumbauer and Henry enjoyed Brother Luther Fritch's hospitality.

FRATERNITY COACHING PARTY. The commencement collation did not finish the week's festivities for the members of the Delta Theta Fraternity and their lady friends. At six P. M. on Thursday the members of the fraternity and their lady friends took a coach at Brother Ralph Kline's residence on Eighth Street and enjoyed a most beautiful ride through the country to Saegersville, Pa. They stopped at the Saegersville Hotel and spent an evening of rare enjoyment. Miss Elizabeth Weil, of Allentown, won the prize at a short euchre, a fraternity scarf-pin. After the euchre all discussed a chicken and waffle supper of the kind for which the hotel is famous; and at its conclusion the members of the fraternity responded to impromptu toasts. Following the supper the dance floor claimed the company's attention for several hours. The party took coach again and reached home early on Friday morning. The souvenirs of the occasion were score cards of the shape of the fraternity emblem, and dance cards decorated with the fraternity emblem, tied with garnet ribbon—the fraternity color. The following ladies and gentlemen formed the party: Misses Elezabeth Weil, Tryphena Ulrich, Florence Schock, Sadie Blank, Daisy Reichard, Mary Repass, Blanch Nagle and Lulu Koch, of Allentown, Miss Edith Fegley, of Mechanicsburg Pa., Miss Mary Schimp of New York, Miss Lottie Koch of Nazareth, Pa., and Miss Carrie Seiger of Siegersville, Pa.; Messrs Hausman, Kunkle, Beck and Reagle '99; Fegley, Bousch, Kuntz and Lentz, '00; Wackernagel, Kline and Reagle, '01; and McFetridge, '02.

Among the many visitors who were here during commencement week probably none was more welcome to the boys than Dr. E. E. Campbell, President of Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa. The genial head of this excellent school for Lutheran girls is always a favorite with MUHLENBERG boys and we extend to him a standing invitation to visit us as often as convenient. While here he left with THE MUHLENBERG managers an advertisement which will be found upon another page and which will repay your care-

ful persusal. The cut is an excellent likeness of the pleasant buildings which, we understand, will be greatly enlarged and beautified during the summer.

Lawrence Rupp, '02, son of County School Superintendent Rupp, was initiated into the Delta Theta fraternity on Wednesday, June 21.

Fegely '02, Shimer, '01, and Telford '03 will canvass among the Thousand Isles, N. Y., during the summer.

Quite a number of the boys intend to take tramps this summer. We wish them a pleasant time.

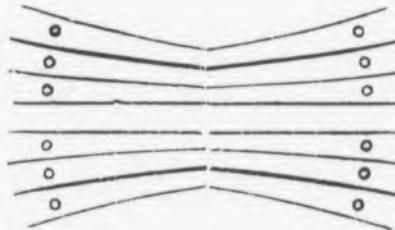
Among the group pictures taken during commencement week were the Delta Theta Fraternity members; the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity members and lady friends at their house; and the class of 1900 in Cap and Gown.

There were many applicants for admission at College during the week and the literary societies both saw that each and every one spent a very pleasant time.

President Seip left on Friday, June 30, to spend his vacation in Yellow Stone Park and the West.

Begging your pardon for the unavoidable delay in issuing the June number we beg leave to wish you a pleasant vacation and sign ourselves

The Managers and the Staff.



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